

COMPACT EDITION
OF RUDYARD KIPLING
VOLUME SIX



Early Verse

Verses 1889-1896

The Five Nations

The Years Between

Poems from History

If—
and Other Poems



Depart,
Depart
me foiled.

O Ape
and leave

M.K.

The Seven Nights of Creation.

Early Verse
~
Verses 1889-1896
~
The Five Nations
~
The Years Between
~
Poems from History
~
If—
and Other Poems
BY
RUDYARD KIPLING
~
Volume Six

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK · · LONDON

BALLADS AND BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

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ILLUSTRATIONS

"The Seven Nights of Creation"

Frontispiece

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The Sudder Bazaar

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Route Marchin'

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EARLY VERSE

SCHOOL-BOY LYRICS

1879-1882

Lo! as a little child

*Looks from its window on a mighty town,
And sees the roofs as far as eye can reach,
But thinks not, knows not—nay, will not believe—
That there are Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Homes
All like his own, a thousand homely talks,
Manners, and customs — so I saw the world
With millions of my brethren. Then I wrote ;
And all my verse sprang fire-new from a brain
That loved it and believed it. But the world
Coldly, in silence, passed my numbers by.
Therefore I sang in fury ! When the years
Brought with them coolness, all too late I found
There were ten thousand, thousand thoughts like mine.*

THE DUSKY CREW

OUR heads were rough and our hands were black
With the ink-stain's midnight hue;
We scouted all, both great and small—
We were a dusky crew;
And each boy's hand was against us raised—
'Gainst me and the Other Two.

We chased the hare from her secret lair,
We roamed the woodlands through;
In parks and grounds far out of bounds
Wandered our dusky crew;
And the keepers swore to see us pass—
Me and the Other Two.

And one there was who was light of limb,
Nimble and wary too.
A spirit grim we made of him
Unto our dusky crew:
He fetched and carried for all us three—
For me and the Other Two.

THE DUSKY CREW

Our secret caves in the cold, dark earth
The luscious lettuce grew;
We ate the cress in merriness—
We were a dusky crew;
The radish red gave sweet repast
To me and the Other Two.

Our lettuces are dead and gone,
Our plans have fallen through;
We wander free in misery—
We are a wretched crew:
For a master's wrath has fallen on us—
On me and the Other Two.

He found our cave in the cold, dark earth,
He crept the branches through;
He caught us all in our Council-Hall—
Caught us, a dusky crew;
To punishment he led us all—
Me and the Other Two.

Our lettuces are dead and gone,
Our plans have fallen through:
We wander free in misery—
We are a wretched crew.
Will happiness no more return
To me and the Other Two?

TWO SIDES OF THE MEDAL

"I WILL into the world, I will make me a name,
I will fight for truth, I will fight for fame,
I will win pure love, and when I die
The world shall praise me, worthily."

He entered the world—he fought for fame;
They twined him the thorny wreath of shame.
I met him once more full suddenly;
His face was seamed with misery.

"Have you fought for truth? have you worked in
vain?

Have you gained pure love without a stain?
Is your name yet great? Will it ever be?
Are you praised of all men, worthily?"

He did not answer—he did not speak,
But waited awhile with a reddened cheek,
Then, trembling, faltering, and looking down—
Good heavens, he asked me for half a crown!

THIS SIDE THE STYX

NAKED and shivering, how the oozy tide
Affrights me, waiting! Yonder boatman there
Is dull and moveless as the very stones
That fringe the infernal river. Woe is me!
All that I had, departed, and this state
Of aimless wandering on the farther shore
Is scarcely better than the life of forms
I see around me. Huge, deformèd toads,
Yellow and dripping monsters, loathsome plants
Dropping their blotched leaves in the reeking slime.
This is the land of Death in very truth.
The imprisoned air bears not my trembling voice
To shapes, my comrades in the upper life,
To those that sate and laughed with me of old,
Alas, how altered! Tullius Quæstor there
Stands solitary, he that lovèd mirth,
And drank the unmixed wine till morning came
With me, how often! Is that Poetus,
Mine ancient enemy? O Gods! he comes
Beating the dead air with his outstretched palms
In silent supplication. Now his mouth
Is shaping words, and yet there comes no sound;

THIS SIDE THE STYX

And now he passes in the drifting mist,
A shadow amid shadows. I alone
Retain a lasting form, or seem to do.
Claudius Herminius, once a trusty friend,
Is fleeting like the others. Is there none
To stay and give me peace? Ixion now
Had eased me, for he beareth greater pain;
But all alone upon these crumbling banks,
False as the world I left, how shall I be,
Or rather cease from being? Could I lose
My soul, sensation, all that makes me, I,
Oblivion were thrice blessèd. Lo! the boat
Is moving toward me—now at least is change.
Slowly, oh! slowly parts the stagnant flood,
And slow as is repentance, Charon rows!

READING THE WILL

HERE we have it, scratched and scored
By the tides of an impotent human soul;
He that wrote it died abhorred,
And scarcely the bell had ceased to toll
Ere they crowded together over the cake,
Ferret-eyed women and keen-faced men,
In the putrid well of his life to slake
Their viperous throats, and wonder when
The lawyer was coming to give their share—
Waiting like beasts behind the bars
For the meat apportioned,—and all the air
Thick with the hissing whisper that mars
Fame of the living and fame of the dead.
See that woman, her yellow teeth
Pressing the lip's thin line of red;
Mark the struggle that lies beneath
The outer surface of weepers and veils!
She was his housekeeper, people muttered
Hints, half-hinting, and half-heard tales,
Poison tipping each syllable uttered.
Charity, this! And the dead man lies
Still? Impossible! He must stir,

READING THE WILL

Slip the bandages, turn and rise,
 Speak, refuting the blot on her!
There is no sign. Does he hear them say
 She has it all, and "We know how
She wiled it from him, but let us stay
 To hear the reading—it's coming now"?
Slowly, slowly, the red seals break.
 Watch them, marking his ev'ry word—
How in life he had willed to make
 This one wretched, and that preferred.
"I will and I choose that such an one
 Should have my all!" O woe, O woe!
Human potency, what has it done
 To help men's souls in the shades below?
Does he remember his power past,
 How that he made men smile or weep,—
Helpless to hold his riches fast,
 Fighting with blows men strike in sleep?

AN ECHC

LET the fruit ripen one by one
On the sunny wall;
If it fall
Who is it suffers? What harm is done?
None at all.

An Eve in the garden am I;
Behold, this one
In the sun
Falls with a touch, and I let it lie,
My first one.

One fresh from the bough; I break it;
The red juice flies
Into my eyes.
Shall I swallow, leave, or take it,
Or despise?

Sweet to my taste was that second
And I hold it meet
That I eat;
But ah me! Are the bruised ones reckoned
At my feet?

CARET

SOMETHING wanting in this world—

What is it? To each and all

Different desires come,

Tides of longing rise and fall.

Hopes of youth still unfulfilled,

Homes that have an empty chair,

Gulfs that gape and pits that balk;

Something wanting everywhere.

Can we fill the gap with love,

Forge the missing link with gold?

Let the heart be ne'er so warm,

Still one portion blank and cold.

Broken chords are but our share;

Harmony with discord blends;

Fate's dull web but coarsest cloth,

Patched with finer odds and ends.

ROSES

ROSES by babies' rosier fingers pressed
In wondering amazement. Later, youth,
Attired in knickerbockers, flings them by
Contemptuously. Lovers' offerings then,
Much kissed and withered. Staid and sober age
In snug, suburban villas rears them last:
The world at large is dowered with their thorns!

THE LESSON

WE two learned the lesson together,
The oldest of all, yet so new
To myself, and I'm wondering whether
It was utterly novel to you?

The pages—you seemed to have known them,
The pictures that changed 'neath our eyes;
Alas! by what hand were you shown them,
That I find you so womanly wise?

Is it strange that my hand on your shoulder
In the dusk of the day should be placed?
Did you say to yourself, "Were he older
His arm had encircled my waist?"

If it be so, so be it, fair teacher;
I sit at your feet and am wise,
For each page of the book is a feature,
And the light of the reading, your eyes.

We have met, and the meeting is over;
We must part, and the parting is now;
We have played out the game—I, boy-lover,
In earnest, and you, dearest, how?

THE SONG OF THE SUFFERER

Written when ill with fever and sore throat.

HIS drink it is Saline Pyretic,
He longs, but he shall not eat,
His soul is convulsed with emetic,
His stomach is empty of meat.

His bowels are stirred by blind motions,
His form in the flannel is bound,
He has gargles, and powders, and potions,
And walks as not feeling the ground.

For the doctor has harrowed his being,
And of medicine wondrous the might is;
He suffers in agony, seeing
He is prey to acute tonsilitis.

THE FRONT DOOR

I STAND and guard—such ones as say
In matter lives no spirit, lie ;
The household through me throbs and beats,
The meaning of the crowded streets
Is plain, and once a year I may
Admit the beings of the sky.

Lost souls revisiting the earth
To see old loves that they be well,
And find their hold upon the heart,
In life so strong, in death depart ;
Wherefore with peals of soundless mirth
Goes each one to his place in hell.

The curtain on a winter's night
Struggles and beats as if it fought
In every fold a power of air ;
The unseen fills each vacant chair ;
The living lavish not a thought
On those that are not in their sight.

THE FRONT DOOR

Life and dark death go hand in hand,—
 Believe or disbelieve my tale,—
How Death is Life, how Life is Death,
How that the spirit wandereth,
 How bolts and bars may not prevail
To guard us from the Other Land.

ARGUMENT OF A PROJECTED POEM TO BE CALLED "THE SEVEN NIGHTS OF CREATION"

The Devil each night of the seven days of Creation works in emulation of the Creator and produces baneful things—fogs, poisonous plants, venomous creatures, etc.—and at last tries to make a man in imitation of Adam. He fails, recognises his failure, and is obliged to own that his power cannot rival that of the Creator, and that evil is less powerful than good.

LO! what is this I make! Are these his limbs,
Bent inward, tottering 'neath the body's weight?
The body crutched by hairy spider-arms,
Surmounted by a face as who should say,
Why hast thou made me? wherefore hast thou
breathed

Spirit in this foul body? Let me be!
The piteous visage puckers with its woe,
The strange black lips are working with a cry—
A cry and protest. Lo! the wrinkled palms
Are stretched forth helplessly and beat the dark.
So did not my great foe when he was made.
I saw his eye glow with the sense of power,
I saw all wild things crouch beneath that eye;

ARGUMENT OF A PROJECTED POEM

God gave him great dominion over all
And blessed him. Shall I bless my handiwork?
After thy kind be fruitful, lust, and eat;
All things I give thee in the earth and air—
Only depart and hide thee in the trees.
He rises from the ground to do my will
And seek a shelter. Can the being speak?
Stay, thing, and thank me for thy quickening.
The great eyes roll—my meaning is not there
Reflected as God's word was in the man's.
I, maker, bid thee speak, if speak thou canst!
Lo! what is this? My labour is in vain.
He plucks the grass-tufts aimlessly, and works
Palm within palm, then for a moment's space
Breaks off rough bark and throws it on the ground.
He hears me not. Oh! would the dawn delay,
So I might rise and perfect that I make,
Or rise and build again. Alas! the light
Is flaming forth to mock me. See, he sits
Helpless, uprooting grass. While all the world
Is thick with life renewed that fills my ears,
My last and greatest work is mockery.
Depart, O Ape! Depart and leave me foiled.

CONVENTIONALITY

PASSION and Fire—bah! are they ever linked with
beauty?

Beauty and fairness of face? The devils below can
tell

The upper-world folk, if they will,
How it's not the lovely alone that enter the gates of
hell.

Heroes and dames of fiction, so wicked, so fair, so
accurst,

How we praise their faults and applaud each clap-
trap speech on the stage!

But red hands may be raised to kill—

The white-mouse eye can sparkle as well as the
eagle's with rage.

I knew two people so. Romance! She was nothing
at all—

Weak-mouthed and chalky-white, limping, and stut-
tering too.

He was as dull as ever lead,

Dumb; and we wondered how he had found him
words to woo.

CONVENTIONALITY

Then—God knows how it happened!—there came
the crime, and we saw
The two, how they held together through the trial
and all the rest
Of the dragging chain of the law;
But alas for Romance! we cut them as though they
had been the pest.

“DONEC GRATUS ERAM”

(DEVONSHIRE DIALECT)

He

So long as 'twuz me alone

An' there wasn't no other chaps,

I was praoud as a King on 'is throne—

Happier tu, per'aps.

She

So long as 'twuz only I

An' there wasn't no other she

Yeou cared for so much—surely

I was glad as glad could be.

He

But now I'm in lovv with Jane Pritt—

She can play the piano, she can;

An' if dyin' 'u'd 'elp 'er a bit

I'd die laike a man.

“DONEC GRATUS ERAM”

She

Yeou'm like me. I'm in lovv with young Frye—
Him as lives out tu Appledore Quay;
An' if dyin' u'd 'elp 'im I'd die—
Twice ovver for he.

He

But 'sposin' I threwed up Jane
An' niver went walkin' with she—
And come back to you again—
How 'u'd that be?

She

Frye's sober. Yeou've allus done badly—
An' yeou shifts like cut net-floats, yeou du:
But—I'd throw that young Frye ovver gladly
An' lovv 'ee right thru!

THE BOAR OF THE YEAR

IN the shade of the trees by the lunch-tent the old
Haileyburian sat,—

A full fourteen stone in the saddle, and the best of
hard riders at that,—

And he shouted aloud as we passed him: "I'll wait
till the claret-cup cools.

There's a sounder broke loose in the open! Ride,
boys, for the love of your Schools!"

Bull-huge in the mists of the morn at the head of his
sounder he stood—

Our quarry—and watched us awhile, and we thirsted
aloud for his blood;

Then over the brawn of his shoulder looked back as
we galloped more near—

Then fled for the far-away cover; and we followed
the Boar of the Year!

There was Cheltenham perched on an Arab—so rich
are these thrice-born R.E.'s;

And Rugby—his mount was a Waler; and a couple
of O.U.S.C.'s;

THE BOAR OF THE YEAR

And the rest of the field followed after. They were
old and wiser, perhaps—
For we flew over tats at the nullahs,¹ but they scrambled through by the gaps.

Away like a bird went the Arab—head and tail in
the air, which is wrong:
For a pig-sticker worthy his salt looks down as he
gallops along;
And the Arab was new to the business. What wonder
that Cheltenham fell
In the grip of a buffalo-wallow, and sat down to rest
him a spell?
Then Rugby shot forward the first of us three, for to
reason it stands
That a coachy Artillery charger has the legs of a mere
fourteen-hands.

But he jinked, and the Waler went wide; but the country-breds wheeled and we flew
O'er the treacherous black-cotton furrows—spears up,
riding all that we knew.
Now, a beast with a mouth like a brickbat can't turn
to a turn of the wrist—
And the Waler took furlongs to turn in; and the rest
of the run Rugby missed.
So we shed him and spread him and left him, after
manifold jinkings and chouses,
And the issue was narrowed to this: " Ride, boys, for
the love of your Houses!"

¹ Ravines.

THE BOAR OF THE YEAR

Dull-white on the slate of his hide ran a spear-scar
from shoulder to chine:

And a pig that is marked by the spear is seldom
the sweetest of swine.

When he stopped in the shade of the *reh*-grass that
fringes the river-bed's marge,

The lift of his rust-red back-bristles had warned us:

Look out for the charge!

And we got it! Right wheel, best foot foremost—
with a quick sickle-sweep of the head

That missed the off-hock of my pony and tore
through a tussock instead,

He made for the next horse's belly—the jungle-
pig's deadliest trick—

And he caught the spear full in the shoulder, and the
bamboo broke short at the nick:

Then the prettiest mare in the Province let out with
her ever-quick heels,

And the sound of the Ancient his death-grunt was
drowned in her feminine squeals!

And which of the Houses got first-spear? With sor-
row unfeigned be it said,

I jabbed at his quarters and missed, and—I rode for
the Black and the Red;

And he for the Black and the Yellow, and his was the
first and last spear

That ended the hunt by the river, and won you the
Boar of the Year.

THE BOAR OF THE YEAR

So we drank in the shade of the lunch-tent to the
Barrack that stands by the Sea—

We drank to the health of its fellows—to all who
have been and may be.

And Cheltenham joined in the chorus and Rugby re-
echoed the cheer

On the day that we rode for the College, and won
you the Boar of the Year!

THE BATTLE OF ASSYE

(From the United Services College "Chronicle,"

July 2, 1886.)

*Save where our huge sea-castles from afar,
Beat down, in scorn, some weak Egyptian wall,
We are too slothful to give heed to war.*

*As a gorged Lion will not stir at all,
Although the hunter mock him openly,
So we are moveless when the trumpets call.*

*A soldier's letter, written long ago
(The ink lies yellow on the tattered page),
Telling of war, with rugged overflow
Of epithet, and bursts of uncouth rage;
And as I find the letter—so I write
My record of brave deeds in a dead age.*

"The man was a man you could follow to death,
And dying, thank with your latest breath
For the honour granted—and he had led
From the sea to the scorching plains inland,
Where the soil would flay the skin from your hand
If you let it rest for a moment there;
And the sun at noonday strikes you dead,
And the breeze is a blast of furnace air;

THE BATTLE OF ASSYE

Where the Jungle stands in an inland sea,
When the hills send down their floods to the plain,
And the waters drown the coiled tree-snake,
And the reed-thatched hamlets by *jhîl* and lake
Are swamped and demolished utterly.

“How can I tell of the months of fight?—
The whole thing slid like an evil dream,
With the same tired halt at camping-time,
When the hot day sank into hotter night,
A broken sleep and a dream of home;
Then grain for each lowing bullock-team;
And then the sun in the parched blue dome—
The dusty march like an endless rhyme,
And the weary, broken sleep again.

“But one thing stays in my mind, and will stay
Stamped in fire till the day I die:—
How the wild Mahratta ranks gave way
From a poor four thousand of Englishmen,
By the little village they call Assye—
For we were one where they numbered ten;
How we fought through the hot September day
In the face of their cannon, and how we slew;
How the horsemen galloped down on us,
And we broke their ranks and fought anew,
In the midst of a fire so murderous
That it seems a wonder that I am alive;
And, last of all, how we chased the crew,
Drove them like bullocks our peasants drive,
Footsore and bleeding. It happened thus:

THE BATTLE OF ASSYE

“Three armies were met together to crush
The whole of our little force—and we
(Thanks to the tale of a lying scout)
Had come on their camp so suddenly,
Where the Kaitua River curves about
In the steep clay reaches of Bokerdun,
That we knew we must either fight or die,
Since no succour could come by land or sea,
And we knew that retreat was worse than defeat;
And we thought this over, there in the bush,
As we faced their masses of cavalry,
And counted each point-blank, grinning gun,
While the turbid river rolled between;
And far away from the plains’ burnt green
The still ghats watched us against the sky.

“We found a ford, and the word was given,
And over we went as glad as might be—
Seeing, for months past, we had striven
With a foe who fled like a dusky cloud,
And we thirsted to meet them in open field,
With no quarter asked or grace allowed,
And fight till one of us two should yield.
So, a splash through the stream with arms held high,
A rattle of stones when the horses passed,
And we found ourselves on the farther side,
And we only feared lest the foe should fly—
Cheating us out of our fight at the last.
For we saw their ranks fall back and divide,
And we watched their faces horrified
That our handful should dare to strive with them.

THE BATTLE OF ASSYE

And then the view was hid from us wholly—
Like a fleecy fringe on a garment's hem,
The whole of the front of their line outbroke
In a dense, white bank of blinding smoke,
That rose against the blue sky slowly,
While the red death flickered in spirits of fire
As each cannon opened its lips and spoke
A deep-mouthed warning to bid us retire.

“On the left the Kaitua hemmed us in,
On the right a rushing watercourse;
In front their masses of infantry,
Their surging waves of Mahratta horse,
Came down on us like a winter sea;
And we fought as they fight who fight for life—
Each one as though the army's fate
Hung on the strength of his own right wrist
When he warded away the cold curved knife,
And the wiry devil that wielded it
Recoiled from the bayonet—just too late—
And the steel came out with a wrench and a twist.
So we fought and slew in the midst of the din
Till their line was broken—till man and horse
Fled over the rushing watercourse,
And the greatest fight of the world was our own!
And now my face is scarred to the bone,
And I'm lame maybe from a musket-ball—
Yet I thank God always (and ever shall)
That I fought in a fight the world will applaud;
For the new generations by and bye

THE BATTLE OF ASSYE

Shall be proud of that long September day,
When ten men fled from the face of one,
And the river ran red in its seaward way,
As it flowed through the village of Bokerdun—
Red with the blood that was spilt at Assye! ”

ON FORT-DUTY

(March 28, 1884.)

THERE'S tumult in the Khyber,
There's feud at Ali Kheyl;
For the *Maliks*¹ of the Khyber
Are at it tooth and nail—
With the stolen British carbine
And the long Kohat *jezail*.²

And I look across the ramparts
To the northward and the snow—
To the far Cherat cantonments;
But alas! I cannot go
From the dusty, dreary ramparts
Where the cannons grin arow!

There's fighting in the Khyber,
But it isn't meant for me,
Who am sent upon "Fort-duty"
By this pestilent Ravi,
With just one other subaltern,
And not a soul to see.

¹ Head-men.

² Matchlock.

ON FORT-DUTY

Oh! it's everlasting gun-drill
And eight-o'clock parades,
It's cleaning-up of mortars
(Likewise of carronades),
While the passes ring with rifles
And the noise of Afghan raids.

And I look across the ramparts
To the river broad and grey,
And I think of merry England
Where the festive Horse Guards play.
Oh! take the senior grades for this
And spare the young R.A.!

INSCRIBED IN A PRESENTATION
COPY OF "ECHOES" TO THE
COMMON-ROOM

(From the United Services College ' Chronicle,"
March 27, 1889.)

" My very noble and approved good masters."

Placetne, Domini?—in far Lahore

I wait your verdict, 'mid the palms and roses,
Much as I did those judgments writ of yore
Upon my " proses."

Blue-pencil X's when constructions queer

Ran riot down the inky, thumb-marked page;
And wondrous words that moved too oft, I fear,
Your righteous rage.

Red-pencil marks when half a dozen rules,

Smashed at one stroke, broke down your
patience, too,
And left me, in the silence of the Schools,
With " lines to do."

INSCRIBED IN "ECHOES"

These were your judgments—well deserved
enough

By one who daily scorned his Latin Primer.
What is your verdict on the latest stuff
Sent by this rhymer?

Placetne, Domini?—'neath India's sky

I wait your answer, laymen and divines;
And, as of old, upon your table I
"Show up my lines."

THE SONG OF THE EXILES

(From the United Services College "Chronicle,"
October 15, 1883.)

THAT long white Barrack by the Sea
Stares blankly seaward still,
But other grimy paws make free
With pignuts on "The Hill."

Fresh faces in the Gym appear,
New knives cut other names;
Fresh sinners carry on, I fear,
Our very same old games.

Terms come and go, scenes shift and fade,
The young moustache progresses;
In place of call-over, "parade,"
Instead of dinner, "messes."

By some mysterious law of fate
I cannot understand,
Most College fledgelings gravitate
To "India's coral strand."

THE SONG OF THE EXILES

In steamy mists of moist Bombay,
Or dreary Dum-dum "lines,"
Or where Karachi dust-storms play,
An O.U.S.C. pines.

Some watch the tender tea-plant grow
In gardens of Cachar;
Some wait at Quetta for the slow
Sure-coming frontier war.

By Naga Hills our feet are set,
Or swamps of North Bengal;
Some spend their leave in far Thibet,
Some get no leave at all.

Some lead the R.A. guns afield
(At least upon parade),
Some watch lest Kutcha¹ dams may yield
To rifts the rains have made.

Some write voluminous reports
On "forest land increase,"
Some work at survey in the Ghats,
And some in the Police.

Some prance beside their *gorah-log*²
On bony beasts and strange,
Some test, at Murree or Jutogh,
The flashing signal's range.

¹ Temporary.

² European soldiers.

THE SONG OF THE EXILES

A scattered brotherhood, in truth,
By mount, and stream, and sea;
We chase, with all the zeal of youth,
Her Majesty's Rupee.

Exiles are we—yet, through our dreams
Old scenes and faces glide,
So that the city's murmur seems
The voice of Northam tide.

ENVY, HATRED, AND MALICE

LET us praise Such an One,
Give him commendation
Sincere for labour done—
As honour to the nation.
Such elevation,
Such perfect taste, was never known before;
Our ranks admit one poet more,
'Mid universal acclamation.

Such an One is elevated
To the gods,
Even to the demi-gods.
Such an One is crownèd king,
Self and friends
Chew the cud of bitter feeling
Wondering
By what ends
These strange vermin come to stealing
Bay-leaves here and there to make
Forged false wreaths, for sure 'tis odd
How the world a man may take
For a god.
(Even for a demi-god!)

ENVY, HATRED, AND MALICE

Such an One is gone—there rises

Such Another:

With old thoughts in newer guise

Born to smother

Such an One's productions.

Welcomed is he just as loudly,

Trails his mantle just as proudly.

Whence I draw

My deductions

That many and many a poet more,

Ere I lie beneath the sods,

I shall witness swell and soar

To the gods,

Even to the demi-gods!

A LEGEND OF DEVONSHIRE

THERE were three daughters long ago,
In a lonely house that faced the sea;
They sent their father forth to plough
The narrow meadow that skirts the sea.

The autumn fogs are drifting by,
The old man's wits are dull and numb;
He has opened the barn where the young colts lie
Safe from the biting frosts to come.

He has taken the plough-gear and harnessed three
Hot young bloods that no lash will bear;
The rain is falling — he cannot see
If young or old be harnessed there.

He is ploughing the meadow that skirts the sea—
Old hands a-quivering with the cold;
The furrows are running crookedly,
And the share is clogged with the clinging mould.

The crow and daw fly fast to eat
Their food, while afar the sea-gulls scream;
The rain has changed to a stinging sleet;
He is ploughing as one who ploughs in a dream.

A LEGEND OF DEVONSHIRE

They have swerved from the field; the shingles grate
Beneath their hooves and the jangling plough;
The day is dying, the hour is late:
But the salt sea-foam is light to plough.

ILLUSION, DISILLUSION, ALLUSION

I

FAIREST of women is she.

In all the passion of youth,

In deed and in word and in truth;

For time and eternity

I woo her, so let it be.

II

Rouge and wrinkles and puff,

Padding and powder enough

To win a hundred hearts!

They are welcome. From me departs

Love for this woman of arts.

III

Old friend, why discourse of these things?

Fairest of women *was* she.

Somewhere in eternity

We may play out the game again;

Here, Time has ended her reign,

Making her hateful to see.

OVERHEARD

(SUPPOSED TO BE AFTER BROWNING)

So the day dragged through,
And the afternoon brought the spangles.
The sawdust smell, the tights,
The flickering, flashing lights,
The smile to acknowledge the cheer
As the rider skips and jangles
The bells. Ye gods! — 'twas queer
How the young equestriennes flew.

A programme redished, I lay
Back in my seat to gaze
On the faces around, to hear what folk say,
While the orchestra rattled and roared,
Murdering popular lays—
It was hot, too, and I felt bored.

Then a voice from behind, a rustling of dress,
The step of a man, a silence to settle,
A babble of children (how they push,
These little ones, making your coat in a mess),
A silence to settle, and after a gush
Of small talk, I sat and waited,
Shutting my eyes till the stream abated.
'Twas a tale of trouble, told in a rush:

OVERHEARD

Who was the speaker? I turned to see—

A sharp little saucy face,

No whit abashed, gazing at me

With bead-eyes, curiously,

With a petulant child's grimace,

As I shifted, moving her feet

From the chair where they 'd taken root,

For the time at least; then again

I listened. Fast and fleet

She poured out the queer little words to her
friend—

(A sort of an overgrown brute).

I heard it out to the end—

A story of pain.

Here you have it, in fine

(Her words, not mine):

“Tried for luck in London—

Voilà tout !

Failed, lost money, undone ;

Took to the streets for a life.

Entre nous,

It's a terrible uphill strife,

Like all professions—too filled.

And now I'm in lodgings hard by,

Au quatrième, up in the sky.

Visit me by and by,

They're furnished, but oh—so cold,

So cold! ”

There the queer little voice was stilled;

She moved to a further chair

And left me sitting there

OVERHEARD

To think on the story told—
Not to me, but to her friend—
Of a life that had only one end,
And for burden, "Oh, so cold!"

Have you ever seen on the face
Of a child a sort of despair,
A comical, hopeless air,
When a toy won't work, or a doll won't cry
Or a cart runs awkwardly?
Well, I saw it there
As she moved to a further chair
She'd broken some toy she had—
Or, was it a life gone bad?

THE JAM-POT

(IN THE MANNER OF ROBERT BROWNING)

THE Jam-pot — tender thought!

I grabbed it — so did you.

“What wonder while we fought

Together that it flew

In shivers?” you retort.

You should have loosed your hold

One moment — checked your fist.

But, as it was, too bold

You grappled and you missed.

More plainly — you were sold.

“Well, neither of us shared

The dainty.” ‘That your plea?

“Well, neither of us cared,”

I answer. . . . Let me see,

How have your trousers fared?

FROM THE WINGS

WE are actors at the side-scenes ere the play of life
begins,

With the curtain rising on us and the tally of our
sins:

You may pace the boards before me while amazed
the boxes sit,

I, with all my rant and thunder, may but hardly stir
the pit.

You may be a prima donna, winning monarchs with
your smile;

What wonder I, your equal, should adore you all the
while?

When you stand before the footlights will you do
your best to shine

In that part the Fates have cast you? Will you join
your part to mine?

Will you mouth your words, or murmur? Will you
take me for a friend,

From the shifting of the first scene till the curtain
brings the end?

When the act-drop falls upon us, when we've heard
the audience cheer,

When the people that have watched us leave the
stalls and gallery clear,

FROM THE WINGS

When the lights are near extinguished, when the
ghostlike cloths are thrown
O'er the purple of the velvet, and the actors stand
alone—
Old and wrinkled, grey and toothless, fighting at the
other door,
Who shall face the darkness first, and who of them
shall go before
To the great unknown that stretches out away there
where the lights
Flare and flicker in the darkness of an awful night of
nights—
Where French rouge won't cheat the Devil, where
pearl-powder never lies,
And the belladonna's useless for wide, terror-stricken
eyes?
When they're howling in the pit, here, may I claim
you for my own?
Face the journey both together—two are better far
than one.
We'll rehearse the farce together for a little, little
time,
Turn the prose that is our being to a comedy in
rhyme.
You be lord, and I'll be lady, and in sufferance take
my hand,
Talk of passion never dying (for the woman, under-
stand).
So, we'll play it at the wings here, mind! I've
never sworn to be
Constant in the real acting, only in the mimicry!

FROM THE WINGS

To your place! Your eyes are wandering! Oh—a
girl there in the wings.

(Odd that in rehearsing 'tis my jealousy that stings!)

I've been thinking it were better just for once to
play it through,

Much in earnest; shall we try it? As the heaven I
am true

(Made of blue with tinsel planets!) Well! your oath
is real enough;

I believe you—only kiss me! This forced passion's
dreary stuff!

CREDAT JUDÆUS

First Couple

THREE couples were we in the lane,
Keeping our walks and turning again;
At the point where we meet
The roar of the street
Like the sound of a beast in pain
Comes faintly. Here all is sweet.

Who were the others? I did not see.
Why should I look at the men at all?
Why should their partners interest me?
I'm sure that I loved mine best of all.

Perfect in beauty and grace,
Perfect in figure and face,
She with her eyes divine!
The present for just us two;
Eternity makes her mine,
Our love is eternal and true!

Second Couple

Watch them, dearest, cheek to cheek,
Arm in arm; when years are past
Will their love like our love last,
Still so fond, still cheek to cheek?

CREDAT JUDÆUS

There is one true love below ;
We have found it! Others kiss
For a little, part and miss,
Grieve awhile, then lightly go.

These in earnest! I have seen
Many such; the years will fly,
Leave us loving, you and I,
While they talk of what has been.

Third Couple

I wanted them walks so bad
With you, and missus is mad
'Cos she says I gad out at night;
No doubt but what she's right.
Well, I can't stay long, but see,
Promise to 'old to me,
An' I'll 'old to you for hever!
Them people may court a bit—
They don't love like we two!
O George! I've got no one but you.
'Old by me! Promise it!
And I'll never leave you, never!

I, the writer that made them speak,
Laughed aloud as I passed the three,
Strong in a passion to last a week,
For Love that is real was given to me!

SOLUS CUM SOLA

WE were alone on the beach,
Facing the summer sea,
Watching the waves on the beach,
Watching the moon on the sea.

Words were not many, I ween;
Why should we want them, we?
Two hearts, and nothing between,
Facing the summer sea.

Silence! such silence is speech.
She, with her arm in mine,
Pacing the moonlit beach,
Makes it communion divine.

Voice of the world around?
Blatant bands on the pier?
We have not heard a sound,
And yet you say they were near!

Well, we must go there once more,
Hear them play, you and I.
Lo! the day's glory is o'er;
Until to-morrow, good-bye.

MISSED

THERE is *one* moment when the gods are kind,
And, bending down, pour blessings on our head ;
It is the moment when all men are blind,
And Honour perishèd.

There is *one* moment when the fire flies,
God-sent, and flickers ; hold it he who may.
It is the moment when on other eyes
Our own are turned away.

There is *one* moment when our Love is loving,
And would repay our worship. Lo ! alas !
It is the moment when the blood is moving
Coldly, that these things pass.

There is *one* moment of a high endeavour
That stirs our pulse with passion. Be it so ;
'Tis but one moment, and is lost for ever ;
Account this, therefore, woe.

There is one moment only that shall make
Men equal. For the rest, we strike and strike
The chords all jarringly ; no comfort take.
There are no twain alike.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

A NEW-MADE grave, for the damp earth stood
Yellow and miry there at the lips
Of the pit, where one in her widowhood
Waited to witness the coffin's eclipse
Under the clods, that tumbled and rolled,
Rattled and thundered o'er clay as cold.

The mother facing the wife—they wept
As never I yet saw women weep.
Standing behind them, the watch I kept
Was a watch that never did mortal keep,
For the thing below that had ceased to be,
With human utterance spoke to me.

“There is knocking at my door, there!—Aspirations
long since fled,
High endeavours of my springtime that have lived
and perished.
Why disquiet me, O phantoms? Wherefore strive to
stir the dead?

“Striking on dumb chords, O passion!
Music comes not. Here below,
I am of another fashion
Than the ‘I’ six days ago.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

“ There is knocking at my door, there! — Hopes that
fired younger blood :

Lust of power, lust of knowledge, fierce desire for
the good,

For some truth that might uphold me 'gainst the
clamour of Doubt's brood.

“ Mark ye my closèd mouth well ;

Lines where the strong speech would sit

Shadowed ere words ; — now all Hell

Stirs not these wrinkles one whit.

“ There is knocking at my door, there! — as of one
that would not wait,

As of one that wished to tear me from my quiet,
kingly state.

'Tis some Love that might have saved me, come,
alas! too late, too late.

“ Six days since, around my bed,

People spake in accents low ;

As a dream half vanishèd

Were their words six days ago —

Spake of something that might save,

Some great power from above,

Power to open up my grave,

And I think they called it Love.

Canst *thou* lift the heavy weight?

Canst thou help me from the gloom?

Human love is less than Fate,

Failing ere it reach the tomb.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE

“ There is knocking at my door, there! —Pity calling
friends to mind,

Telling loud of those that mourned me, certain ones I
left behind.

Surely they may break their shacklings, snap the
fleshy chains that bind.

“ Seest thou this hand that would close

Warm o’er the clasp of a friend?

Tell me the tale of his woes—

It shall lie still to the end.

“ There is silence, and I slumber in the narrow, narrow
room,

Waiting, waiting, ever waiting, for the judgment and
the doom.

Sweet to wearied limbs this resting, sweet to strained
eyes this gloom.

“ Cool, and no life to arouse

Passions that slay and destroy.

Love, and its numberless vows,

Life, and its manifold joy—

I have quitted them all and for ever:

Sweep as the tempests at will,

Sure, ’tis an idle endeavour

Seeking to waken the still.

Beat at my door, O sad mother!

Wife! rain thy tears on my breast.

I, that was thine, am made other,

Alien in all; and I rest.”

AVE IMPERATRIX

Written on the occasion of the last attempt on the Queen's life. Printed 1882.

FROM every quarter of Your land
They give God thanks who turned away
Death and the needy madman's hand
Death-fraught which menaced You that day.

One school, of many made to make
Men who shall hold it dearest right
To battle for their ruler's sake,
And stake their being in the fight,

Sends greeting humble and sincere—
Though verse be rude and poor and mean—
To You, the greatest as most dear—
Victoria, by God's grace Our Queen.

Such greeting as should come from those
Whose fathers faced the Sepoy hordes,
Or served You in the Russian snows,
And, dying, left their sons their swords.

And some of us have fought for You
Already in the Afghan Pass—
Or where the scarce-seen smoke-puffs flew
From Boer marksmen in the grass:

AVE IMPERATRIX

And all are bred to do Your will
By land and sea—wherever flies
The Flag to fight and follow still,
And work Your Empire's destinies.

Once more we greet You, though unseen
Our greeting be, and coming slow.
Trust us if need arise, O Queen;
We shall not tarry with the blow!

ECHOES

1882-1884

THE DUKE. *A new song, sirran?*
FIRST MINSTREL. *New as is new bread,
Baked with the corn of yester-year, my lord:
These fledgelings of the nest will try their pipes,
And shrill it boldly in the same old tunes
You hear on every woodland bough.*

OLD PLAY.

A VISION OF INDIA

(TENNYSON)

MOTHER India, wan and thin,
Here is forage come your way;
Take the young Civilian in,
Kill him swiftly as you may.

Smite him with the deadly breath
From your crowded cities sped;
Still the heart that beats beneath
That girl's picture o'er his bed.

Brains that thought and lips that kissed,
Mouldering under alien clay,
Stir a stagnant Civil List,
Help us on our upward way.

(Ice the amber whisky-peg!
Every man that yields to thee
Gives his juniors each a leg,
Shakes the sere Pagoda-Tree.)

A VISION OF INDIA

Well indeed we know your power,
Goddess of our deep devotion,
Who can grant us in an hour
Steps of rapidest promotion.

Lurking in our daily grub,
Where the untinned *degchies*¹ lie;
Smiting gaily at the Club,
O'er the card-room's revelry.

Chaperon to many a maid,
Calling, when the music dies,
To a stiller, deeper shade
Than the dim-lit balconies.

(Fill the long-necked glass with whisky!
Every man that owns thy sway
Leaves a widow, mostly frisky,
Makes the gossip of a day.)

Brown and Jones and Smith shall die;
We succeed to all their places,
Bear the badge of slavery,
Sunken eyes and pallid faces.

Laughter that is worse than tears
Is our portion in the land,
And the tombstones of our peers
Make the steps whereon we stand.

¹ Cooking-pots.

THE CITY OF THE HEART

(LONGFELLOW)

I PASSED through the lonely Indian town,
Deep sunk 'twixt the walls of wheat,
And the dogs that lived in the land came down
And bayed at me in the street.

But I struck with my dog-whip o'er nose and back
Of the yelping, yellow crew,
Till I cleared a pathway athwart the pack,
And I and my horse went through.

I passed through the streets of my haunted heart,
In the hush of a hopeless night;
And from every gully a dog would start
And bay my soul with affright.

But I smote with the dog-whip of Work and Fact
These evil beasts on the head,
Till I made of my heart a wholesome tract,
Empty and garnishèd.

THE INDIAN FARMER AT HOME

(BURNS)

HOOTS! toots! ayont, ahint, afore,
The bleth'rin' blast may blathe an' blaw
 An' shak' my *dhoti*; ¹
But I am canty, cròuse, and full,
An' aiblins at my pipe I pull,
 Safe in my *khoti*. ²

I bang the gudewife wi' my loof,
And shak' the dung-cakes fra' the roof
 To feed the low;
An' gin my dinner crowds my *pét*, ³
My wee bit bairnies stamp it straight
 Wi' joyous crow.

What mair, I ask, could man desire
Beyond his bit of bread an' fire,
 An' safe inves'ment
O' bawbees in a silver chain
To guard against a day of rain
 Or raised assessment?

¹ Loin-cloth.

² House.

³ Stomach.

THE FLIGHT OF THE BUCKET

(BROWNING)

Pre-admonisheth the writer :

H'm, for a subject it is well enough!

Who wrote "Sordello" finds no subject tough.

WELL, Jack and Jill—God knows the life they led
(The poet never told us, more's the pity)
Pent up in some damp kennel of their own,
Beneath the hillside; but it once befell
That Jack or Jill, niece, cousin, uncle, aunt
(Some one of all the brood) would wash or scour—
Rinse out a cess-pit, swab the kennel floor,
And water (*liquor vitæ*, Lawson calls,
But I—I hold by whisky. Never mind;
I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, sir,
And missed the scrap o' blue at buttonhole)—
Spring water was the needful at the time,
So they must climb the hill for't. Well and good.
We all climb hills, I take it, on some quest,
Maybe for less than stinking (I forgot!
I mean than wholesome) water. . . . Ferret out
The rotten bucket from the lumber-shed,
Weave ropes and splice the handle—off they go

THE FLIGHT OF THE BUCKET

To where the cold spring bubbles up i' the cleft,
And sink the bucket brimful in the spate.
Then downwards—hanging back? (You bet your
life

The girl's share fell upon Jack's shoulders.) Down,
Down to the bottom—all but—trip, slip, squelch!
And guggle-guggle goes the bucketful
Back to the earth, and Jack's a broken head,
And swears amid the heather does our Jack.
(A man would swear who watched both blood and
bucket,

One dripping down his forehead, t'other fled,
Clinkety-tinkle, to the stones below,
A good half-hour's trudge to get it back.)
Jack, therefore, as I said, exploded straight
In brimstone-flavoured language. You, of course,
Maintain he bore it calmly—not a bit.
A good bucolic curse that rent the cliffs
And frightened for a moment quaking Jill
Out of the limp, unmeaning girl's tee-hee
That womankind delight in. . . . Here we end
The first verse—there's a deal to study in't.

So much for Jack—but here's a Fate above,
A cosmic force that blunders into right,
Just when the strained sense hints at revolution
Because the world's great fly-wheel runs aslant—
And up go Jill's red kibes. (You think I'm wrong;
And Fate was napping at the time; perhaps
You're right.) We'll call it Devil's agency
That sent the shrieking sister on her head,

THE FLIGHT OF THE BUCKET

And knocked the tangled locks against the stones.
Well, down went Jill, but wasn't hurt. Oh, no!
The Devil pads the world to suit his own,
And packs the cards according. Down went Jill
Unhurt. And Jack trots off to bed, poor brute,
Fist welted into eyeball, mouth agape
For yelling,—your bucolic always yells,—
And out of his domestic pharmacy
Rips forth the cruet-stand, upsets the cat,
And ravages the store-room for his balm.
Eureka!—but he didn't use that word—
A pound of candles, corpse-like, side by side,
Wrapped up in his medicament. Out, knife!
Cut string, and strip the shrouding from the lot!
Steep swift and jam it on the gaping cut;
Then bedward—cursing man and fiends alike.

Now back to Jill. She wasn't hurt, I said,
And all the woman's spite was up in arms.
So Jack's abed. She slips, peeks through the door,
And sees the split head like a luggage-label,
Halved, quartered, on the pillow. "Ee-ki-ree,
Tee-hee-hee-hee," she giggles through the crack,
Much as the Roman ladies grinned—don't smile—
To see the dabbled bodies in the sand,
Appealing to their benches for a sign.
Down thumbs, and giggle louder—so did Jill.
But mark now! Comes the mother round the door,
Red-hot from climbing up the hill herself,
And caught the graceless giggler. Whack! flack!
whack!

THE FLIGHT OF THE BUCKET

Here's Nemesis whichever way you like!
She didn't stop to argue. Given a head
Broken, a woman chuckling at the door,
And here's your circumstantial evidence complete.
Whack! while Jack sniffs and sniggers from the bed.
I like that horny-handed mother o' Jill.
The world's best women died, sir, long ago.
Well, Jack's avenged; as for the other, *gr-r-r-r!*

LAOCOON

(M. ARNOLD)

UNDER the shadow of Death,
Under the stroke of the sword,
Gain we our daily bread.
Exile that hath no end,
And the heaping up of our woes,
Are given into our hand
As the gifts of the Gods to men.

Lo! in a leaguered town,
Compass'd by many foes,
Weary citizens wait,
Neither joyed nor afraid,
The unseen doom of the shot—
Only, at times, when a friend
Falls from their side and is lost
Out of his place on the wall,
Lift they their hands aloft,
Crying aloud to the Gods,
The pitiless, far-off Gods:
"Spare us this last for a space—
Not for ourselves, indeed,
Seeing that this is our right,
But for our children and wives!"

LAOCOON

So, under Indian skies,
Compassed by many ills,
Weary workers abide,
Neither joyed nor afraid,
Waiting the unseen doom.
Only, at times, when a friend
Falls at their side and is lost
Out of his place in their life,
Lift they their hearts aloft,
Crying aloud: "If a God
Govern the ways of men,
Spare us this last for a space—
Not for ourselves, indeed,
Seeing that this is our right,
But for our children and wives!"

Neither joyed nor afraid
Of the snakes of circumstance,—
The marble snakes of mishap
That girdle our fleshly limbs,—
We of the East abide:
But if at times our souls,
Being broken by ills,
Blench and are sorely disturbed,—
Not for ourselves, indeed
(Seeing that this is our right),
But for our children and wives,—
Shall we be judged as afraid
By our complaining, O God?

NURSERY RHYMES FOR LITTLE ANGLO-INDIANS

HUSH-A-BY, Baby,
In the verandah!
When the sun drops
Baby may wander.

When the hot weather comes
Baby will die—
With a fine *pucca*¹ tomb
In the ce-me-te-ry.

I HAD a little husband
Who gave me all his pay.
I left him for Mussoorie,
A hundred miles away.

I dragged my little husband's name
Through heaps of social mire,
And joined him in October,
As good as you'd desire.

¹ Permanent.

NURSERY RHYMES

SEE-SAW, Justice and Law,
The *Raiyats* shall have a new master.
And the Zemindar ain't allowed to distraint
Because they can't pay any faster.

SING a Song of Sixpence,
Purchased by our lives —
Decent English gentlemen
Roasting with their wives

In the plains of India,
Where like flies they die.
Isn't that a wholesome risk
To get our living by?

The fever's in the Jungle,
The typhoid's in the tank,
And men may catch the cholera
Apart from social rank;

And Death is in the Garden,
A-waiting till we pass,
For the *Krait* is in the drain-pipe,
The Cobra in the grass!

With a lady flirt a little—
'Tis *manners* so to do.
Of a lady speak but little—
'Tis *safest* so to do.

NURSERY RHYMES

JACK'S own Jill goes up to the Hill
Of Murree or Chakrata.

Jack remains, and dies in the plains,
And Jill remarries soon arter.

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,

Where do your subalterns go?

For love is brief and the next "relief"

Will scatter them all like snow.

TOBACCO

(KEATS)

SWEET is the Rose's scent—Tobacco's smell
Is sweeter; wherefore let me charge again.
Old blackened meerschaum, I have loved thee well
From youth, when smoke brought sickness in its
train.
Foolish I was: Manillas I disdained,
And cigarettes to Burmahs did prefer,
And even spurned Havana's fragrant joy;
But now my mind is pained,
In that my smoking days I did defer,
Nor knew this pleasure when I was a boy.

APPROPRIATE VERSES ON AN ELEGANT LANDSCAPE

(COWPER)

THE fields were upholstered with poppies so red,
And black as my hat was each rook ;
And the hedges were bordered, like quilts on a bed,
With the bombazine braid of the brook.

And I thought to myself, with an auctioneer's smirk,
As I gazed on the freehold so rare :
“ O Lord, if on Earth these chaste shows are thy
work,
Of what is the Kingdom up there? ”

HIS CONSOLATION

(BROWNING)

So be it; you give me my release,
And let me go. Yes, I am free.
But think you that a love will cease
By bidding merely? Can yon sea
Stop at the tide's increase?

You hold the matter ended, then?
Are right if you begin anew?
You turn your eyes on other men.
Can that fact cut my love from you,
If you win one or ten?

Your words count nothing, since your soul
Is mine—as you will find at last,
When you have finished out the whole
Of life, and stare at me aghast,
Waiting you at the goal.

You cannot, *cannot* understand?
Go forward, then. The time will be
When, lip to lip and hand to hand,
By some far-distant planet's sea
We meet—and *I* command.

THE CURSING OF STEPHEN

(TENNYSON)

I TURNED the pages of the baby's book,
I hung with children on the rocking-horse,
And shook the rattle till it rang again;
And, while I gambolled 'mid these buds of youth,
I shaped the nursery legend into this:

King Stephen, o'er the castled battlement
That frowned above the fir-copse and the lake,
Looked downward on his people and beheld
The many-mouthèd nation call on him
Who was a worthy peer. The pine-woods rang,
In slumb'rous thunder to the girdling sea,
With "Worthy peer"; and, down the long white
street,
Green-shuttered cots re-echoed: "Worthy peer."
But in the great king's bosom pain was lord,
And 'neath his brows the royal eyeball burnt,
As dying brands burn on the wasted hearth
When those that tend them slumber. Slowly first
The hot words brake beneath the bearded lips,
And the mailed hand slid backward to the throne
Whereon the king was seated. As some dam
In spring bursts down the wall and whelms the vale,

THE CURSING OF STEPHEN

So broke the king's "Damn" o'er the silent Court,
And stilled the Jester into utter peace,
And all the courtiers wondered where they sate
"What ails King Stephen!" Then the great king
spoke,
As Saul had spoken in the shrouded tent,
Before the Son of Jesse soothed his soul
With sackbut and with psaltery: "Woe is me!
Sin creeps upon our servants at the board,
And in my royal palace find we sin—
At first among the lowest; being low,
They sin as brutes, in brutal bestial wise.
But ever upward curls the flame of sin,
Infecting e'en the highest. Lust of gain,
That spareth not the person of the king,
Hath fallen upon us, and behold I go
To fight corruption, though I lose my life;
Not loving life, but rather fearing death,
With life's corruption on my parting soul.
Pray for me, O my courtiers!" And they wailed,
Those bearded rulers of the fosse and field,
Great princes of the Plough-tail, for the king;
And sorrow hung about the sobbing Court,
And that great charger squealed like any she.
So, in the twilight, passed the king away
Adown the long white street, all armed and mailed,
Past dune and wind-swept hedge-row, till he reached
A low-built cottage by the roaring sea,
Wherein one sat for ever at a board,
Cross-legged, and drave the needle to and fro,
Through silk and samite, minever and lawn,

THE CURSING OF STEPHEN

As swine in autumn pierce the fallen mast
For forage with their keen, white, curvèd tusks;
And evermore the singer sang his song,
And through the windows Stephen heard the strain:

“ A Devil and a Tailor, fiend and man,
That were at strife since first the world began—
Read me my riddle’s reading an you can.

“ A Tailor and a Devil—man and sprite.
Black as black thread was one—the other white
As cloth that clothes the great king’s limbs at night.

“ The Devil and the Tailor. Silk and thread,
O primrose minever! O samite red,
That drapes the curtains of the great king’s bed!

“ For men must clothe their nakedness, and I,
For credit or for cash, give swift supply
Of woven gauds and broidered bravery.”

And then the voice ceased suddenly within,
Because the charger whinnied through the dusk,
And shook the windows of the crazy cot.
Whereon, with eyelids shaded, and huge shears
Slung swordwise at his side, the churl advanced,
And saw the great king’s shadow on the door,
But made no reverence, as befits a churl
In royal presence, only, from his breast,
Dragged forth a store of papers, tape, and thread,
And murmured: “ Credit is the thief of time!

THE CURSING OF STEPHEN

My gold, King Stephen, for the doublet gay,
For hose and baldric, now some three months old,
And for the broidered cloak upon thy back—
My gold, King Stephen!" But the blameless king
Drew swiftly from his scabbard that which pays
All debts in one; and at the great blade's light
The churl fled backward to the cottage door,
And Stephen spake in this wise to the churl:
"I, being king, an I had cleft thy form
From chin to chine, had sullied my good sword
With useless slaughter of a ninth-part man;
And I am come in sorrow, not in wrath,
To judge thee for thy treason 'gainst the king;
Our noble order has no thought of guile
To me or mine—my menials know no sin,
And all my people are a sinless folk,
Content with little save the gifts of God
And my exceeding glory. Only thou,
Misled by lust of gold, hast fallen in sin—
The deadlier, being self-conceived: for sin
Caught by contagion (as the dove's red foot
Is soiled by mire) is a lesser fault
Than crime self-centred in a single breast
And bred in isolation. I, thy king,
Have worn the garments of a spotless life,
And also (since the world desires more
For human limbs) some garments made by thee;
And these were hose and doublet, as thou sayest,
And also breeches for my lower limbs,
And in these breeches lieth all thy sin:
Rapine and greed, and interest sought on bills,

THE CURSING OF STEPHEN

And monthly increment of silver coin
Charged for the lapse of time—which is God's act,
Nor any handiwork of thine, O churl;
And thou, being void of shame, hast written down
The cost of these same breeches that I wear
At usury and interest, sinful churl,
And I adjudge the cost exorbitant
By six round pence Behold!" and here his hand
Slid backward to the cantle of his selle,
And grasped the spacious garment that he wore
In kingly wrath. "Behold the size of it!
The airy effluence of fold on fold,
And mazy complications of the seat,
Between the saddle and my royal flesh,
Chafed to a gall thereby. This is thy work—
Large and ill-fitting as the wrinkled buds
That hide the larches' children in the spring.
Thank, therefore, such vile stars as saw thy birth
That silver and not steel discharge the debt. . . .
Yet Lancelot falls to his own love again,
And tailors reel into the ninth-part beast
And wholly vermin—and my speech, I fear,
Falls deadlly on dull ears that can but catch
The clink of shears and silver. Wherefore churl,
I am resolved to curse thee—not in wrath,
For wrath is alien to the minds of kings,
But for remembrance' sake, and, ere I go,
I call thee—out of sorrow, not in wrath—
I, Stephen, call thee *Lown*." And all the weald
Shuddered at Stephen's curse, and far at sea
The fishes shivered, though they knew not why;

THE CURSING OF STEPHEN

And homeward-flying crows forgot to call
At sound of the king's curse. And he, the churl,
Shrank as the beetle shrinks beneath the pin
When village children stab him in their sport,
And, logwise, roiled before the charger's feet;
And Stephen came to his own Court again.

JANE SMITH

(WORDSWORTH)

I JOURNEYED, on a winter's day,
Across the lonely wold;
No bird did sing upon the spray,
And it was very cold.

I had a coach with horses four,
Three white (though one was black),
And on they went the common o'er,
Nor swiftness did they lack.

A little girl ran by the side,
And she was pinched and thin.
"Oh, please, sir, *do* give me a ride!
I'm fetching mother's gin."

"Enter my coach, sweet child," said I;
"For you shall ride with me,
And I will get you your supply
Of mother's eau-de-vie."

The publican was stern and cold,
And said: "Her mother's score
Is writ, as you shall soon behold,
Behind the bar-room door!"

JANE SMITH

I blotted out the score with tears,
And paid the money down,
And took the maid of thirteen years
Back to her mother's town;

And though the past with surges wild
Fond memories may sever,
The vision of that happy child
Will leave my spirit never!

NURSERY IDYLS

(CHRISTINA ROSSETTI'S "SING-SONG")

A LITTLE sigh, a little shiver—
And that means liver.
A little liver when June is nigh,
And then we die.

DAFFODILS in English fields
And breezes in the clover;
But here's a sun would strike you dead
Seven times over!

Cook's tourist comes and goes—
He is but a rover,
While *I* watch the burning sun
Turn over and over.

And I dream of daffodils
And the breezy clover;
Turning on my little bed,
Over and over.

NURSERY IDYLS

IN England elm-leaves fall
When winter winds blow keen,
But the Indian *pipál*
Is always gay and green.

Ne'er in rain or sunshine
Leaf or blossom dies—
But I'd give the world for an English elm
Under English skies!

HERE'S a mongoose
Dead in the sluice
Of the bath-room drain.
How was he slain?
He must have lain
Days, it is plain. . . .
Stopper your nose,
Throw him out to the crows.

TARA CHAND is the gardener's mate,
And labours late and early;
But Dunni is my pony's *syce*,¹
And steals the golden barley.

Golden barley, roses red,
Rejoice in your morning beauty!
For I have broken Tara's head,
And given Dunni *chuti*.²

¹ Groom.

² His dismissal.

SONNET

(ON BEING REJECTED OF ONE'S HORSE)

(WILFRED BLUNT)

GIVE me my rein, my *syce*! Give me my rein!

I have a need of it, an absolute need,
To climb upon that bounding back again
And curb the bad, mad gambols of my steed.
'T is strange we are thus parted—by no lust
Of mine, but rather blind, unwearied force
That worked upon the sinews of my horse,
And drove me from him, howling in the dust.

Now he is neither gentle, kind, nor quiet,
And strives (though vainly) to outleap his girth,
While right and left the armèd hooves are hurled.
O Destrier! bethink thee that this riot
Shall, in the end, bring neither rest nor mirth. . . .
Only the heaviest bit in all the world!

KOPRA-BRAHM

(EMERSON)

COSMIC force and Cawnpore leather
Hold my walking-boots together.
All the gnomes of Under-earth
Travailed at my tie-pin's birth.
Myriad dryads, nude and quick,
Brake for me my walking-stick,
Breathing still in every knot
Of the Javan bamboo-plot.
Brotherly, where'er I go,
Sheep regard my paletot,
And the silkworm thrills to note
How his fathers warm my throat.
Atropos, with iron shears,
Cut the cap that guards my ears.
Thus Alphonso's mind can see
In each garment Deity.
And though loose the trousers' fit,
Nature's forces fashioned it.
Wherefore, steads it not to see
Tailor's work critically,
But, with wide-embracing mind,

KOPRA-BRAHM

Gaze at them before, behind.
Since, beyond his needful clothes,
Something more each man-soul owes,
Brahma shall endue thy shirt,
(With thy belt is Zeus engirt),
And the tread of either sole
Waken echoes round the Pole!

THE SUDDER BAZAAR

THE motive that calls for my ditty
Is to tell you how many things are
To be found on the road to the City,
Which we call it the Sudder Bazaar.

When the Mission bell's tinkling insistence
Has ceased, through the dust-laden air
Comes the call from the Mosque in the distance.
The call of the Faithful to prayer.

Unmoved, though the world fall asunder,
The voice of the *muezzin*¹ you hear,
While our guns, in the citadel under,
Are booming for Tel-el-Kebir.

With an eye to where offal and meat lie,
The kite circles near and afar,
And the pie-dog sleeps calmly and sweetly
In the dust of the Sudder Bazaar.

¹ Mohammedan priest.



The Sudder Bazaar

THE SUDDER BAZAAR

And the wrinkled old sweet-seller squats there,
With his daughters (two two-year-old houris),
And his sweetmeats in baskets and pots there,
And his bank, a fat bag full of cowries.

There the Kabuli horse-dealers swagger
In sheepskins—the skinny side out —
And jostle the Deccan quail-bagger
And the pleader's ubiquitous tout.

Staid bulls, much beloved of the Brahman,
Stroll round, taking food as they go;
And the cat shares its meal with that "varmin,"
The bottomless-pit-coloured crow;

While the *ekka* (a tea-tray on wheels, dear)
Flies past, as the occupants sit,
(Since a pony, you know, never feels, dear),
All five tugging hard at the bit;

And the wicked wee tats with a coat of
Fluffed wool (brought down south in the hope
Of a sale) like the man Swinburne wrote of,
"Kick heels with their neck in a rope";

Disturbing the marriage procession
And its cohort of tom-tomming men,
And the bridegroom's sublime self-possession—
That dusky young husband of ten.

THE SUDDER BAZAAR

In the midst of this turmoil pell-mell met,
You may catch from the spot where you stand
Some glimpse of T. Atkins's helmet—
The power that governs the land.

And these are a few of the faces
Of strangers come in from afar,
Of the *olla podrida* of races
That seethes in the Sudder Bazaar;

Some notes from the gamut of face-tints,
That ranges through yellow to tar—
The pavement mosaic of race-tints,
That mottles the Sudder Bazaar.

But what do I care for their faces,
For the *jât*, the *fakir*, or the Sikh,
When here, in these populous places,
I meet ninety thousand a week?

Oh, give me the wet walks of London,
And a tramp with my sweetheart as well,
And our "Power in the East" may be undone,
And the Sudder Bazaar go to . . . Well,

So this is the reason, my dearest,
When I walk where those infidels are,
That I bang the small boy who stands nearest,
And flee from the Sudder Bazaar.

COMMONPLACES

(HEINE)

RAIN on the face of the sea,
Rain on the sodden land,
And the window-pane is blurred with rain
As I watch it, pen in hand.

Mist on the face of the sea,
Mist on the sodden land,
Filling the vales as daylight fails,
And blotting the desolate sand

Voices from out of the mist,
Calling to one another:
"Hath love an end, thou more than friend,
"Thou dearer than ever brother?"

Voices from out of the mist,
Calling and passing away;
But I cannot speak, for my voice is weak,
And . . . this is the end of my lay.

QUÆRITUR

(SWINBURNE)

DAWN that disheartens the desolate dunes,
Dulness of day as it bursts on the beach,
Sea-wind that shrillest the thinnest of tunes,
What is the wisdom thy wailings would teach?
Far, far away, down the foam-frescoed reach,
Where ravening rocks cleave the crest of the seas,
Sigheth the sound of thy sonorous speech,
As grey gull and guillemot gather their fees;
Taking toll of the beasts that are bred in the seas.

Foam-flakes fly farther than faint eyes can follow—
Drop down the desolate dunes and are done;
Fleeter than foam-flowers flitteth the Swallow,
Sheer for the sweets of the South and the Sun.
What is thy tale, O thou treacherous Swallow?
Sing me thy secret, Beloved of the Skies,
That I may gather my garments and follow—
Flee on the path of thy pinions and rise
Where strong storms cease and the weary wind
dies.

QUÆRITUR

Lo! I am bound with the chains of my sorrow;

Swallow, swift Swallow, ah, wait for a while!

Stay but a moment—it may be to-morrow

Chains shall be severed and sad souls shall smile!

Only a moment—a mere minute's measure—

How shall it hurt such a swift one as thou?

Pitiless Swallow, full flushed for thy pleasure,

Canst thou not even one instant allow

To weaker-winged wanderers? Wait for me now!

LONDON TOWN

THERE'S no God in London,
Weary, wicked London.
For, look you, I've lost my friend—
Lost her in London.
My heart's best friend
Is astray in London,
Your terrible London!

You've miles of granite streets
In stony London;
And millions toiling in London,
Crowded London;
But I cannot find my friend,
My poor lost friend,
For the tumult and traffic of London,
Pitiless London!

It's cruel seeking in London,
Boundless London,
For a face that'll never come—
For the face of a friend,
The face of my lost, lost friend,
Lost in London.
There's no God in London,
Your terrible London!

HIMALAYAN

(JOAQUIN MILLER)

Now the land is ringed with a circle of fire,
Burnt with the fire and dead with drought,
And the bare, brown fields hold the heat of hell—
Wherefore I tell you, once and for all,
Fly with the speed of a hot desire;
Fly from the land that is parched and dead,
To Simla or Murree or Naini Tal,
With a limber *lunkah*¹ thrust in your mouth,
And a *solah topee* to guard your head,
And a tat beneath you can trust to *chel*.²

For the hills look down on the burnt plains under,
And the great green mountains are good to see—
Fair to behold and sweet to gain;
They are capped with the snow and cooled with
the rain,

Cooled with the tears of the wailing thunder.
Wherefore, I tell you, mount and ride,
Till the spurs are red and the whip-hand tires,
And the saddle is broken across the tree—
Till your spurs are red in your horse's side—
Fly from the heat of our summer fires!

¹ Cheroot.

² Go.

HIMALAYAN

The sky is lead and our faces are red,
And the winds of Hell are loosened and driven,
And the gates of Hell are opened and riven,
And the dust flies up in the face of Heaven,
And the clouds come down in a fiery sheet,
Heavy to raise and hard to be borne.
And the mind of man is turned from his meat—
Turned from the trifles for which he has striven,
Sick in his body, and heavy-hearted;
And his soul flies up like the dust in the street—
Flies from his flesh and is gone and departed,
As the blast that they blow on the cholera-horn.

Wherefore, I say, while life remains,
While the knees can grip and the right hand flog,
Fly with the speed of a parted lover
From the heated heavens that cloak and cover
The burning heat of the bare, brown plains.
Flee to the mountains, once and for all—
To the calm, cool rains and the drifting fog,
To the rains that cool and the clouds that hover
O'er Simla, Murree, or Naini Tal!

OUR LADY OF MANY DREAMS

WE pray to God, and to God it seems
Our prayers go heavenward ;
But She, our Lady of many Dreams,
Keepeth a secret guard,
And by virtue of every vow we vowed,
And by every oath we swear,
Is all our worship disallowed,
And She taketh toll of the prayer.
God is above, but She below,
Instant and very fair.

And the stroke of the sword is Hers by right,
And every stroke of the pen,
And the brain and the tongue and the muscles'
might,
For She ruleth divers men ;
And the brutal strength is consecrate
To Her service and Her will,
And the writer labours early and late,
And the felon doeth ill.
God is above, but She below,
That we labour or write, or kill.

OUR LADY OF MANY DREAMS

In a secret shrine, far out of sight,
Seen by no other eyes,
Lieth our Lady day and night
(Marvellous fair and wise);
For her shrine is set in a heart's red throne
By our pulse's fall and rise,
And we pray to Her, and to Her is known
All good that in us lies.
God is above, but She below
Compelleth our destinies.

Whether our Lady be gently bred,
Or sprung of the city's sin;
Whether Her dress be silk or thread,
Or Her cheeks be full or thin;
Whether Her hair be black or gold,
Or brown, or blanced, or grey;
Whether our Lady be young or old,
Is only one that can say—
And he is both Priest and Worshipper
Whose eyes are turned on my lay!

A MURDER IN THE COMPOUND

AT the wall's foot a smear of fly-flecked red—

Discoloured grass wherefrom the wild bees flee.

Across the pathway to the flower-bed,

The dark stream struggles forward, lazily,
Blackened by that fierce fervour overhead

She does not heed, to whom the noontide glare

And the flies' turmoil round her livid lips
Are less account than that green puddle where,

Just out of reach, the turbid water slips
Between the corn-ridge and the *siris* trees. . . .

The crows are gathered now, and peer and glance
Athwart the branches, and no passer sees,

When Life's last flicker leaves her countenance,
How, merrily, they drop down, one by one,
To that gay-tinted bundle in the sun.

“'WAY DOWN THE RAVI RIVER”

I WANDERED by the riverside,
To gaze upon the view,
And watched the Alligator glide
After the dead Hindoo,
Who stank and sank beneath the tide,
Then rose and stank anew.

The evening dewes were falling fast,
The damp, unwholesome dew;
The river rippled 'neath the blast,
The black crow roostward flew;
And swift the Alligator passed
In chase of his Hindoo.

And, from the margin of the tide,
I watched the twain that fled—
The Alligator, scaly-thighed,
Close pressed the flying dead,
Who gazed, with eyeballs opened wide,
Upward, but nothing said.

“'WAY DOWN THE RAVI RIVER”

And many a time at eventide,
As night comes on anew,
I think upon the riverside
Where, gazing on the view,
I watched the Alligator glide
After the dead Hindoo.

AMOUR DE VOYAGE

AND I was a man who could write you rhyme
 (Just so much for you—nothing more),
And you were the woman I loved for a time—
 Loved for a little, and nothing more.
We shall go our ways when the voyage is o'er,
 You with your beauty and I with my rhymes,
With a dim remembrance rising at times
 (Only a memory, nothing more)
Of a lovely face and some worthless rhymes.

Meantime till our comedy reaches its end
 (Its comic ending, and nothing more)
I shall live as your lover who loved as a friend—
 Shall swear true love till Life be o'er.
And you, you must make believe and attend,
 As the steamer throbs from shore to shore.

And so, we shall pass the time for a little
 (Pass it in pleasure, and nothing more),
For vows, alas! are sadly brittle,
 And each may forget the oaths that we swore.

AMOUR DE VOYAGE

And have we not loved for an age, an age?

And was I not yours from shore to shore?

From landing-stage to landing-stage

Did I not worship and kneel and adore?

And what is a month in love but an age?

And who in their senses would wish for more?

FAILURE

ONE brought her Fire from a distant place,
And She—what should she know of it?—she took
His offering with the same untroubled look
Of peace upon her face.

“And I have brought it of my best,” quoth he,
“By barren deserts and a frozen land.
What recompense?” She could not understand,
But let the bright light be.

“A kindly gift,” the answer broke at length,
“A kindly gift. We thank you. What is this
That fiercer than all household fire is,
And gathereth in strength?

“Strange fires? Take them hence with you, O sir!
Presage of coming woe we dimly feel.”
Sudden She crushed the embers 'neath her heel,—
And all light went with Her.

HOW THE DAY BROKE

DRAWING-ROOM SONG

THE night was very silent, and the moon was going
down,
And the winds of dawn were chilling all the sea.
The full tide turned in silver o'er the ridge's length of
brown,
When a little muffled figure left the dim-seen,
sleeping town
By the white road that leadeth to the sea ;

The night was very silent, and the tide was falling
fast,
And the dawn was breaking dimly o'er the sea ;
The early boats like shadows with their lanterns
flitted past,
And the little muffled figure by the sand-hills stayed
at last,
Where the waste land opens on the sea.

The night is well-nigh ended, and the moon has gone
to rest
And the winds of dawn are lashing all the sea.
But the weariness is over and the doubt is all con-
fessed,

HOW THE DAY BROKE

And hope is re-arisen and the wrong is all redressed,
As the little muffled figure lays her head upon his
breast

Who has waited for her coming by the sea.

The night is passed and done with, and the day is
cold and white

As the loosed winds riot o'er the sea,

But the woe is passed and done with as a shadow of
the night,

And the little muffled figure flitteth, singing, out of
sight

To the fishing-town that faces on the sea.

A LOCKED WAY

"OPEN the Gate!

The dawn is very near at hand.
My eyes are heavy, I have wandered late,
And trod the white road from a distant land
That stretches 'neath the stars. Open the Gate! "

"What good is it?

I set the heavy bars up long ago.
The lock is rusted; I have lost the key.
How should I open to my overthrow?
O Youth's love, what have I to do with thee?"

"Open the Gate!

The night is passing—thou mayest see it pass.
Behold, the upland hills are tipped with fire!
The dawn-winds blow across the upland grass.
The cocks crow. Open thou, my heart's desire! "

"That will not I.

This is no true daybreak my sad eyes see.
How shall I open? Broadens not one whit
The white light that so often mockèd me.
How shall I open to a lying cry?
What good is it?"

A LOCKED WAY

“Open the Gate!

The night is truly ended, O my dear!
My feet are bleeding! I am sick to death!

Open the Gate! God's own red sun is here!
The shadows flee, and the land quickeneth.
O Love, for Pity, open thou the Gate!”

“Nay, then—for ruth

I open. I have little love for thee,
And I am sorely changèd since our youth,
And there is little beauty left in me. . . .

For Pity have I opened . . . but, in truth,
I . . . had . . . not . . . thought. . . with Pity . . .
Love might be!”

LAND-BOUND

RUN down to the sea, O River,
Haste thee down to the sea—
To the foaming strife at the Bar
Where the grey breakwaters are,
And the buoys roll merrily
In the dip and heave of the sea
Coming over the Bar.

Bear me with thee, O River—
On the rush of thy flood to the sea—
I am sick of this smooth, green land;
I long for the breeze off the sand.
Take me away with thee
To the shifting face of the sea,
And the low, wind-bitten strand.

Bear me swiftly, O River,
My heart is athirst for the sea,—
To the dotted herring-floats
And the brown, tar-fragrant boats,
And the little wave-washed quay—
I am sick of hedge-row and tree,
And the hills in their stifling coats.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S DAUGHTER

OLD BALLAD

“ IF my Love come to me over the water,
Lowly born, and the King stood by,
How should I greet him, a Monarch's daughter—
Coldly, strangely, and haughtily ?

“ If my Love come to me over the land,
Lowly-born, and the King stood by,
Should I kiss him, or give him a frozen hand,
Coldly, strangely, and haughtily ? ”

Many came to her over the water,
Princes all, and the King stood by
But she gave them the scorn of a Monarch's daughter,
Coldly, strangely, and haughtily.

Many came to her over the land,
Princes all, and the King stood by ;
But she gave them to kiss a frozen hand,
Coldly, strangely, and haughtily.

BALLAD OF THE KING'S DAUGHTER

There came to her one from over the water,
 Lowly born, and the King stood by ;
And the warm blood flushed through the Monarch's
 daughter,
And lo! she fell on his neck with a cry.

Many there be by land and water,
 (Wait and watch ye patiently)
That gave their love to a Monarch's daughter,
 That bound their heart in the days gone by.

Hope is little by land or water,
 Wait and watch ye patiently.
Gold wins not a Monarch's daughter,
 Neither jewels nor bravery.

Get ye fame by land and water,
 That your name live and do not die,
And ye win the love of a Monarch's daughter
 Little of blessing comes thereby.

HOW THE GODDESS AWAKENED

WHERE the reveller laid him, drunk with wine,
At the foot of my marble pedestal,
They are wailing aloud; they call me divine—
Wherefore is it on me that they call?
What have I done for the men of this city,
For the pallid folk who bend at the shrine
And call upon me: "*Maid Divine,*
"Mother of Sorrows, have thou pity!"

What can I tell of their joy or woe—
I, who was fashioned long ago
By the olive slopes of the marble city,
Where green leaves hid the temple wall?
Wherefore is it on me that they call:
"Mother of Jesus, have thou pity!"

What should I know of sorrow—I?
How should I listen tenderly?
Sorrow was not in the old white city;
But laughter and love and men and wine
In the temple below me that was mine.
Who am I, that should give them pity

HOW THE GODDESS AWAKENED

As, row upon row, they call on my shrine:

*"Mother of Sorrows, Maid Divine,
Spotless Virgin, have thou pity!"*

They brought me forth from under the mould

(For I, too, fell with my city's fall),

They gave my hands a cross to hold,

They cramped my limbs in cloth of gold,

And set me up to be seen of all.

They came and bowed themselves at my shrine,

These strange, pale folk of the dreary city,

And called upon me: *"Mother Divine,*

Mother of Sorrows, have thou pity!"

I fain would be where I once have been,

Where the nude limbs flashed through the vine-
leaves green,

Where I heard the sound of the summer sea

Far off, and warriors came to me,

And hung their arms the boughs between—

Strong shapes, and I was held their queen.

These men would surely welcome me.

With that wild song I know so well

Before my marble city fell—

Before the foemen took the city

(Before I bowed myself and fell),

Before they brought me here to dwell,

These men that know not of my city,

And set me in an alien shrine,

And called upon me: *"Maid Divine,*

Mother of Sorrows, have thou pity!"

HOW THE GODDESS AWAKENED

And, in those days, I saw the sun,
My brother, greet me in the morn.
But now I see not any one
Of those I know, while folk forlorn
Flock round me, calling on a name
I know not, and they give it me.
I, foam-born, risen from the sea,
My names were many in the city
Of marble, but *this* is not mine:
" *Mother of Sorrows, Maid Divine,*
Spotless Virgin, have thou pity ! "

And, in those years, the stars were bright,
And all the night was full of love ;
But now I see not any light,
Save what from meagre slits above
Slopes downward on my forehead white.
I would that I could turn and move
And visit mine own lovèd city,
And hear the laughter as of old,
And see the waters touched with gold
Far off, and feel against my knees
The boy's warm cheek. Then should I know
Mine own old happiness and ease.
But here there is no sound save woe :
" *Holy Virgin, Mother Divine,*
Bend we low at thy sacred shrine.
Mother of Jesus, have thou pity ! "

THE MAID OF THE MEERSCHAUM

(SWINBURNE)

NUDE nymph, when from Neuberg's I led her
In velvet enshrined and encased,
When with rarest Virginia I fed her,
And pampered each maidenly taste
On "Old Judge" and "Lone Jack" and brown
"Bird's-eye,"

The best that a mortal might get—
Did she know how, from whiteness of curds, I
Should turn her to jet?

She was blond and impassive and stately
When first our acquaintance began,
When she smiled from the pipe-bowl sedately
On the "Stunt" who was scarcely a man.
But *labuntur anni fugaces*,
And changed in due season were we,
For *she* wears the blackest of faces,
And I'm a D.C.¹

¹ Deputy Commissioner.

THE MAID OF THE MEERSCHAUM

Unfailing the comfort she gave me
In the days when I owned to a heart,
When the charmers that used to enslave me
For Home or the Hills would depart.
She was Polly or Agnes or Kitty
(Whoever *pro tem.* was my flame),
And I found her most ready to pity,
And—always the same.

At dawn, when the pig broke from cover,
At noon, when the pleaders were met,
She clung to the lips of her lover
As never live maiden did yet;
At the Bund, when I waited the far light
That brought me my mails o'er the main—
At night, when the tents, in the starlight,
Showed white on the plain.

And now, though each finely cut feature
Is flattened and polished away,
I hold her the loveliest creature
That ever was fashioned from clay.
Let an epitaph thus, then, be wrought for
Her tomb, when the smash shall arrive:
“*Hic jacet* the life's love I bought for
Rupees twenty-five.”

ESTUNT THE GRIFF

(MORRIS)

Argument: Showing how a man of England, hearing from certain Easterlings of the glories of their land, sets sail to rule it.

AND so unto the End of Graves came he,
Where nigh the staging, ready for the sea,
Oarless and sailless lay the galley's bulk,
Albeit smoke did issue from the hulk
And fell away, across the marshes dun,
Into the visage of the wan-white sun.
And seaward ran the river, cold and grey,
Bearing the brown-sailed Eastland boats away
'Twixt the low shore and shallow sandy spit.
Yet he, being sad, took little heed of it,
But straightly fled toward the misty beach,
And hailed in choked and swiftly spoken speech
A shallop, that for men's conveyance lay
Hard by the margin of that watery way.
Then many that were in like evil plight—
Sad folk, with drawn, dumb lips and faces white,
That writhed themselves into a hopeless smile—
Crowded the shallop, making feint the while

ESTUNT THE GRIFF

Of merriment and pleasure at that tide,
Though oft upon the laughers' lips there died
The jest, and in its place there came a sigh,
So that men gat but little good thereby,
And, shivering, clad themselves about with furs.
Strange faces of the swarthy outlanders
Looked down upon the shallop as she threw
The sullen waters backward from her screw
And, running forward for some little space,
Stayed featly at the galley's mounting-place,
Where slowly these sad-facèd landsmen went
Crab-wise and evil-mouthed with discontent,
Holding to sodden rope and rusty chain
And bulwark that was wetted with the rain:
For 'neath their feet the black bows rose and fell,
Nor might a man walk steadfastly or well
Who had not hand upon a rail or rope;
And Estunt turned him landward, and wan hope
Grew on his spirit as an evil mist,
Thinking of loving lips his lips had kissed
An hour since, and how those lips were sweet
An hour since, far off in Fenchurch Street.
Then, with a deep-drawn breath most like a sigh,
He watched the empty shallop shoreward hie;
Then turned him round the driving rain to face,
And saw men heave the anchor from its place,
Whereat, when by the river-mouth, the ship
Began, amid the waters' strife, to dip.
His soul was heaved between his jaws that day,
And to the East the good ship took her way.

CAVALIERE SERVENTE

A lady laments the loss of her lover under the similitude of a lap-dog.

ALAS for me, who loved my bow-wow well!
So well I loved him that methought his heart
Would never from my beauty's rule depart,
And so, grown certain, grew insatiable.
Now hillward he has fled. I cannot tell
Whether Mussoorie's maids have fettered him,
Or whether Tara Deva, cloaked and dim,
Hears his devotions to another belle,
And other lips that answer tenderly.
Ah me, my bow-wow! I had taught thee skill;
With lore of ladies' hearts I dowered thee,
Whereon thou hast returned my favours ill,
And, breaking from my woven chain, art free,
Armed, at my hands, with all the darts that kill.

DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

1886-89

PRELUDE

*I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine ;
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives ye led were mine.*

*Was there aught that I did not share
In vigil or toil or ease—
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas ?*

*I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth !*

GENERAL SUMMARY

WE are very slightly changed
From the semi-apes who ranged
 India's prehistoric clay ;
Whoso drew the longest bow
Ran his brother down, you know,
 As we run men down to-day.

"Dowb," the first of all his race,
Met the Mammoth face to face
 On the lake or in the cave :
Stole the steadiest canoe,
Ate the quarry others slew,
 Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
Some one made the sketch his own,
 Filched it from the artist—then,
Even in those early days,
Won a simple Viceroy's praise
 Through the toil of other men.

Ère they hewed the Sphinx's visage
Favouritism governed kissage,
Even as it does in this age.

GENERAL SUMMARY

Who shall doubt the secret hid
Under Cheops' pyramid
Is that some contractor did
Cheops out of several millions?
Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
On King Pharaoh's swart Civilian?

Thus, the artless songs I sing
Do not deal with anything
New or never said before.
As it was in the beginning
Is to-day official sinning,
And shall be for evermore!

ARMY HEADQUARTERS

*Old is the song that I sing—
Old as my unpaid bills—
Old as the chicken that kitmutgars bring
Men at dak-bungalows—old as the Hills.*

Ahasuerus Jenkins of the "Operatic Own"
Was dowered with a tenor voice of *super-Santley*
tone.

His views on equitation were, perhaps, a trifle queer;
He had no seat worth mentioning, but oh! he had an
ear.

He clubbed his wretched Company a dozen times a
day,
He used to leave his charger in a parabolic way,
His method of saluting was the joy of all beholders,
But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon his
shoulders.

He took two months at Simla when the year was at
the spring,
And underneath the deodars eternally did sing.
He warbled like a bulbul, but particularly at
Cornelia Agrippina, who was musical and fat.

ARMY HEADQUARTERS

She controlled a humble husband, who, in turn, controlled a Dept.,
Where Cornelia Agrippina's human singing-birds
were kept
From April to October on a plump retaining-fee,
Supplied, of course, *per mensem*, by the Indian
Treasury.

Cornelia used to sing to him, and Jenkins used to
play ;
He praised unblushingly her notes, for he was false
as they ;
So when the winds of April turned the budding roses
brown,
Cornelia told her husband: " Tom, you mustn't
send him down ! "

They haled him from his Regiment, which didn't
much regret him ;
They found for him an office-stool, and on that stool
they set him,
To play with maps and catalogues three idle hours a
day,
And draw his plump retaining-fee—which means his
double pay.

Now, ever after dinner, when the coffee-cups are
brought,
Ahasuerus waileth o'er the grand pianoforte ;
And, thanks to fair Cornelia, his fame hath waxen
great,
And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a power in the State !

STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN INDIAN INK

*This ditty is a string of lies,
But—how the deuce did Gubbins rise?*

Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.,
Stands at the top of the tree;
And I muse in my bed on the reasons that led
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.,
Is seven years junior to Me;
Each bridge that he makes either buckles or breaks,
And his work is as rough as he.

Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.,
Is coarse as a chimpanzee;
And I can't understand why you gave him your hand,
Lovely Mehitabel Lee.

Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.,
Is dear to the Powers that Be;
For They bow and They smile in an affable style
Which is seldom accorded to Me.

STUDY OF AN ELEVATION

Potiphar Gubbins, C.E.,
Is certain as certain can be
Of a highly paid post which is claimed by a host
Of seniors—including Me.

Careless and lazy is he,
Greatly inferior to Me.
What is the spell that you manage so well,
Commonplace Potiphar G.?

Lovely Mehitabel Lee,
Let me inquire of thee,
Should I have riz to where Potiphar is
Hadst thou been mated to Me?

DELILAH

*We have another Viceroy now ; those days are dead
and done
Of Delilah Aberyswith and depraved Ulysses Gunne.*

Delilah Aberyswith was a lady—not too young—
With a perfect taste in dresses and a badly bitted
tongue,
With a thirst for information, and a greater thirst for
praise,
And a little house in Simla in the Prehistoric Days.

By reason of her marriage to a gentleman in power,
Delilah was acquainted with the gossip of the hour ;
And many little secrets of a half-official kind
Were whispered to Delilah, and she bore them all
in mind.

She patronised extensively a man, Ulysses Gunne,
Whose mode of earning money was a low and shame-
ful one.

He wrote for divers papers, which, as everybody
knows,

Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the
crows.

DELILAH

He praised her queenly beauty first; and, later on,
he hinted
At the vastness of her intellect with compliment un-
stinted;
He went with her a-riding, and his love for her was
such
That he lent her all his horses and—she galled them
very much.

One day THEY brewed a secret of a fine financial sort;
It related to Appointments, to a Man and a Report.
'Twas 'almost worth the keeping (only seven people
knew it),
So Gunne rose up to seek the truth and patiently
ensue it.

It was a Viceroy's Secret, but—perhaps the wine was
red—
Perhaps an Aged Councillor had lost his aged head—
Perhaps Delilah's eyes were bright, Delilah's whis-
pers sweet—
The Aged Member told her what 'twere treason to
repeat.

Ulysses went a-riding, and they talked of love and
flowers;
Ulysses went a-calling, and he called for several
hours;
Ulysses went a-waltzing, and Delilah helped him
dance—
Ulysses let the waltzes go, and waited for his chance.

DELILAH

The summer sun was setting, and the summer air was
still;

The couple went a-walking in the shade of Summer
Hill;

The wasteful sunset faded out in turkis-green and
gold,

Ulysses pleaded softly, and . . . that bad Delilah
told!

Next morn, a startled Empire learned the all-impor-
tant News;

Next week, the Aged Councillor was shaking in his
shoes;

Next month, I met Delilah, and she did not show the
least

Hesitation in asserting that Ulysses was a "beast."

.

We have another Viceroy now, those days are dead
and done—

Off, Delilah Aberyswith and most mean Ulysses
Gunn!

A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE

*This is the reason why Rustum Beg,
Rajah of Kolazai,
Drinketh the "simpkin" and brandy peg,
Maketh the money to fly,
Vexeth a Government, tender and kind,
Also—but this is a detail—blind.*

Rustum Beg of Kolazai—slightly backward Native State—

Lusted for a C.S.I.—so began to sanitate.
Built a Jail and Hospital—nearly built a City drain—
Till his faithful subjects all thought their ruler was
insane.

Strange departures made he then—yea, Departments
stranger still;

Half a dozen Englishmen helped the Rajah with a
will,

Talked of noble aims and high, hinted of a future fine
For the State of Kolazai, on a strictly Western line.

Rajah Rustum held his peace; lowered octroi dues
one half;

Organised a State Police; purified the Civil Staff;
Settled cess and tax afresh in a very liberal way;
Cut temptations of the flesh—also cut the Bukhshi's
pay;

A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE

Roused his Secretariat to a fine Mahratta fury,
By an order hinting at supervision of *dasturi*;
Turned the State of Kolazai very nearly upside-
down;
When the end of May was nigh waited his achieve-
ment crown.

Then the Birthday honours came. Sad to state and
sad to see,
Stood against the Rajah's name nothing more than
C.I.E.!

.
Things were lively for a week in the State of Kolazai,
Even now the people speak of that time regretfully;

How he disendowed the Jail—stopped at once the
City drain;
Turned to beauty fair and frail—got his senses back
again;
Doubled taxes, cesses all; cleared away each new-
built *thana*;
Turned the two-lakh Hospital into a superb Zenana;

Heaped upon the Bukhshi Sahib wealth and honours
manifold;
Clad himself in Eastern garb—squeezed his people as
of old.
Happy, happy Kolazai! Never more will Rustum
Beg
Play to catch the Viceroy's eye. He prefers the
“simpkin” peg.

THE STORY OF URIA

"Now there were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor."

JACK BARRETT went to Quetta
Because they told him to.
He left his wife at Simla
On three fourths his monthly screw.
Jack Barrett died at Quetta
Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta;
He didn't understand
The reason of his transfer
From the pleasant mountain-land:
The season was September,
And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta
And there gave up the ghost,
Attempting two men's duty
In that very healthy post;
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him
Five lively months at most.

THE STORY OF URIAH

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta
Enjoy profound repose ;
But I shouldn't be astonished
If now his spirit knows
The reason of his transfer
From the Himalayan snows.

And when the Last Great Bugle-Call
Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
In the big black Book of Jobs,
And Quetta graveyards give again
Their victims to the air,
I should not like to be the man
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

LUCIFER

THINK not, O thou from College late deported,
Pride goeth down
Among thy seniors—yea, though thou hast sported
The B.A.'s gown,
And on thy Card the magic letters stand
Which stamp thee of the Rulers of the Land.

St. Vincent Clare's Papa had lived before him,—
Which always helps,—
So early in official life They bore him
From fellow-whelps,
Destined to die or sicken in the slough
Of Lower India, to the Mountain's brow.

No fairy-land is Capua—still, 'tis better
Than other lands.

St. Vincent licked the stamp and signed the letter,
And bound the bands
Of that foul, frail Red Tape which strangles ever
The honest, energetic fool's endeavour.

LUCIFER

So prospered greatly and forgot his father—

Thereafter, big

With his own merits, grew to be a rather

Conceited prig.

Facile the downward path, O Clare! The Gods

Saw and prepared for him their briniest rods.

"He is a c-d," They murmured vexed and low;

Yet said in love:

"No matter; give the boy another show;

He may improve."

"He is impossible." The fiat went

Forth not so quickly as St. Clare's descent.

Cast out and doubly damned by that black epithet,

He sought the Plains;

And now behind his door, whoe'er so tappeth it,

Another reigns:

While Vincent, as the punkah flickers o'er him,

Remembers—that his father lived before him.

THE POST THAT FITTED

*Though tangled and twisted the course of true love,
This ditty explains
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve
If the Lover has brains.*

Ere the steamer bore him Eastward, Sleary was engaged to marry
An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called "my little Carrie."
Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the other way.
Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight paltry dubs a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scanty furnished quarters—
Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge Boffkin's daughters.
Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not a catch,
But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't make another match.

THE POST THAT FITTED

So they recognised the business, and, to feed and
clothe the bride,

Got him made a Something-Something somewhere on
the Bombay side.

Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him to
marry—

As the artless Sleary put it: “Just the thing for me
and Carrie.”

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin—impulse of a
baser mind?

No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling kind.
(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could
gather:

“Pears’s shaving-sticks will give you little taste and
lots of lather.”)

Frequently in public places his affliction used to smite
Sleary with distressing vigour—always in the Boffkins’
sight.

Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly returned his
ring,

Told him his “unhappy weakness” stopped all
thought of marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened, holy
joy—

(Epileptic fits don’t matter in Political employ)—

Wired three short words to Carrie—took his ticket,
packed his kit—

Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long,
lingering fit.

THE POST THAT FITTED

Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read—and laughed
until she wept—

Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched
epilept."

Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs. Boff-
kin sits

Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

A CODE OF MORALS

*Lest you should think this story true,
I merely mention I
Evolved it lately. 'Tis a most
Unmitigated misstatement.*

Now Jones had left his new-wed bride to keep his
house in order,
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the Afghan
border,
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he left he
taught
His wife the working of the Code that sets the miles
at naught.

And Love had made him very sage, as Nature made
her fair;
So Cupid and Apollo linked, *per* heliograph, the pair.
At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills he flashed her
counsel wise—
At e'en, the dying sunset bore her husband's homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scarlet
clad and gold,
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal of
the old;

A CODE OF MORALS

But kept his gravest warnings for (hereby my ditty
hangs)

That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-General
Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with Aide and Staff, that
tittupped on the way,

When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously at
play.

They thought of Border risings, and of stations sacked
and burned—

So stopped to take the message down—and this is
what they learned:

“Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash dot,” twice.

The General swore: “Was ever General Officer
addressed as ‘dear’ before?”

‘My Love,’ i’ faith! ‘My Duck,’ Gadzooks! ‘My
darling popsy-wop’!

Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, *who* is on that moun-
tain-top?”

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute, the gilded Staff
were still,

As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that mes-
sage from the hill,

Where, clear as summer-lightning flare, the husband’s
warning ran:

“Don’t dance or ride with General Bangs—a most
immoral man.”

A CODE OF MORALS

(At dawn across the Hurrum Hills he flashed her
counsel wise—

But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at large
hath eyes.)

With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed his
wife

Some interesting details of the General's private life.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the shining
Staff were still,

And red and ever redder grew the General's shaven
gill.

And this is what he said at last (his feelings matter
not):

"I think we've tapped a private line. Hi! Threes
about there! Trot!"

All honour unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones thereafter
know

By word or act official who read off that helio;

But the tale is on the Frontier, and from Michni to
Mooltan

They know the worthy General as "that most im-
moral man."

PUBLIC WASTE

Walpole talks of "a man and his price,"

List to a ditty queer—

The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice-

Resident-Engineer

Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,

By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain-side.

By the laws of the Family Circle 'tis written in
letters of brass

That only a Colonel from Chatham can manage the
Railways of State,

Because of the gold on his breeks, and the subjects
wherein he must pass;

Because in all matters that deal not with Railways his
knowledge is great.

Now, Exeter Battleby Tring had laboured from boy-
hood to eld

On the Lines of the East and the West, likewise of
the North and South;

Many lines had he built and surveyed—important the
posts which he held;

And the Lords of the Iron Horse were dumb when
he opened his mouth.

PUBLIC WASTE

Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies jettier
still—

Hinting that Railways required lifetimes of study and
knowledge;

Never clanked sword by his side—Vauban he knew
not, nor drill—

Nor was his name on the list of men who had passed
through the "College."

Wherefore the Little Tin Gods harried their little tin
souls,

Seeing he came not from Chatham, jingled no spurs
at his heels,

Knowing that, nevertheless, was he first on the Gov-
ernment rolls

For the billet of "Railway Instructor to Little Tin
Gods on Wheels."

Letters not seldom they wrote him, "having the
honour to state,"

It would be better for all men if he were laid on the
shelf:

Much would accrue to his bank-book an he consented
to wait

Until the Little Tin Gods built him a berth for him-
self.

"Special, well paid, and exempt from the Law of the
Fifty-and-Five,

Even to Ninety-and-Nine"—these were the terms of
the pact:

PUBLIC WASTE

Thus did the Little Tin Gods (long may Their High-
nesses thrive!)

Silence his mouth with rupees, keeping their Circle
intact;

Appointing a Colonel from Chatham who managed
the Bhamo State Line

(The which was one mile and one furlong—a guaran-
teed twenty-inch gauge).

So Exeter Battleby Tring consented his claims to
resign,

And died, on four thousand a month, in the ninetieth
year of his age!

WHAT HAPPENED

HURREE CHUNDER MOOKERJEE, pride of Bow
Bazaar,
Owner of a native press, "Barrishter-at-Lar,"
Waited on the Government with a claim to wear
Sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.

Then the Indian Government winked a wicked wink,
Said to Chunder Mookerjee: "Stick to pen and ink;
They are safer implements: but, if you insist,
We will let you carry arms wheresoe'er you list."

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee sought the gunsmith and
Bought the tubes of Lancaster, Ballard, Dean, and
Bland,
Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a town-made
sword—
Jingled like a carriage-horse when he went abroad.

But the Indian Government, always keen to please,
Also gave permission to horrid men like these—
Yar Mohammed Yusufzai, down to kill or steal;
Chimbu Singh from Bikaner, Tantia the Bhil;

WHAT HAPPENED

Killar Khan the Marri chief, Jowar Singh the Sikh,
Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat, Abdul Huq Rafiq—
He was a Wahabi; last, little Boh Hla-oo
Took advantage of the Act—took a Snider too.

They were unenlightened men—Ballard knew them
not;
They procured their swords and guns chiefly on the
spot,
And the lore of centuries, plus a hundred fights,
Made them slow to disregard one another's rights.

With a unanimity dear to patriot hearts
All those hairy gentlemen out of foreign parts
Said: "The good old days are back—let us go to
war!"
Swaggered down the Grand Trunk Road into Bow
Bazaar.

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat found a hide-bound flail;
Chimbu Singh from Bikaner oiled his Tonk *jezail*;
Yar Mohammed Yusufzai spat and grinned with glee
As he ground the butcher-knife of the Khyberee.

Jowar Singh the Sikh procured sabre, quoit, and
mace;
Abdul Huq, Wahabi, took his dagger from its place;
While amid the jungle-grass danced and grinned and
jabbered
Little Boh Hla-oo and cleared his *dah*-blade from the
scabbard.

WHAT HAPPENED

What became of Mookerjee? Soothly, who can say?
Yar Mohammed only grins in a nasty way,
Jowar Singh is reticent, Chimbu Singh is mute;
But the belts of all of them simply bulge with loot!

What became of Ballard's guns? Afghans black and
grubby
Sell them for their silver-weight to the men of Pubbi;
And the shiny bowie-knife and the town-made sword
are
Hanging in a Marri camp just across the Border.

What became of Mookerjee? Ask Mohammed Yar
Prodding Siva's sacred bull down the Bow Bazaar.
Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh—question land and
sea—
Ask the Indian Congress men—only don't ask me!

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE

*Shun—shun the Bowl! That fatal, facile drink
Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills in't,
Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of Ink
Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills in't.
There may be silver in the "blue-black"—all
I know of is the Iron and the Gall.*

Boanerges Blitzen, servant of the Queen,
Is a dismal failure—is a Might-have-been.
In a luckless moment he discovered men
Rise to high position through a ready pen.

Boanerges Blitzen argued therefore: "I,
With the selfsame weapon, can attain as high."
Only he did not possess, when he made the trial,
Wicked wit of C—lv—n, irony of L—l.

(Men who spar with Government need, to back their
blows,
Something more than ordinary journalistic prose.)

Never young Civilian's prospects were so bright,
Till an Indian paper found that he could write:
Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark
When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his mark.

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE

Certainly he scored it, bold, and black, and firm—
In that Indian paper made his seniors squirm—
Quoted office scandals, wrote the tactless truth.
Was there ever known a more misguided youth?

When the Indian paper praised his plucky game,
Boanerges Blitzen felt that this was fame :
When the men he wrote of shook their heads and
swore,
Boanerges Blitzen only wrote the more ;

Posed as Young Ithuriel, resolute and grim,
Till he found promotion didn't come to him ;
Till he found that reprimands weekly were his lot,
And his many Districts curiously hot.

Till he found his furlough strangely hard to win,
Boanerges Blitzen didn't care a pin :
Then it seemed to dawn on him something wasn't
right—
Boanerges Blitzen put it down to "spite."

Languished in a District desolate and dry ;
Watched the Local Government yearly pass him by ;
Wondered where the hitch was ; called it most unfair.

.
That was seven years ago—and he still is there.

PINK DOMINOES

*"They are fools who kiss and tell"—
Wisely has the poet sung.
Man may hold all sorts of posts
If he'll only hold his tongue.*

Jenny and Me were engaged, you see,
On the eve of the Fancy Ball;
So a kiss or two was nothing to you
Or any one else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino—
Pretty and pink but warm;
While I attended, clad in a splendid
Austrian uniform.

Now, we had arranged, through notes exchanged
Early that afternoon,
At Number Four to waltz no more,
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

PINK DOMINOES

(I wish you to see that Jenny and Me
Had barely exchanged our troth;
So a kiss or two was strictly due
By, from, and between us both.)

When Three was over, an eager lover,
I fled to the gloom outside;
And a domino came out also
Whom I took for my future bride.

That is to say, in a casual way
I slipped my arm around her,
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you),
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head and the name she said
Was certainly not my own;
But ere I could speak, with a smothered shriek
She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame
She'd doffed her domino;
And I had embraced a stranger's waist—
But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two
Dominoes pink, and one
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,
Our big Political gun.

PINK DOMINOES

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,
And her eyes were a blue cerulean;
And the name she said when she turned her head
Was not in the least like "Julian."

Now wasn't it nice, when want of *pice*
Forbade us twain to marry,
That old Sir J., in the kindest way,
Made me his *Secretarry*?

THE MAN AND THE SHADOW

*If it were mine to choose
A single gift from Fate,
I would not ask for Rank or Fame,
I would not seek a knighted name—
Give me, for office use,
One good subordinate.*

Up the steep Official Stair
With rapidity amazing
Clomb, his seniors bedazing,
Into Heights of Glory blazing,
With the Stars that mortals wear
On their dress-coat breasts at Levées,
Hastings Clive Macaulay Bevys.

And they stood below and cursed—
All the Juniors of his calling—
With a fluency appalling,
Betting on his chance of falling;
Prayed to see the bubble burst
Of the reputation first-class
Of this Idler of the worst class.

THE MAN AND THE SHADOW

In his office, scorned of all,
Saddle-hued, grotesque of feature,
Worked a weird, bi-racial creature,
Far too humble-souled to meet your
Eye—Concepcion Gabral;
Santu Ribiera Paul
Luz Concepcion Gabral.

This I know, and this is all:
For his labours unremitting
Came a recompense befitting
Bevys, *plus* a well-paid flitting
Into Burmahorbengal;
But Concepcion, the able,
Stirred not from the office-table.

This I know, and this is all:
There were hints unfit for hinting,
There was speech unfit for printing,
There were protests without stinting,
Heard in Burmahorbengal—
Crudely, nudely, rudely, rawly
Saying, "Take back this Macaulay."

In the brutal, bitter wit
Much affected east of Suez,
Where the Englishman so few is,
And a man must work or rue his
Incapacity and quit,
Fell innumerable bastings
Upon Clive Macaulay Hastings.

THE MAN AND THE SHADOW

With the Hand of Common Sense
On the Waistband of Despair, they
Raised that ruler high in air, they
Stripped him miserably bare, they
On the soft flesh of Pretence
In the face of India smacked him,
Then, as shop-boys say, they "sacked" him.

You may find him still to-day
'Twixt Peshawur and Colaba,
Derelict without a harbour,
A civilian Micawber
(Spare the rhyme who read the lay!)
In "officiating" fetters,
Doing duty for his betters.

And—oh, irony supreme!
All the Gods who rule the Nation
Have withheld the explanation
Of his open degradation
From the man they justly deem
An administrative novice
Trusting blindly to his office.

This I know, and this is all
(*He* is ignorant as ever)
And if Fate decrees he never
Meet again the humble, clever
Quick-to-grasp-ideas Gabral
Sure am I his end, alas!
Will be madness or—Madras.

MUNICIPAL

"Why is my District death-rate low?"

Said Binks of Hezabad.

*"Wells, drains, and sewage-outfalls are
My own peculiar fad.*

I learned a lesson once. It ran

Thus," quoth that most veracious man:

"It was an August evening, and, in snowy garments
clad,

I paid a round of visits in the lines of Hezabad;

When, presently, my Waler saw, and did not like at
all,

A Commissariat elephant careering down the Mall.

"I couldn't see the driver, and across my mind it
rushed

That that Commissariat elephant had suddenly gone
musth.

I didn't care to meet him, and I couldn't well get
down,

So I let the Waler have it, and we headed for the
town.

MUNICIPAL

“ The buggy was a new one, and, praise Dykes, it
stood the strain
Till the Waler jumped a bullock just above the City
Drain ;
And the next that I remember was a hurricane of
squeals,
And the creature making toothpicks of my five-foot
patent wheels.

“ He seemed to want the owner, so I fled, dis-
traught with fear,
To the Main Drain sewage-outfall, where he snorted
in my ear—
Reached the four-foot drain-head safely, and, in
darkness and despair,
Felt the brute’s proboscis fingering my terror-stiffened
hair.

“ Heard it trumpet on my shoulder—tried to crawl a
little higher—
Found the Main Drain sewage-outfall blocked, some
eight feet up, with mire ;
And, for twenty reeking minutes, sir, my very mar-
row froze,
While the trunk was feeling blindly for a purchase
on my toes!

“ It missed me by a fraction, but my hair was turning
grey
Before they called the drivers up and dragged the
brute away.

MUNICIPAL

Then I sought the City Elders, and my words were very plain.

They flushed that four-foot drain-head and—it never choked again.

"You may hold with surface-drainage, and the sun-for-garbage cure,
Till you've been a periwinkle shrinking coyly up a sewer.

I believe in well-flushed culverts. . . .

This is why the death-rate's small;
And, if you don't believe me, get *shikarred* yourself
That's all."

THE LAST DEPARTMENT

*Twelve hundred million men are spread
About this Earth, and I and You
Wonder, when You and I are dead,
What will those luckless millions do?*

“None whole or clean,” we cry, “or free from stain
Of favour.” Wait awhile, till we attain

The Last Department where nor fraud nor fools,
Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us again.

Fear, Favour, or Affection—what are these
To the grim Head who claims our services?

I never knew a wife or interest yet
Delay that *pukka* step, miscalled “decease”;

When leave, long overdue, none can deny,
When idleness of all Eternity

Becomes our furlough, and the marigold
Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury.

Transferred to the Eternal Settlement,
Each in his strait, wood-scantled office pent,
No longer Brown reverses Smith’s appeals,
Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent.

THE LAST DEPARTMENT

And One, long since a pillar of the Court,
As mud between the beams thereof is wrought;
And One who wrote on phosphates for the crops
Is subject-matter of his own Report.

These be the glorious ends whereto we pass.
Let Him who Is, go call on Him who Was,
And He shall see the *mallie* steals the slab
For currie-grinder, and for goats the grass.)

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight,
A draught of water, or a horse's fright—
The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*
Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night

For You or Me. Do those who live decline
The step that offers, or their work resign?
Trust me, To-day's Most Indispensables,
Five hundred men can take your place or mine.

OTHER VERSES

MY RIVAL

I GO to concert, party, ball—
What profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall,
And strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right
They burn before Her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And she is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,
My colour comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips,
And sometimes to my nose;
But She is white where white should be
And red where red should shine—
The blush that flies at seventeen
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had Her constant cheek:
I wish that I could sing
All sorts of funny little songs,
Not quite the proper thing.

MY RIVAL

I'm very gauche and very shy;
Her jokes aren't in my line;
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen,
While She is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,
Each pink and white and neat,
She's older than their mothers, but
They grovel at Her feet;
They walk beside Her '*rickshaw*-wheels—
They never walk by mine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And She is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men
(She calls them "boys" and "mashers");
I trot along the Mall alone.
My prettiest frocks and sashes
Don't help to fill my programme-card,
And vainly I repine
From 10 to 2 A.M. Ah me!
Would I were forty-nine!

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear,"
And "sweet retiring maid."
I'm always at the back, I know;
She puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men,
"Cast" lovers, I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen,
Nineteen to forty-nine.

MY RIVAL

But even She must older grow
And end Her dancing days;
She can't go on for ever so
At concerts, balls, and plays!
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine:
Just think that She'll be eighty-one
When I am forty-nine!

TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS

WILL you conquer my heart with your beauty, my
soul going out from afar?

Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of crafty and
cautious *shikar*?

Have I met you and passed you already, unknowing,
unthinking, and blind?

Shall I meet you next season at Simla, O sweetest
and best of your kind?

Does the P. and O. bear you to meward, or, clad in
short frocks in the West,

Are you growing the charms that shall capture and
torture the heart in my breast?

Will you stay in the Plains till September—my pas-
sion as warm as the day?

Will you bring me to book on the Mountains, or
where the thermantidotes play?

When the light of your eyes shall make pallid the
mean lesser lights I pursue,

And the charm of your presence shall lure me from
love of the gay "thirteen-two";

TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS

When the peg and the pigskin shall please not; when
I buy me Calcutta-built clothes;
When I quit the Delight of Wild Asses; forswearing
the swearing of oaths;

As a deer to the hand of the hunter when I turn 'mid
the gibes of my friends—
When the days of my freedom are numbered, and the
life of the bachelor ends.

Ah, Goddess!—child, spinster, or widow,—as of old
on Mars Hill when they raised
To the God that they knew not an altar—so I, a
young Pagan, have praised

The Goddess I know not nor worship; yet, if half
that men tell me be true,
You will come in the future, and therefore the verses
are written to you!

THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL'VIN

Allowing for the difference 'twixt prose and rhymed exaggeration, this ought to reproduce the sense of what Sir A—— told the nation some time ago, when the Government struck from our incomes two per cent.

NOW the New Year, reviving last Year's Debt,
The thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his Net;
 So I with begging Dish and ready Tongue
Assail all Men for all that I can get.

Imports indeed are gone with all their Dues—
Lo! Salt a Lever that I dare not use;
 Nor may I ask the Tillers in Bengal.
Surely my Kith and Kin will not refuse

Pay—and I promise by the Dust of Spring,
Retrenchment. If my promises can bring
 Comfort, Ye have them now a thousandfold—
By Allah! I will promise Anything!

Indeed, indeed, Retrenchment oft before
I swore—but did I mean it when I swore?
 And then, and then, We wandered to the Hills,
-And so the Little Less became Much More.

THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL'VIN

Whether at Boileaugunge or Babylon,
I know not how the wretched Thing is done,
The Items of Receipt grow surely small,
The Items of Expense mount one by one.

I cannot help it. What have I to do
With One and Five, or Four, or Three, or Two?
Let Scribes spit Blood and Sulphur as they please,
Or Statesmen call me foolish—heed not you.

Behold, I promise—Anything You will.
Behold, I greet you with an empty Till—
Ah! Fellow-Sinners, of your Charity
Seek not the Reason of the Dearth, but fill.

For if I sinned and fell, where lies the Gain
Of Knowledge? Would it ease you of your Pain
To know the tangled Threads of Revenue,
I ravel deeper in a hopeless Skein?

“Who hath not Prudence”—what was it I said
Of Her who paints her Eyes and tires Her Head,
And gibes and mocks the People in the Street,
And fawns upon them for Her thriftless Bread?

Accursèd is She of Eve's daughters—She
Hath cast off Prudence, and Her End shall be
Destruction. . . . Brethren, of your Bounty grant
Some Portion of your daily Bread to *Me!*

PAGETT, M.P.

*The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes ;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.*

Pagett, M.P., was a liar, and a fluent liar there-
with—

He spoke of the heat of India as the “Asian Solar
Myth”;

Came on a four months’ visit, to “study the East,”
in November,

And I got him to sign an agreement vowing to stay
till September.

March came in with the *köil*. Pagett was cool and
gay—

Called me a “bloated Brahman,” talked of my
“princely pay.”

March went out with the roses. “Where is your
heat?” said he.

“Coming,” said I to Pagett. “Skittles!” said Pagett,
M.P.

PAGETT, M.P.

April opened with punkahs, coolies, and prickly-heat—

Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sand-flies found him a treat.

He grew speckled and lumpy—hammered, I grieve to say,

Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal way.

May set in with a dust-storm—Pagett went down with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him one by one.

Imprimis, ten days' "liver"—due to his drinking beer;

Later, a dose of fever—slight, but he called it severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chota Bursat*—

Lowered his portly person, made him yearn to depart.

He didn't call me a "Brahman," or "bloated," or "overpaid,"

But seemed to think it a wonder that any one ever stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy—Pagett was ill with fear;
Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that life was dear.

He babbled of "Eastern exile," and mentioned his home with tears;

But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon seven years.

PAGETT, M.P.

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the Court
at noon

(I've mentioned Pagett was portly)—Pagett went off
in a swoon.

That was an end to the business ; Pagett, the perjured,
fled

With a practical, working knowledge of " Solar
Myths " in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the
mirth died out on my lips

As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write of
their " Eastern trips,"

And the sneers of the travelled idiots who duly mis-
govern the land,

And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one into
my hand.

LA NUIT BLANCHE

*A much-discerning Public hold
The Singer generally sings
Of personal and private things,
And prints and sells his past for gold.*

*Whatever I may here disclaim,
The very clever folk I sing to
Will most indubitably cling to
Their pet delusion, just the same.*

I had seen, as dawn was breaking
And I staggered to my rest,
Tara Devi softly shaking
From the Cart Road to the crest.
I had seen the spurs of Jakko
Heave and quiver, swell and sink;
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning
I observed a camel crawl,
Laws of gravitation scorning,
On the ceiling and the wall;

LA NUIT BLANCHE

Then I watched a fender walking,
And I heard grey leeches sing,
And a red-hot monkey talking
Did not seem the proper thing.

Then a Creature, skinned and crimson,
Ran about the floor and cried,
And they said I had the "jims" on,
And they dosed me with bromide,
And they locked me in my bedroom—
Me and one wee Blood-Red Mouse—
Though I said:—"To give my head room
You had best unroof the house."

But my words were all unheeded,
Though I told the grave M.D.
That the treatment really needed
Was a dip in open sea
That was lapping just below me,
Smooth as silver, white as snow,
And it took three men to throw me
When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watched the heavens
Fizz like '81 champagne—
Fly to sixes and to sevens,
Wheel and thunder back again;
And when all was peace and order
Save one planet nailed askew,
Much I wept because my warder
Would not let me set it true.

LA NUIT BLANCHE

After frenzied hours of waiting,
When the Earth and Skies were dumb,
Pealed an awful voice dictating
An interminable sum,
Changing to a tangled story—
“What she said you said I said”—
Till the Moon arose in glory,
And I found her . . . in my head.

Then a Face came, blind and weeping,
And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,
And It muttered I was keeping
Back the moonlight from the skies;
So I patted It for pity,
But It whistled shrill with wrath,
And a huge, black Devil City
Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain
On a thousand-year-long race,
But the bellying of the curtain
Kept me always in one place;
While the tumult rose and maddened
To the roar of Earth on fire,
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened
To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness
Rose one little, little star,
And it chuckled at my illness,
And it mocked me from afar;

LA NUIT BLANCHE

And its brethren came and eyed me,
Called the Universe to aid,
Till I lay, with naught to hide me,
'Neath the Scorn of all Things Made.

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,
Broke the solemn, pitying Day,
And I knew my pains were ended,
And I turned and tried to pray ;
But my speech was shattered wholly,
And I wept as children weep,
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,
Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

THE LOVERS' LITANY

EYES of grey—the sodden quay,
Driving rain and falling tears,
As the steamer heads to sea
In a parting storm of cheers.
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high—
None so true as you and I—
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—
“ Love like ours can never die ! ”

Eyes of black—the throbbing keel,
Milky foam to left and right;
Little whispers near the wheel
In the brilliant tropic night.
Cross that rules the Southern Sky,
Stars that sweep, and wheel, and fly,
Hear the Lovers' Litany:—
“ Love like ours can never die ! ”

Eyes of brown—the dusty plain
Split and parched with heat of June.
Flying hoof and tightened rein,
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.

THE LOVERS' LITANY

Neck-and-neck the horses fly,
Frame we now the old reply
Of the Lovers' Litany:—

" Love like ours can never die ! "

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
Dies and echoes round Benmore.

" Mabel," " Officers," " Good-bye,"

Glamour, wine, and witchery—
On my soul's sincerity,

" Love like ours can never die ! "

Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state.
Four times Cupid's debtor I—
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.

Yet, despite my evil case,
An a maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-forty times would I
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—

" Love like ours can never die ! "

A BALLAD OF BURIAL

"St. Praxed's ever was the Church for peace."

IF down here I chance to die,
Solemnly I beg you take
All that then is left of "I"
To the Hills for old sake's sake.
Pack, and pack me thoroughly,
In the ice that used to slake
Drinks I drank when I was dry—
This observe for old sake's sake.

To the railway-station hie,
There a single ticket take
For Umballa—goods-train; I
Shall not mind delay or shake.
I shall rest contentedly,
Spite of clamour coolies make;
Thus in frozen dignity
Send me up for old sake's sake.

Next the sleepy Babu wake,
Book a Kalka van "for four."
Few, I think, will care to make
Journeys with me any more

A BALLAD OF BURIAL

As they used to do of yore.

I shall need a "special" break—
Thing I never took before—
Get me one for old sake's sake.

After that—arrangements make;
No hotel will take me in,
And a bullock's back would break
'Neath the teak and leaden skin.
Tonga ropes are frail and thin,
Or, did I a back seat take,
In a tonga I might spin—
Do your best for old sake's sake.

After that—your work is done.
Recollect a Padre must
Mourn the dear departed one—
Throw the ashes and the dust.
Don't go down at once. I trust
You will find excuse to "snake
Three days' casual on the bust"—
Get your fun for old sake's sake.

I could never stand the Plains.
Think of blazing June and May,
Think of those September rains
Yearly till the Judgment Day!
I should never rest in peace;
I should sweat and lie awake.
Rail me, then, on my decease,
To the Hills for old sake's sake.

A LEVÉE IN THE PLAINS

COME here, ye lasses av swate Parnassis!
Kape cool me hid while me pen recalls
That night av tormint whan all Lahore wint
To honour the Quane an' our great Sorr Charles

There was music brayin' an' punkahs swayin',
An' men dishplayin' their uniform;
An' the native ginthry they thronged the inthry;
An' oh, by Jabers! 'twas powerful warm!

There was Colonels more there than I could score there,
In white an' khaki an' knots an' bows;
An' the bowld Civilians they came in millions,
Meltin' away under toight dress-clo'es.

There was gowld in plastrons on epigastrons,
An' stand-up collars that lay down flat;
An' the Doctors splendid, wid swords attinded,
An' hearse-plumes wavin' above their hat.

The whole Punjab there, in sum'shus garb there,
Paraded grandly the Aujence Hall;
An' the *Shubadars*, wid their midals and shtars,
Stood up to attintion forninst the wall.

A LEVEE IN THE PLAINS

Thin spurs were scratchin' an' sword-belts catchin'

As they let the batch in at ten-fiftane,
An' we stud perspirin' wid zeal ontirin'
To the greater glory av England's Quane.

But oh! the dignity, the moild benignity,
Whan the Chief Coort Judges tuk the flure;
A standin' sinthry in the private inthry,
An' watchin' the rest av us march before.

So some bowed nately, an' some too stately,
An' some went noddin' aisy an' free;
An' some went trippin', and some went skippin',
But all went dhrippin' through the big Levee.

Thin down the stairway we ran for airway,
An' tuk refreshments whan all was done;
Wid scabbards clinkin' an' men a-drinkin',
An' the shtars a-winkin' to watch the fun.

THE OVERLAND MAIL

(FOOT-SERVICE TO THE HILLS)

IN the Name of the Empress of India, make way,
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam,
The woods are awake at the end of the day—
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
Let the robber retreat, and the tiger turn tail—
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
He turns to the foot-path that heads up the hill—
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post Office
bill:

“Despatched on this date, as received from the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.
Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb
by the cliff.

Does the tempest cry halt? What are tempests to
him?

The service admits not a “but” or an “if.”

THE OVERLAND MAIL

While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear with-
out fail,

In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,
From level to upland, from upland to crest,
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,
Fly the soft-sandalled feet, strains the brawny
brown chest;

From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road—

A jingle of bells on the foot-path below;

There's a scuffle above in the monkeys' abode—

The world is awake and the clouds are aglow.

For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail:

"In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!"

DIVIDED DESTINIES

It was an artless *Bandar*, and he danced upon a pine,
And much I wondered how he lived, and where the
 beast might dine,
And many, many other things, till, o'er my morning
 smoke,
I slept the sleep of idleness and dreamed that *Bandar*
 spoke.

He said: "Oh, man of many clothes! Sad crawler
 on the Hills!
Observe, I know not Ranken's shop, nor Ranken's
 monthly bills!
I take no heed to trousers or the coats that you call
 dress;
Nor am I plagued with little cards for little drinks at
 Mess.

"I steal the *bunni*'s grain at morn, at noon and
 eventide
(For he is fat and I am spare), I roam the mountain-
 side,
I follow no man's carriage, and no, never in my life
Have I flirted at Peliti's with another *Bandar*'s wife.

DIVIDED DESTINIES

"Oh, man of futile fopperies—unnecessary wraps;
I own no ponies in the Hills, I drive no tall-wheeled
traps;
I buy me not twelve-button gloves, 'short-sixes' eke,
or rings,
Nor do I waste at Hamilton's my wealth on pretty
things.

"I quarrel with my wife at home, we never fight
abroad;
But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact I am her only lord.
I never heard of fever—dumps nor debts depress my
soul;
And I pity and despise you!" Here he pouched my
breakfast-roll.

His hide was very mangy and his face was very red,
And undisguisedly he scratched with energy his head.
His manners were not always nice, but how my spirit
cried
To be an artless *Bandar* loose upon the mountain-
side!

So I answered: "Gentle *Bandar*, an inscrutable
Decree

Makes thee a gleesome, fleasome Thou, and me a
wretched Me.

Go! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home amid
the pine;

Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change his lot
with thine."

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY

Argument: The Indian Government, being minded to discover the economic condition of their lands, sent a Committee to inquire into it; and saw that it was good.

SCENE.—*The wooded heights of Simla. The Incarnation of the Government of India in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty sings, to pianoforte accompaniment.*

“HOW sweet is the shepherd’s sweet life!

From the dawn to the even he strays—
He shall follow his sheep all the day

And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

(adagio dim.) Fillèd with praise!”

(largendo con sp.) Now this is the position,
Go make an inquisition
Into their real condition
As swiftly as ye may.

(p.) Ay, paint our swarthy billions
The richest of vermilions
Ere two well-led cotillions
Have danced themselves away.

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY

TURKISH PATROL, *as able and intelligent Investigators
wind down the Himalayas.*

What is the state of the Nation? What is its occupation?

Hi! get along, get along, get along—lend us the information!

(*dim.*) Census the *byle* and the *yabu*—capture a first-class Babu,

Set him to file Gazetteers—Gazetteers . . .

(*ff.*) What is the state of the Nation, etc.

INTERLUDE, *from Nowhere in Particular, to stringed
and Oriental instruments.*

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear—

The earth is iron and the skies are brass—

And faint with fervour of the flaming air

The languid hours pass.

Our wells are dry beneath the village tree—

The young wheat withers ere it reach a span,

And belts of blinding sand show cruelly

Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly King—

Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,

Look westward—if They please, the Gods shall bring

Their mercy with the Rain.

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY

Look westward—bears the blue no brown cloud-
bank?

Nay, it is written—wherefore should we fly?
On our own field and by our cattle's flank
Lie down, lie down to die!

SEMICHORUS.

By the plumed heads of Kings
 Waving high,
Where the tall corn springs
 O'er the dead.
If they rust or rot we die,
If they ripen we are fed.
Very mighty is the power of our Kings!

*Triumphal return to Simla of the Investigators, attired
after the manner of Dionysus, leading a pet tiger-
cub in wreaths of rhubarb-leaves, symbolical of India
under medical treatment. They sing:*

We have seen, we have written—behold it, the proof
of our manifold toil!

In their hosts they assembled and told it—the tale of
the Sons of the Soil.

We have said of the Sickness, “Where is it?”—and
of Death, “It is far from our ken”;

We have paid a particular visit to the affluent children
of men.

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY

We have trodden the mart and the well-curb—we
have stooped to the bield and the byre;
And the King may the forces of Hell curb—for the
People have all they desire!

CASTANETS AND STEP-DANCE.

Oh, the *dom* and the *mag* and the *thakur* and the
thag,
And the *nat* and the *brinjaree*,
And the *bunnia* and the *ryot* are as happy and as quiet
And as plump as they can be!
Yea, the *jain* and the *jat* in his stucco-fronted hut,
And the bounding *bazugar*,
By the favour of the King, are as fat as anything,
They are—they are—they are!

RECITATIVE, *Government of India, with white-satin
wings and electroplated harp.*

How beautiful upon the mountains, in peace reclin-
ing,
Thus to be assured that our people are unanimously
dining.
And though there are places not so blessed as others
in natural advantages, which, after all, was only
to be expected,
Proud and glad are we to congratulate you upon the
work you have thus ably effected.

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY

CHORUS OF THE CRYSTALLISED FACTS.

Before the beginning of years

There came to the rule of the State

Men with a pair of shears,

Men with an Estimate—

Strachey with Muir for leaven,

Lytton with locks that fell,

Ripon fooling with Heaven,

And Temple riding like H-II!

And the bigots took in hand

Cess and the falling of rain,

And the measure of sifted sand

The dealer puts in the grain—

Imports by land and sea,

To uttermost decimal worth,

And registration—free—

In the Houses of Death and of Birth;

And fashioned with pens and paper,

And fashioned in black and white,

With Life for a flickering taper

And Death for a blazing light—

'Twixt the Armed and the Civil Power,

That his strength might endure for a span

From Adam's Bridge to Peshawur,

The Much Administered Man.

In the towns of the North and the East

They gathered as unto rule;

They bade him starve his priest

And send his children to school.

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY

Railways and roads they wrought,

For the needs of the trade within;

A time to squabble in court,

A time to bear and to grin;

And gave him peace in his ways,

Jails—and Police to fight;

Justice at length of days,

And Right—and Might in the Right.

His speech is of mortgaged bedding,

On his kine he borrows yet;

At his heart is his daughter's wedding,

In his eye foreknowledge of debt.

He eats and hath indigestion,

He toils and he may not stop.

His life is a long-drawn question

Between a crop and a crop!

“O BAAL, HEAR US!”

“An attempt should be made to prepare a moral text-book based upon the fundamental principles of natural religion, such as may be taught in all Government and non-Government colleges.”—RESOLUTION OF THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT.

SCENE.—*A Palace in Cloudland. Moral Text-Book Committee discovered at a round table, singing.*

MORALISTS we,
From over the sea,
“From the land where philosophers plenty be—
From the land that produced no Kants with a K,
But many Cants with a C.
Where the Hodmadod crawls in its shell confined,
The Symbol exalted of Fetterless Mind,
And Arithmetic sits on her throne of pride
As Theology personified,”
We have fished in the Lake,
And the Worm wouldn't bite.
Our preachers have covered
The Pit from our sight.
By the wisdom of Comte

“O BAAL, HEAR US!”

We have learned to devise
Our own little roofs, and
Dispense with the skies.
The Gods and the Godlings
On dust-laden shelves
Repose for a sign.
We are all Gods ourselves!

(*Confidentialissimo*)

And so we come here
With gum-pot and shear—
Devoid of convictions, but blessed with long faces
From every land's vext Book
To clip out a text-book
Which gives us “religion on natural bases.”

PRESIDENT (*solo, tremolo*).

In Afric's sunny clime the slave
Assuages both catarrh and grief
By blowing of his nose upon
The Moral Pocket-handkerchief.

His fetich grins beneath the tree—
A skull, three rags, an ostrich-feather;
He turns aside to us who give
Good texts and textile goods together.

Ber-etheren, ere ye stain the pen,
Think of that joyous Afrikander;
What saith the Chief of Married Men?—

“Sauce for the goose will suit the gander.”

[*Flourish of silver trumpets.*

“O BAAL, HEAR US!”

In the name of the Great God Fudge,
I charge ye take good heed
To weigh and sift and sniff and judge
The merits of every creed,
That no man may your wage begrudge,
That your fame may be great indeed,
Who have gotten a God at the Government's nod
In the land where the deities breed!

*The Committee fall to their labours. The Indian
Pantheon rises behind them in red fire.*

CHORUS OF THE INDIAN PANTHEON.

We be the Gods of the East,
Older than all—
Rulers of Greatest and Least,
Rulers of Mourning and Feast,
Rulers of Man and of Beast.
How shall we fall
Whose feet are made firm on men's necks—whose
hands hold their heart-strings in thrall?

SEMICHORUS.

Over the strife of the schools
Low the day burns;
Back as the kine to the pools
Each one returns
To the life that he knows, where the altar-flame
glows, and the *tulsi* is trimmed in the urns.

“O BAAL, HEAR US!”

CHORUS.

Will they gape for the husks that ye proffer,
Or move to your song?
And we—have *we* nothing to offer
Who held them so long
In the cloud of the incense, the clash of the cym-
bal, the blare of the conch and the gong?

PRESIDENT (*jubilantissimo*).

We'll get the text-book ready as quickly as we can
For the Ary—for the Ary—for the Ary-an!

SECRETARY.

I'll go and hunt the Vedas while you play with the
Ko-ran
For the Ary—for the Ary—for the Ary-an!

DUET AND DANCE.

Oh, isn't it nice to root out Vice, and usher Virtue
in!
And isn't it sad a cultured lad should stumble into
sin!
We'd like to have him moral; but, oh, where shall
we begin
With the Ary—with the Ary—with the Ary-an?

CHORUS OF COMMITTEE.

Help the Ary—help the Ary—help the Ary-an!
Three-and-thirty million Gods don't improve a
man!
Wait till we have forced our potted morals in a can
Down the Ary—down the Ary—down the Ary-an!

“O BAAL, HEAR US!”

PRESIDENT (*patter-song with piccolo accompaniment.*)

Take a little Rabelais—just a garlic hint;
Out of Locke and Bacon steal something fit to print.
Grind 'em down with Butler, add morsels of Vol-
taire;
Don't forget the “Precious Fools” sketched by
Molière!

“Robert Elsmere,” Mallock, Hume, Gibbon (on his
knees).

Knock the Ten Commandments out if they fail to
please;

Substitute the Penal Code—sections underlined.

There you have a perfect book to form the infant
mind!

*(Encore verses may be introduced here according to
the taste of the singer or the educational policy of the
Government of India.)*

*The Committee conclude their labours, and produce
Moral Text-Book wrapped in a white handkerchief.*

CHORUS.

Now whoso sneers
At our paste and shears
May go, if he can, to the Deuce!
We have built for the Pagan
A first-class Dagon
For strictly official use.

“O BAAL, HEAR US!”

CHORUS OF ADMIRING ARYAVARTA (*organ, plagal-cadence*).

When Dagon was builded of old
By the Demons who wrought in a day,
His forehead was brazen, his belly was gold,
And his throne was the red river-clay—
But our masters are wiser than they.
[*Trumpets.*]

For when Dagon was builded anew,
By the breath of their order they made him,
By the froth of their ink-pots they stayed him,
In cut-paper frills they arrayed him,
The subtle, the supple, the new,
Who is greater than scourges or rods—
An olla podrida
Of Faiths and Fifth-Reader,
The Friend of all Possible Gods!

THE MARE'S NEST

JANE AUSTIN BEECHER STOWE DE ROUSE

Was good beyond all earthly need;
But, on the other hand, her spouse
Was very, very bad indeed.
He smoked cigars, called churches slow,
And raced—but this she did not know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept
The little fact a secret, and,
Though o'er his minor sins she wept,
Jane Austen did not understand
That Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—
Absorbed one half her husband's pay.

She was so good she made him worse
(Some women are like this, I think);
He taught her parrot how to curse,
Her Assam monkey how to drink.
He vexed her righteous soul until
She went up and he went down hill.

Then came the crisis, strange to say,
Which turned a good wife to a better.
A telegraphic peon, one day,
Brought her—now, had it been a letter
For Belial Machiavelli, I
Know Jane would just have let it lie;

THE MARE'S NEST

But 'twas a telegram instead,
Marked "Urgent," and her duty plain
To open it. Jane Austen read:—
*"Your Lilly's got a cough again.
Can't understand why she is kept
At your expense."* Jane Austen wept.

It was a misdirected wire;
Her husband was at Shaitanpore.
She spread her anger, hot as fire,
Through six thin foreign sheets or more,
Sent off that letter—wrote another
To her solicitor—and mother.

Then Belial Machiavelli saw
Her error and, I trust, his own,
Wired to the minion of the Law,
And travelled wifeward—not alone:
For Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—
Came in a horse-box all the way.

There was a scene—a weep or two,
With many kisses. Austen Jane
Rode Lilly all the season through,
And never opened wires again.
She races now with Belial. This
Is very sad, but so it is.

THE BALLAD OF FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE

*That night when through the mooring-chains
The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,
To blunder down by Garden Reach
And rot at Kedgeree,
The tale the Hugli told the shoal
The lean shoal whispered me.*

'Twas Fultah Fisher's boarding-house,
Where sailormen reside,
And there were men of all the ports
From Mississip to Clyde,
And regally they spat and smoked,
And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple Sea
That gave them scanty bread,
They lied about the Earth beneath,
The Heavens overhead,
For they had looked too often on
Black rum when that was red.

FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE

And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
Who carried on his hairy chest
The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears,
And Pamba, the Malay,
And Carboy Gin, the Guinea cook,
And Luz from Vigo Bay;
And Honest Jack, who sold them slops
And harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker,
A lean Bostonian he—
Russ, German, English, Half-breed, Finn,
Yank, Dane, and Portugee,
At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
They rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks.
Collinga knew her fame;
From Tarnau in Galicia
To Jaun Bazaar she came,
To eat the bread of infamy
And take the wage of shame.

FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE

She held a dozen men to heel—
Rich spoil of war was hers,
In hose and gown and ring and chain
From twenty mariners;
And, by Port Law, that week men called
Her Salem Hardieker's.

But seamen learned—what landsmen know—
That neither gifts nor gain
Can hold a winking Light-o'-Love
Or Fancy's flight restrain,
When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes
On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,
From Howrah to the Bay,
And he may die before the dawn
Who liquored out the day,
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
Bull-throated, bare of arm,
And laughter shook the chest beneath
The maid Ultruda's charm—
The little silver crucifix
That keeps a man from harm.

FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE

"You speak to Salem Hardieker—
You was his girl, I know.
I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,
Und round the Skaw we go,
South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm,
To Besser in Saro."

When love rejected turns to hate,
All ill betide the man.
"You speak to Salem Hardieker"—
She spoke as woman can.
A scream—a sob—"He called me—names!"
And then the fight began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,
A shriek upon the stairs,
A dance of shadows on the wall,
A knife-thrust unawares—
And Hans came down, as cattle drop,
Across the broken chairs.

.
In Anne of Austria's trembling hands
The weary head fell low:—
"I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight
For Besser in Saro;
Und there Ultruda comes to me
At Easter, und I go

FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE

"South, down the Cattegat— What's here?

There—are—no—lights—to—guide!"

The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,

And Anne of Austria cried

In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house,

When Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,

Bull-throated, bare of arm;

But Anne of Austria looted first

The maid Ultruda's charm—

The little silver crucifix

That keeps a man from harm.

THE PLAINT OF THE JUNIOR CIVILIAN

"A handful of juniors just fresh out from Home."—INDIAN PAPER'S DEFINITION OF A
"JUNIOR CIVILIAN."

I HAVE worked for ten seasons or more,
In Settlement, District, or Court;
I have served, with the rest of my corps,
All over the Province, in short.
From Ismail accursed, to the Bar,
From Jhang to Peshawur I roam,
And back from Kohat to Hissar;

But—

They tell me I'm "fresh out from Home"!

I have loved, I have lost, twice or thrice;
My weeds are "long Dawsons with straw";
I can sit fourteen-one of shod Vice,
And badger a pleader-at-law;
I can quote with precision the bulk
Of Currie's delectable tome;
I can coax a Hill Chief from a sulk,

And—

I find I am "fresh out from Home."

PLAINT OF THE JUNIOR CIVILIAN

I can flirt with the girls at the well

In dialect rude and uncouth;

I can force a fat *Khatti* to tell,

By accident, half of the truth.

I can chew like a Rajah my *pân*,

I can slang with a *Naqqal* or *Dôm*,

I can say, " 'Térá músha Pathan! "

Yet—

They tell me I'm " fresh out from Home."

That home I have quitted an age

(Ten Junes in the District seem long),

For I sailed when " Our Boys " was the rage,

And " Tommy make room " was the song.

There's a patch on the top of my pate

That needs not the care of the comb,

And thirteen-eleven's my weight;

Though—

They tell me I'm " fresh out from Home."

I have worn my first saddle and second

Clean down to the wood of the tree;

And D.C.'s a dozen I've reckoned

Have managed my transfers and me;

I am learned in roadways and cess,

In *rabi*, rice-huskers, and loam—

Over thirty, but nevertheless,

Write

The papers, I'm " fresh out from Home."

PLAINT OF THE JUNIOR CIVILIAN

Oh, babes of the Punjab Commission,

Oh, sucklings of '73,

Consider our humble position,

Remember what juniors we be!

Oh, lads without standing or credit

Nous, influence, *ukal*, *aplomb*

The press, in its wisdom, hath said it:

We

Are all of us "fresh out from Home."

POSSIBILITIES

AY, lay him 'neath the Simla pine—
A fortnight fully to be missed;
Behold, we lose our fourth at whist,
A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him; other men
Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.
His fortune is the Great Perhaps
And that cool rest-house down the glen,

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,
Our mundane revel on the height,
Shall watch each flashing 'rickshaw-light
Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball
With lighted rooms and braying band;
And he shall hear and understand
"Dream Faces" better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapours flee
Across Sanjaolie after rain,
His soul may climb the hill again
To each old field of victory.

POSSIBILITIES

Unseen, who women held so dear,
The strong man's yearning to his kind
Shall shake at most the window-blind,
Or dull awhile the card-room's cheer.

In his own place of power unknown,
His Light-o'-Love another's flame,
His dearest pony galloped lame,
And he an alien and alone.

Yet may he meet with many a friend—
Shrewd shadows, lingering long unseen
Among us when "God Save the Queen"
Shows even "extras" have an end.

And when we leave the heated room,
And when at four the lights expire,
The crew shall gather round the fire
And mock our laughter in the gloom;

Talk as we talked, and they ere death—
Flirt wanly, dance in ghostly wise,
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,
And vanish at the morning's breath!

ARITHMETIC ON THE FRONTIER

A GREAT and glorious thing it is
To learn, for seven years or so,
The Lord knows what of that and this,
Ere reckoned fit to face the foe—
The flying bullet down the Pass,
That whistles clear: "All flesh is grass."

Three hundred pounds per annum spent
On making brain and body meeter
For all the murderous intent
Comprised in "villainous saltpeter"!
And after?—Ask the Yusufzaies
What comes of all our 'ologies.

A scrimmage in a Border Station—
A canter down some dark defile—
Two thousand pounds of education
Drops to a ten-rupee *jezail*—
The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride,
Shot like a rabbit in a ride!

ARITHMETIC ON THE FRONTIER

No proposition Euclid wrote,
No formulæ the text-books know,
Will turn the bullet from your coat,
Or ward the tulwar's downward blow.
Strike hard who cares—shoot straight who can—
The odds are on the cheaper man.

One sword-knot stolen from the camp
Will pay for all the school-expenses
Of any Kurrum Valley scamp
Who knows no word of moods and tenses,
But, being blessed with perfect sight,
Picks off our messmates left and right.

With home-bred hordes the hillsides teem:
The troop-ships bring us, one by one,
At vast expense of time and steam,
To slay Afridis where they run.
The "captives of our bow and spear"
Are cheap, alas! as we are dear.

OUR LADY OF REST

THE wind in the pine sings Her praises,
The snows of the North are Her seat,
The bluebells and little Hill-daisies
Make gorgeous the ground at Her feet.
There is health in Her hand for the taking,
There is peace on the calm of Her breast,
And we yearn to Her, sleeping and waking,
Our Lady of Rest!

The Earth is hot iron beneath us,
The Heavens are brazen above,
The winds of the Firmament seethe us
With blasts from the Pit as they rove.
The cool and the shade have retreated,
The levin-lit dust-clouds attest;
Our furnace is seven times heated,
O Lady of Rest!

"I have built ye a marvellous palace,
As chill and as green as the sea.
Come up—come away from the valleys;
Inherit, my children, with me!"

OUR LADY OF REST

Though the yoke of our servitude gall us,
Laborious, burdened, unblest,
Dare we turn at Her voice, though She call us,
Our Lady of Rest?

Not ours the silence and scorning,
Not ours the fault of delay.
Clear twilight brings merciless morning,
And night little rest after day.
For a handful of silver we sold us,
White slaves from the Isles of the West,
And the chains of captivity hold us,
Our Lady of Rest!

Be good to us out of Thy pity,
For surely, in time, it shall be
That we fly from the sun-smitten city,
That we win to the mountains and Thee;
And, at last, when the weary Plains leave us,
When we climb the Himalayan crest,
From the smoke of our torments receive us,
Our Lady of Rest!

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

Lady Dufferin's Fund for Medical Aid to the Women of India.

How shall she know the worship we would do her?

The walls are high and she is very far.

How shall the women's message reach unto her

Above the tumult of the packed bazaar?

Free wind of March, against the lattice blowing,

Bear thou our thanks, lest she depart unknowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in,

Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city

To whatsoe'er fair place she hath her home in

Who dowered us with wealth of love and pity.

Out of our shadow pass and seek her, singing:

"I have no gifts but Love alone for bringing."

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,

But old in grief and very wise in tears;

Say that we, being desolate, entreat her

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

That she forget us not in after-years ;
For we have seen the light, and it were grievous
To dim that dawning if our Lady leave us.

By life that ebbd with none to staunch the failing,
By Love's sad harvest garnered in the spring,
When Love in Ignorance wept unavailing
O'er young buds dead before their blossoming,
By all the grey owl watched, the pale moon
viewed
In past grim years, declare our gratitude!

By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard not,
By gifts that found no favour in Their sight,
By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,
By nameless horrors of the stifling night,
By ills foredone, by peace her toils discover,
Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven above
her!

If she have sent her servants in our pain,
If she have fought with Death and dulled his
sword,
If she have given back our sick again,
And to the breast the weakling lips restored,
Is it a little thing that she has wrought?
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be naught!

Go forth, O wind, our message on thy wings,
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,
In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of kings,

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

Who have been holpen by her in their need.

All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the
wheat

Shall be a tasselled floor-cloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee; take no rest!

Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea

Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest,

Of those in darkness by her hand set free;

Then very softly to her presence move,

And whisper: "Lady, lo, they know and love!"

FOR THE WOMEN

"Ave imperatrix, morituræ te salutant!"

WE knit a riven land to strength by cannon, code, and sword;

We drove the road for all men's feet, we bridged the raving ford;

We cleared the waste of force and wrong, we bade the land be still;

And whereso'er that will was good, we wrought the people's will.

The Wisdom of the West is theirs—our schools are free to all.

The strength of all the West is theirs, to prop them lest they fall;

And men may say what things they please, and none dare stay their tongue.

But who has spoken out for these—the women and the young?

Who know but you, O men we taught, and men who teach us now,

Coheirs of our eight hundred years, and . . . Servants of the Cow—

FOR THE WOMEN

Who know but you the life you cloak, secure from
alien stare?

Are all our gifts for men alone, or may your women
share?

Small wish have they for learning's light or Wisdom
of the West;

Small wish have you that they should learn, or we
should break their rest.

But—pitiless as when He spoke, untempered, quick to
slay—

The curse God laid on Eve is theirs for heritage to-
day.

You know the "Hundred Danger Time" when, gay
with paint and flowers,

Your household Gods are bribed to help the bitter,
helpless hours;

You know the worn and rotten mat whereon the
mother lies;

You know the *sootak* room unclean, the cell wherein
she dies—

Dies, with the babble in her ear of midwife's muttered
charm,

Dies, 'spite young Life that strains to stay, the suck-
ling in her arm,

Dies in the three times heated air, scorched by the
Birth-fire's breath,

Foredoomed, you say, lest anguish lack, to haunt her
home in death.

FOR THE WOMEN

These things you know, and more than these—grim
secrets of the Dead,

Foul horrors done in ignorance, by Time on Folly
bred.

The women have no voice to speak, but none can
check your pen—

Turn for a moment from your strife and plead their
cause, O men!

Help here—and not for us the boon and not to us the
gain;

Make room to save the babe from death, the mother
from her pain.

Is it so great a thing we ask? Is there no road to
find

When women of our people seek to help your
womenkind?

No word to sap their faith, no talk of Christ or creed
need be,

But woman's help in woman's need and woman's
ministry.

Such healing as the West can give, that healing may
they win.

Draw back the *purdah* for their sakes, and pass our
women in!

THE BETROTHED

"You must choose between me and your cigar."

OPEN the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I
are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas—we fought o'er a
good cheroot;
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a
brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a space,
In the soft, blue veil of the vapour musing on Maggie's
face.

Maggie is pretty to look at, Maggie's a loving lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of
loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in a Henry
Clay,
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown
away—

THE BETROTHED

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and
brown;
But I could not throw away Maggie—for fear o' the
talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty,—grey and dour and old,—
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or
gold!

And the light of Days that have Been, the dark of the
Days that Are,
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of
a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in
your pocket—
With never a new one to light, though it's charred and
black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider awhile;
Here is a mild Manila—there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought with a
ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a string?

Counsellors cunning and silent—comforters true and
tried;
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.

THE BETROTHED

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids
close.

This will the fifty give me, asking naught in return,
With only a *sati*'s passion—to do their duty and
burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent
and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish
Main,
When they hear my harem is empty, will send me my
brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for their
mouths withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the
showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I
temper their hides,
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read
of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter that gives me my
choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great god
Nick-o'-Teen.

THE BETROTHED

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelve-month clear,
But I have been Priest of Cabanas a matter of seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-the-Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey or leave me bogged in the mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider anew.
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon *you*?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba—I hold to my first sworn vows:
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for spouse!

A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL

ONE moment bid the horses wait,
Since tiffin is not laid till three,
Below the upward path and strait
You climbed a year ago with me.
Love came upon us suddenly
And loosed—an idle hour to kill—
A headless, harmless armoury
That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah, Heaven! we would wait and wait
Through Time and to Eternity!
Ah, Heaven! we would conquer Fate
With more than Godlike constancy!
I cut the date upon a tree—
Here stand the clumsy figures still,—
“10-7-'85 A.D.”—
Damp with the mist on Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great,
And until Death fidelity?
Whose horse is tethered at your gate?
Whose 'rickshaw wheels ride over me?

A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL

No Saint's, I swear; and—let me see
To-night what names your programme fill.
We drift asunder merrily,
As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill!

L'ENVOI

Woman, behold, our ancient state
Has clean departed; and we see
'Twas Idleness we took for Fate
That bound light bonds on you and **me**.
Amen! Here ends the comedy
Where it began in all good will,
Since Love and Leave together flee
As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

CARMEN SIMLAENSE

I'VE danced till my shoes are outworn
From ten till the hours called small;
I've cantered with Beauty at morn—
At even made love at the ball.
Light Loves for five months were my lot,
Heavy bills and long "ticks" that appal
Me when counting the cost of the shot.
Lord! What was the good of it all?

Good-bye to the Annandale roses—
Sweet talks in the dusk on the Mall;
Adieu to a season that closes—
Peliti's, the Club, and the call!
To the pines that moaned over our playtime,
The deodars sombre and tall—
Diversions of night and of daytime.
Lord! What was the good of it all?

I sit on my bulgy portmanteau
(As once in his tent-gloom lay Saul),
And I write me this cynical canto,
In the ink of derision and gall,

CARMEN SIMLAENSE

As I think of the cash I must borrow
From that excellent *shroff* Bunsee Lal,
And the tonga I've booked for to-morrow.
Lord! What was the good of it all?

Of tuppenny passions and small,
Of Levée and function and feast,
Of charmers that used to inthral
For a month, or a fortnight at least,
From 'October to April I'm clear—
From Olympus to Hades I fall.
By the bills on my file, ye were dear!
But what was the good of it all?

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS

Too late, alas ! the song

To remedy the wrong—

*The rooms are taken from us, swept and garnished for
their fate.*

But these tear-besprinkled pages

Shall attest to future ages

*That we cried against the crime of it—too late, alas !
too late !*

“What have *we* ever done to bear this grudge?”

Was there no room save only in Benmore

For docket, *duftar*, and for office drudge,

That you usurp our smoothest dancing-floor?

Must Babus do their work on polished teak?

Are ball-rooms fittest for the ink you spill?

Was there no other cheaper house to seek?

You might have left them all at Strawberry Hill.

We never harmed you! Innocent our guise,

Dainty our shining feet, our voices low;

And we revolved to divers melodies,

And we were happy but a year ago.

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS

To-night the moon that watched our lightsome
wiles—

That beamed upon us through the deodars—
Is wan with gazing on official files,
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.

Nay! by the memory of tuneful nights;
Nay! by the witchery of flying feet;
Nay! by the glamour of foredone delights,
By all things merry, musical, and meet,
By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling eyes,
By wailing waltz, by reckless gallop's strain,
By dim verandahs and by soft replies,
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

Or—hearken to the curse we lay on you!
The ghosts of waltzes shall perplex your brain,
And murmurs of past merriment pursue
Your 'wildered clerks that they indite in vain;
And when you count your poor Provincial millions,
The only figures that your pen shall frame
Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillions
Danced out in tumult long before you came.

Yea! "See-Saw" shall upset your estimates,
"Dream Faces" shall your heavy heads bemuse,
Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates
Our temple fit for higher, worthier use.
And all the long verandahs, eloquent
With echoes of a score of Simla years,
Shall plague you with unbidden sentiment—
- Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and tears.

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS

So shall you mazed amid old memories stand,
So shall you toil and shall accomplish naught;
And ever in your ears a phantom Band
Shall blare away the staid official thought.
Wherefore—and ere this awful curse be spoken,
Cast out your swarthy, sacrilegious train,
And give—ere dancing cease and hearts be broken—
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

“AS THE BELL CLINKS”

As I left the Halls of Lumley, rose the vision of a
comely
Maid last season worshipped dumbly, watched with
fervour from afar;
And I wondered idly, blindly, if the maid would
greet me kindly.
That was all—the rest was settled by the clinking
tonga-bar.
Ay, my life and hers were coupled by the tonga
coupling-bar.

For my misty meditation, at the second changing-
station,
Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before the tuneless
jar
Of a Wagner obbligato, scherzo, double-hand staccato,
Played on either pony's saddle by the clanking tonga-
bar—
Played with human speech, I fancied, by the jigging,
jolting bar.

“AS THE BELL CLINKS”

“She was sweet,” thought I, “last season, but ’twere surely wild unreason

Such a tiny hope to freeze on as was offered by my
Star

When she whispered, something sadly: ‘I—we feel your going badly.’”

“*And you let the chance escape you?*” rapped the rattling tonga-bar.

“*What a chance and what an idiot!*” clicked the vicious tonga-bar.

Heart of man—oh, heart of putty! Had I gone by
Kakahutti,

On the old Hill-road and ratty, I had ’scaped that fatal car:

But his fortune each must bide by, so I watched the mile-stones slide by

To—“*You call on Her to-morrow!*”—fugue with cymbals by the bar—

“*You must call on Her to-morrow!*”—post-horn gallop by the bar.

Yet a farther stage my goal on—we were whirling down to Solon,

With a double lurch and roll on, best foot foremost, *ganz und gar*—

“She was *very* sweet,” I hinted. “If a kiss had been imprinted—?”

“*Would ha’ saved a world of trouble!*” clashed the busy tonga-bar.

“*’Been accepted or rejected!*” banged and clanged the tonga-bar.

“AS THE BELL CLINKS”

Then a notion wild and daring, 'spite the income tax's
paring

And a hasty thought of sharing—less than many in-
comes are—

Made me put a question private—you can guess what
I would drive at.

“*You must work the sum to prove it,*” clanked the
careless tonga-bar.

“*Simple Rule of Two will prove it,*” lilted back the
tonga-bar.

It was under Khyraghaut I mused: “Suppose the
maid be haughty

(There are lovers rich—and forty)—wait some
wealthy Avatar?

Answer, monitor untiring, 'twixt the ponies twain
perspiring!”

“*Faint heart never won fair lady,*” creaked the strain-
ing tonga-bar.

“*Can I tell you ere you ask Her?*” pounded slow the
tonga-bar.

Last, the Tara Devi turning showed the lights of
Simla burning,

Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer flame by far.

As below the Mall we jingled, through my very heart
it tingled—

The reiterated order of the threshing tonga-bar.

“*Try your luck—you can't do better!*” twanged the
loosened tonga-bar.

A BALLADE OF BAD ENTERTAINMENT

A WANDERER from East to West,
From Mandalay to Matheran,
By itch of loaferdom possest,
I scour the plains of Hindustan.
Dismissed the fragrant *gariwān*,¹
I clamour at each hostelry :
"What, ho! within there, *be imān!*"²
" *Khodawund, siruf murghi hai!*"³

The days repeat the sorry jest—
The dusty drive, the dreary barn.
"All things await the Sahib's behest,
Borne through his slave Muhammed Jan."
And after? Hear the wild *tūfān*⁴
Among the cockerels as they fly!
What comes of that false-feigned *élan*?
" *Khodawund, siruf murghi hai!*"

Though in ten thousand fashions messed
They bear the *Janwar ki nishan*,⁵
The bold black legs, the bony crest,
The flesh more tough than sailors' yarn,

¹ Driver.

² Man without faith.

³ Heaven-born, there is only fowl.

⁴ Uproar.

⁵ Mark of the beast.

A BALLADE OF BAD ENTERTAINMENT

Oh, land of *uttr* and of *pân*,
For this poor corpse thy children cry,
Loud as the mullah shouts *azân*,¹
“*Khodawund, siruf murghi hai!*”

L'ENVOI

Prince! (Here the wearied bard will rest
From long “a” rhymes.) If Famine fan
The flames of Fury in your breast,
And grievously you smite your man,
For his one answer, this I can
Add to your comfort: An he die,
You shall be told by all his clan:
“*Khodawund, siruf murghia hai!*”²

¹ The call to prayer.

² Heaven-born, he is only dead!

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA

DIM dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is saffron
yellow—

As the women in the village grind the corn,
And the parrots seek the riverside, each calling to his
fellow

That the Day, the staring, Eastern Day, is born.

Oh, the white dust on the highway! Oh, the
stenches in the byway!

Oh, the clammy fog that hovers over earth!
And at Home they're making merry 'neath the
white and scarlet berry—

What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is blue and
staring—

As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,
And they bear One o'er the field-path who is past all
hope or caring

To the ghat below the curling wreaths of smoke.

Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a brother
lowly—

Call on Rama—he may hear, perhaps, your
voice!

With our hymn-books and our psalters we ap-
peal to other altars,

And to-day we bid “good Christian men re-
joice”!

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot
above us—

As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.
They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell
us how they love us,

And forget us till another year be gone!

Oh, the toil that knows no breaking! Oh, the
Heimweh, ceaseless, aching!

Oh, the black, dividing Sea and alien Plain!
Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it.

Gold was good—we hoped to hold it,
And to-day we know the fulness of our gain.

Grey dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots fly
together—

As the Sun is sinking slowly over Home;
And his last ray turns to jeer us shackled in a life-
long tether

That drags us back, howe'er so far we roam.

Hard her service, poor her payment—she in
ancient, tattered raiment—

India, she the grim stepmother of our kind.
If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's shrine
we enter,

The door is shut—we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks—the owls begin
their chorus—

As the conches from the temple scream and bray.
With the fruitless years behind us and the hopeless
years before us,

Let us honour, oh, my brothers, Christmas Day!

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA

Call a truce, then, to our labours—let us feast
with friends and neighbours,

And be merry as the custom of our caste;
For, if “faint and forced the laughter,” and if
sadness follow after,

We are richer by one mocking Christmas past.

“NEW LAMPS FOR OLD”

WHEN the flush of the new-born sun fell first on
Eden's green and gold,
A Lying Spirit sat under the 'Tree and sang, "New
Lamps for Old!"
And Adam waked from his mighty sleep, and Eve
was at his side,
And the twain had faith in the song that they heard,
and knew not the Spirit lied.

They plucked a lamp from the Eden-tree (the ancient
legend saith),
And lighted themselves the Path of Toil that runs to
the Gate of Death;
They left the lamp for the joy of their sons, and that
was a glorious gain,
When the Spirit cried, "New Lamps for Old!" in the
ear of the branded Cain.

So he gat fresh hope, and builded a town, and watched
his breed increase,
Till Tubal lighted the Lamp of War from the flickering
Lamp of Peace;

“NEW LAMPS FOR OLD”

And ever they fought with fire and sword and trav-
ailed in hate and fear,
As the Spirit sang, “New Lamps for Old!” at the
change of the changing year.

They sought new lamps in the Morning-red, they
sought new lamps in the West,
Till the waters covered the pitiful land and the heart
of the world had rest—
Had rest with the Rain of the Forty Days, but the
Ark rode safe above,
And the Spirit cried, “New Lamps for Old!” when
Noah loosened the Dove.

And some say now that the Eden-tree had never a
root on earth;
And some say now from an eyeless eft our Father
Adam had birth;
And some say now there was never an Ark and never
a God to save;
And some say now that Man is a God, and some say
Man is a slave;

And some build altars East and West, and some build
North and South;
And some bow down to the Work of the Hand and
some to the Word of the Mouth.
But wheresoever a heart may beat or a hand reach
forth to hold,
The Spirit comes with the coming year, and cries,
“New Lamps for Old!”

“NEW LAMPS FOR OLD”

And the sons of Adam leave their toil who are cursed
with the Curse of Hope,
And hang the profitless past in a noose of the thun-
dering belfry's rope,
And tear the branch from the laurel-bush with feast-
ings manifold,
When the cry goes up to the scornful stars, “New
Lamps! New Lamps for Old!”

Though all the lamps that ever were lit have winked
at the world for years,
The sons of Adam crowd the streets with laughter
and sighs and tears;
For they hold that new, strange lamps shall shine to
guide their feet aright,
And they turn their eyes to the scornful stars and
stretch their arms to the night.

And the Spirit gives them the Lamp of War that
burns at the cannon-lip,
As it blazed on the point of Tubal's blade and the
prow of the battle-ship;
And the Lamp of Love that was Eve's to snatch from
Lilith under the Tree;
And the Lamp of Fame that is old as Strife and dim
as Memory;

And the Lamp of Faith that was won from Job, and
of Shame that was wrung from Cain;
And the Lamp of Youth that was Adam's once, and
the cold blue Lamp of Pain;

“NEW LAMPS FOR OLD”

And last is the terrible Lamp of Hope that every man
must bear,
Lest he find his peace ere the day of his death by the
light of the Lamp Despair.

We know that the Eden Lamp is lost,—if ever were
Eden made,—
And the ink of the Schools in the Lamp of Faith has
sunk a world in the shade;
But ever we look for a light that is new, and ever the
Spirit cries,
“New Lamps for Old!” and we take the lamps, and—
behold, the Spirit lies!

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun;
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Who knows how the work was done.*

A Snider squibbed in the jungle—
Somebody laughed and fled,
And the men of the First Shikaris
Picked up their Subaltern dead,
With a big blue mark in his forehead
And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Jemadar Hira Lal,
Took command of the party,
Twenty rifles in all,
Marched them down to the river
As the day was beginning to fall.

GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD

They buried the boy by the river,
A blanket over his face;
They wept for their dead Lieutenant,
The men of an alien race—
They made a *samád*h in his honour,
A mark for his resting-place.

For they swore by the Holy Water,
They swore by the salt they ate,
That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmitt Sahib
Should go to his God in state,
With fifty file of Burman
To open him Heaven's gate.

The men of the First Shikaris
Marched till the break of day,
Till they came to the rebel village,
The village of Pabengmay—
A jingal covered the clearing,
Calthrops hampered the way.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Bidding them load with ball,
Halted a dozen rifles
Under the village wall—
Sent out a flanking-party
With Jemadar Hira Lal.

GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD

The men of the First Shikaris
Shouted and smote and slew,
Turning the grinning jingal
On to the howling crew!
The Jemadar's flanking-party
Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,
Long was the list of slain—
Fivescore heads were taken,
Fivescore heads and twain;
And the men of the First Shikaris
Went back to their grave again;

Each man bearing a basket
Red as his palms that day,
Red as the blazing village—
The village of Pabengmay.
And the *drip-drip-drip* from the baskets
Reddened the grass by the way.

They made a pile of their trophies
High as a tall man's chin,
Head upon head distorted,
Clinched in a sightless grin,
Anger and pain and terror
Writ on the smoke-scorched skin.

GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD

Subadar Prag Tewarri

Set the head of the Boh
On the top of the mound of triumph,
The head of his son below,
With the sword and the Peacock-banner,
That the world might behold and know.

Thus the *samádh* was perfect,
Thus was the lesson plain
Of the wrath of the First Shikaris—
The price of a white man slain;
And the men of the First Shikaris
Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,
A hush fell over the shore,
And Bohs that were brave departed,
And Sniders squibbed no more;
For the Burmans said that a *kullah's* head
Must be paid for with heads fivescore.

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester
Who weeps for her only son;
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
A grave that the Burmans shun;
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri,
Who tells how the work was done.*

AN OLD SONG

So long as 'neath the Kalka hills
The tonga-horn shall ring,
So long as down the Solon dip
The hard-held ponies swing,
So long as Tara Devi sees
The lights o' Simla town,
So long as Pleasure calls us up
And duty drives us down,
If you love me as I love you
What pair so happy as we two?

So long as Aces take the King,
Or backers take the bet,
So long as debt leads men to wed,
Or marriage leads to debt;
So long as little luncheons, Love,
And scandal hold their vogue,
While there is sport at Annandale
Or whisky at Jutogh,
If you love me as I love you
What knife can cut our love in two?

AN OLD SONG

So long as down the rocking floor
The raving polka spins,
So long as Kitchen Lancers spur
The maddened violins;
So long as through the whirling smoke
We hear the oft-told tale:—

“Twelve hundred in the Lotteries,
And What’s-her-name for sale.”

*If you love me as I love you
We’ll play the game and win it too.*

So long as Lust or Lucre tempt
Straight riders from the course,
So long as with each drink we pour
Black brewage of Remorse;
So long as those unloaded guns
We keep beside the bed
Blow off, by obvious accident,
The lucky owner’s head,

*If you love me as I love you
What can Life kill or Death undo?*

So long as Death ’twixt dance and dance
Chills best the bravest blood
And drops the reckless rider down
The rotten, rain-soaked *khud*;
So long as rumours from the North
Make loving wives afraid,
So long as Burma claims the boy
Or typhoid kills the maid,

*If you love me as I love you
What knife can cut our love in two?*

AN OLD SONG

By all that lights our daily life
Or marks our lifelong woe,
From Boileaugunge to Simla Downs
And those grim glades below,
Where, heedless of the flying hoof
And clamour overhead,
Sleep, with the gay *langur* for guard
Our very scornful Dead,
If you love me as I love you
All Earth is servant to us two!

By Docket, Billet-doux, and File,
By Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,
By Fan and Sword and Office-box,
By Corset, Plume, and Spur;
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War,
By Woman, Work, and Bills,
By all the life that fizzes in
The everlasting Hills,
If you love me as I love you
What pair so happy as we two?

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ

IF It be pleasant to look on, stalled in the packed
serai,

Does not the Young Man try Its temper and pace ere
he buy?

If She be pleasant to look on, what does the Young
Man say?

"Lo! She is pleasant to look on; give Her to me
to-day!"

Yea, though a Kafir die, to him is remitted Jehannum
If he borrowed in life from a native at sixty per cent.
per annum.

Blister we not for *bursati*? So when the heart is
vext,

The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in the
pain of the next.

The temper of chums, the love of your wife, and a
new piano's tune—

Which of the three will you trust at the end of an
Indian June?

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ

Who are the rulers of Ind—to whom shall we bow
the knee?

Make your peace with the women, and men will make
you L.G.

Does the woodpecker flit round the young *ferash*?

Does grass clothe a new-built wall?

Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy in
her thrall?

If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect. Is it all for
thee?

The blackbuck is stalked through the bullock, and
Man through jealousy.

Seek not for favour of women. So shall you find it,
indeed.

Does not the boar break cover just when you're
lighting a weed?

If He play, being young and unskilful, for shekels of
silver and gold,

Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The Kid
was ordained to be sold.

With a "weed" among men or horses verily this is
the best,

That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly—but
give him no rest.

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and carriage,
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible
thorn-bit of Marriage.

As the thriftless gold of the *babul* so is the gold that
we spend
On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbour's wife, or the
horse that we buy from a friend.

The ways of man with a maid be strange, yet simple
and tame
To the ways of a man with a horse, when selling or
racing that same.

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant Her
smile when ye meet.

It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile thus on
the waves at their feet.

In public Her face is averted, with anger She nameth
thy name.

It is well. Was there ever a loser content with the
loss of the game?

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips are
sealed,

And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by whom is
the secret revealed

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ

If She have written a letter, delay not an instant, but
burn it.

Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her mate
shall return it!

If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the
blackest can clear,

Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive to hear!

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly bid
thee give o'er,

Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward—get out! she
has been there before.

They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the nose
who are lacking in lore.

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-slide
is scarred on the course.

Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth for
ever Remorse.

“By all I am misunderstood!” if the Matron shall
say; or the Maid,

“Alas! I do not understand,” my son be thou nowise
afraid.

In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of the
Fowler displayed.

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of thy knees
in my pain,

Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one day or
one hour—refrain.

Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou cravest
another man's chain?

THE MOON OF OTHER DAYS

BENEATH the deep verandah's shade,
When bats begin to fly,
I sit me down and watch—alas!
Another evening die.
Blood-red behind the sere *ferash*
She rises through the haze.
Sainted Diana! can that be
The Moon of Other Days?

Ah! shade of little Kitty Smith,
Sweet Saint of Kensington!
Say, was it ever thus at Home
The Moon of August shone,
When arm in arm we wandered long
Through Putney's evening haze,
And Hammersmith was Heaven beneath
The Moon of Other Days?

But Wandle's stream is Sotlej now,
And Putney's evening haze
The dust that half a hundred kine
Before my window raise.

THE MOON OF OTHER DAYS

Unkempt, unclean, athwart the mist
The seething city looms;
In place of Putney's golden gorse
The sickly *babul* blooms.

Glare down, old Hecate, through the dust
And bid the pie-dog yell;
Draw from the drain its typhoid germ—
From each bazaar its smell;
Yea, suck the fever from the tank
And sap my strength therewith.
Thank Heaven, you show a smiling face
To little Kitty Smith!

THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE

THIS feil when dinner-time was done—
 'Twixt the first an' the second rub—
That oor mon Jock cam' hame again
 To his rooms ahint the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,
 An' syne we thocht him fou,
An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,
 An' garred his partner rue.

Then up and spake an elder mon,
 That held the Spade its Ace:
"God save the lad! Whence comes the licht
 That wimples on his face?"

An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he smiled,
 An' ower the card-brim wunk.
"I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg;
 'May be that I am drunk."

THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE

“There’s whusky brewed in Galashiels,
An’ L.L.L. forbye;
But never liquor lit the low
That keeks fra’ oot your eye.

“There’s a thrid o’ hair on your dress-coat breast,
Aboon the heart a wee?”
“Oh! that is fra’ the long-haired Skye
That slobbers ower me.”

“Oh! lang-haired Skyes are lovin’ beasts,
An’ terrier-dogs are fair,
But never yet was terrier born
Wi’ ell-lang gowden hair!

“There’s a smirch o’ pouter on your breast,
Below the left lapel?”
“Oh! that is fra’ my auld cigar,
Whenas the stump-end fell.”

“Mon Jock, ye smoke the Trichi coarse,
For ye are short o’ cash;
An’ best Havanas couldna leave
Sae white an’ pure an ash.

“This nicht ye stopped a story braid,
An’ stopped it wi’ a curse—
Last nicht ye told that tale yoursel’,
An’ capped it wi’ a worse!

THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE

"Oh! we're no fou! Oh! we're no fou!

But plainly we can ken

Ye're fallin', fallin', fra' the band

O' canty single men!"

An' it fell when *siris*-shaws were sere,

An' the nichts were lang an' m'rk,

In braw new breeks, wi' a gowden ring,

Oor Jockie gaed to the Kirk.

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID

(JUNE 21, 1887)

By the well, where the bullocks go
Silent and blind and slow—
By the field, where the young corn dies
In the face of the staring skies,
They have heard, as the dull Earth hears
The voice of the wind of an hour,
The sound of the Great Queen's voice:
"My God hath given me years,
Hath granted dominion and power:
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice."

And the Ploughman settles the share
More deep in the grudging clod;
For he saith: "The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God.
He sent the Mahratta spear
As He sendeth the rain,
And the *Mlech*, in the fated year,
Broke the spear in twain,
And was broken in turn. Who knows
How our Lords make strife?
It is good that the young wheat grows,
For the bread is Life."

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID

Then, far and near, as the twilight drew,

Hissed up to the scornful dark

Great serpents, blazing, of red and blue,

That rose and faded, and rose anew,

That the Land might wonder and mark.

"To-day is a day of days," they said.

"Make merry, O People all!"

And the Ploughman listened and bowed his head.

"To-day and to-morrow God's Will," he said,

As he trimmed the lamps on the wall.

"He sendeth us years that are good,

As He sendeth the dearth.

He giveth to each man his food,

Or Her food to the Earth.

Our Kings and our Queens are afar—

On their peoples be peace.

God bringeth the Rains to the Bar,

That our cattle increase."

And the Ploughman settled the share

More deep in the sun-dried clod:

"Mogul, Mahratta, and *Mlech* from the North,

And White Queen over the Seas—

God raiseth them up and driveth them forth

As the dust of the ploughshare flies in the breeze;

But the wheat and the cattle are all my care,

And the rest is the will of God."

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE

"To-tschin-shu is condemned to death. How can he drink tea with the Executioner?"—JAPANESE PROVERB.

THE eldest son bestrides him,
And the pretty daughter rides him,
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course;
And there wakens in my bosom
An emotion chill and gruesome
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,
But a hideously suggestive
Trot, professional and placid, he affects;
And the cadence of his hoof-beats
To my mind this grim reproof beats:
"Mend your pace, my friend. I'm coming. Who's
the next?"

Ah! stud-bred of ill-omen,
I have watched the strongest go—men
Of pith and might and muscle—at your heels,
Down the plantain-bordered highway
(Heaven send it ne'er be my way!),
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE

Answer, sombre beast and dreary,
Where is Brown, the young, the cheery?
Smith, the pride of all his friends and half the Force?
You were at that last dread *dak*
We must cover at a walk;
Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse!

With your mane unhogged and flowing,
And your curious way of going,
And that businesslike black crimping of your tail,
E'en with Beauty on your back, sir,
Pacing as a lady's hack, sir,
What wonder when I meet you I turn pale?

It may be you wait your time, Beast,
Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast,
Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the glass,—
Follow after with the others,
Where some dusky heathen smothers
Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,
I shall watch your plump sides hollow,
See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse—
See old age at last o'erpower you,
And the Station Pack devour you;
I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse!

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE

But to insult, gibe, and quest, I've
Still the hideously suggestive
Trot that hammers out the unrelenting text,
And I hear it hard behind me
In what place soe'er I find me:
"Sure to catch you sooner or later. Who's the
next?"

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS

LORD DUFFERIN TO LORD LANSDOWNE

So here's your Empire. No more wine, then?
Good.

We'll clear the Aides and *khitmutgars* away.
(You'll know that fat old fellow with the knife—
He keeps the Name-Book, talks in English, too,
And almost thinks himself the Government.)
O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you're so
young.

Forty from sixty—twenty years of work
And power to back the working. *Ay de mi!*
You want to know, you want to see, to touch
And, by your lights, to act? It's natural.
I wonder can I help you. Let me try.
You saw—what did you see from Bombay east?
Enough to frighten any one but me?
Neat, that—it frightened Me in Eighty-Four!
You shouldn't take a man from Canada
And bid him smoke in powder-magazines;
Nor with a Reputation such as . . . Bah!
That ghost has haunted me for twenty years,

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS

My Reputation now full-blown—Your fault—
Yours, with your stories of the strife at Home,
Who's up, who's down, who leads and who is led—
One reads so much, one hears so little here.
Well, now's your turn of exile. I go back
To Rome and leisure. All roads lead to Rome;
Or books—the refuge of the destitute.

When you . . . that brings me back to India. See!

Start clear. *I* couldn't. Egypt served my turn.
You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
And if you did it isn't worth the toil.
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply
By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East,
And you're as wise as ever. So am I.

Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike
At venture, stumble forward, make your mark,
(It's chalk on granite), then thank God no flame
Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and man.
I'm clear—my mark is made. Three months of
drouth

Had ruined much. It rained and washed away
The specks that might have gathered on my Name.
I took a country twice the size of France,
And shuttered up one doorway in the North.
I stand by those. You'll find that both will pay.
I staked my Name on both—they're yours to-night.
Hold to them—they hold fame enough for two.
I'm old, but I shall live till Burma pays.
Men there —*not* German traders—Cr-sthw-te
knows—

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS

You'll find it in my papers. For the North,
Guns always—quietly—but always guns.
You've seen your Council? Yes, they'll try to rule,
And prize their Reputations. Have you met
A grim lay-reader with a taste for coins,
And faith in Sin most men withhold from God?
He's gone to England. R-p-n knew his grip
And kicked. A Council always has its H-pes.
They look for nothing from the West but Death
Or Bath or Bournemouth. Here's their ground.

They fight

Until the Middle Classes take them back,
One of ten millions plus a C.S.I.,
Or drop in harness. Legion of the Lost?
Not altogether—earnest, narrow men,
But chiefly earnest, and they'll do your work,
And end by writing letters to the "Times."
(Shall *I* write letters, answering H-nt-r—fawn
With R-p-n on the Yorkshire grocers? Ugh!)
They have their Reputations. Look to one—
I work with him—the smallest of them all,
White-haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging horse
Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,
And dreams of tilting W-ls-y from the throne,
But while he dreams gives work we cannot buy;
He has his Reputation—wants the Lords
By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime, I think,
He values very much the hand that falls
Upon his shoulder at the Council table—
Hates cats and knows his business: *which is yours.*

Your business? Twice a hundred million souls.

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS

Your business? I could tell you what I did
Some nights of Eighty-Five, at Simla, worth
A Kingdom's ransom. When a big ship drives
God knows to what new reef, the man at the wheel
Prays with the passengers. They lose their lives,
Or rescued go their way; but he's no man
To take his trick at the wheel again. That's worse
Than drowning. Well, a galled Mashobra mule
(You'll see Mashobra) passed me on the Mall,
And I was—some fool's wife had ducked and bowed
To show the others I would stop and speak.
Then the mule fell—three galls, a hand-breadth each,
Behind the withers. Mrs. What's-his-name
Leers at the mule and me by turns, thweet thoul!
"How could they make him carry such a load!"
I saw—it isn't often I dream dreams—
More than the mule that minute—smoke and flame
From Simla to the haze below. That's weak?
You're younger? You'll dream dreams before you've
done.
You've youth, that's one—good workmen—that
means two
Fair chances in your favour. Fate's the third.
I know what *I* did. Do you ask me, "Preach?"
I answer by my past or else go back
To platitudes of rule—or take you thus
In confidence and say: "You know the trick:
You've governed Canada. You know. *You* know!"
And all the while commend you to Fate's hand
(Here at the top one loses sight o' God),
Commend you, then, to something more than you—

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS

The Other People's blunders and . . . that's all.
I'd agonise to serve you if I could.

It's incommunicable, like the cast

That drops the tackle with the gut adry.

Too much—too little—there's your salmon lost!

And so I tell you nothing—wish you luck,

And wonder—how I wonder!—for your sake,

And triumph for my own. You're young, you're
young;

You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.

I'm old. I followed Power to the last,

Gave her my best, and Power followed Me.

It's worth it—on my soul I'm speaking plain,

Here by the claret-glasses!—worth it all.

I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.

I *know* I win. Mine's work, good work that lives!

A country twice the size of France—the North

Safeguarded. That's my record: sink the rest

And better if you can. The Rains may serve,

Rupees may rise—threepence will give you Fame—

It's rash to hope for sixpence. If they rise

Get guns, more guns, and lift the salt-tax.

Oh!

I told you what the Congress meant or thought?

I'll answer nothing. Half a year will prove

The full extent of time and thought you'll spare

To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor *once*

How little Begums see the light—deduce

Thence how the True Reformer's child is born.

It's interesting, curious . . . and vile.

I told the Turk he was a gentleman.

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS

I told the Russian that his Tartar veins
Bled pure Parisian ichor, and he purred.
Our Congress doesn't purr. I think it swears.
You're young—you'll swear too ere you've reached
the end.

The End! God help you, if there be a God.
(There must be one to startle Gl-dst-ne's soul
In that new land where all the wires are cut,
And Cr-ss snores anthems on the asphodel.)
God help you! And I'd help you if I could,
But that's beyond me. Yes, your speech was crude.
Sound claret after olives—yours and mine;
But Medoc slips into *vin ordinaire*
(I'll drink my first at Genoa to your health).
Raise it to Hock. You'll never catch my style.
And, after all, the middle-classes grip
The middle-class—for Brompton talk Earl's Court.
Perhaps you're right. I'll see you in the "Times"—
A quarter-column of eye-searing print,
A leader once a quarter—then a war;
The Strand a-bellow through the fog:—"Defeat!"
"'Orrible slaughter!" While you lie awake
And wonder. Oh, you'll wonder ere you're free!
I wonder now. The four years slide away
So fast, so fast, and leave me here alone.
R—y C—l—vn, L—l, R—b—rts, B—ck, the rest,
Princes and Powers of Darkness, troops and trains,
(I *cannot* sleep in trains), land piled on land,
Whitewash and weariness, red rockets, dust,
White snows that mocked me, palaces—with draughts,
And W—stl—nd with the drafts he couldn't pay,

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS

Poor W-ls-n reading his obituary
Before he died, and H-pe, the man with bones,
And A-tch-s-n a dripping mackintosh
At Council in the Rains, his grating "Sirrr"
Half drowned by H-nt-r's silky: "Bát, my lahd"—
Hunterian always; M-rsh-l spinning plates
Or standing on his head; the Rent Bill's roar,
A hundred thousand speeches, much red cloth,
And Smiths thrice happy if I call them Jones
(I can't remember half their names), or reined
My pony on the Mall to greet their wives.
More trains, more troops, more dust, and then all's
done.

Four years, and I forget! If I forget
How shall *they* bear me in their minds? The North
Safeguarded—nearly (R-b-rts knows the rest),
A country twice the size of France annexed.
That stays at least. The rest may pass—may pass—
Your heritage—and I can teach you naught.
"High trust," "vast honour," "interests twice as
vast,"
"Due reverence to your Council"—keep to those.
I envy you the twenty years you've gained,
But not the five to follow. What's that? One?
Two?—Surely not so late. Good night. *Don't*
dream.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE

OH, gallant was our galley, from her carven steering-wheel
To her figurehead of silver and her beak of hammered steel;
The leg-bar chafed the ankle and we gasped for cooler air,
But no galley on the water with our galley could compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts were stepped in gold—
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the hold;
The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark swam below,
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we made that galley go.

'Twas merry in the galley, for we revelled now and then—
If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought and loved like men!
As we snatched her through the water, so we snatched a minute's bliss,
And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the lovers' kiss.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE

Our women and our children toiled beside us in the
dark—

They died, we filed their fetters, and we hove them
to the shark—

We hove them to the fishes, but so fast the galley
sped

We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn
our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-bit
gang were we—

The servants of the sweep-head, but the masters of
the sea!

By the hands that drove her forward as she plunged
and yawed and sheered,

Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there anything
we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it and a wilder
never blew;

Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the galley
struggle through.

Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness, Sorrow,
Parting, Death?

Nay, our very babes would mock you had they time
for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley and another takes my
place;

There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it stand a
little space.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE

I am free—to watch my messmates beating out to
open main—

Free of all that Life can offer, save to handle sweep
again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of cling-
ing steel;

By the welt the whips have left me, by the scars that
never heal;

By eyes grown old with staring through the sun-wash
on the brine,

I am paid in full for service—would that service still
were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe the
years bring forth,

Of our galley swamped and shattered in the rollers of
the North,

When the niggers break the hatches and the decks
are gay with gore,

And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on
the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun, or
rocket-flare,

When the cry for help goes seaward, she will find her
servants there.

Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts of
years gone by—

To the bench that broke their manhood they shall
lash themselves and die.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, deserted,
shipped away—

Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale that
day

When the skies are black above them, and the decks
ablaze beneath,

And the top-men clear the raffle with their clasp-
knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to
row once more—

Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile
his oar.

But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her ser-
vice, then?

God be thanked—whate'er comes after—I have
lived and toiled with Men!

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

WHERE the sober-coloured cultivator smiles
 On his *byles* ;
Where the cholera, the cyclone, and the crow
 Come and go ;
Where the merchant deals in indigo and tea,
 Hides and *ghi* ;
Where the Babu drops inflammatory hints
 In his prints ;
Stands a City—Charnock chose it—packed away
 Near a Bay—
By the sewage rendered fetid, by the sewer
 Made impure,
By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by the swamp
 Moist and damp ;
And the City and the Viceroy, as we see,
 Don't agree.

Once, two hundred years ago, the trader came,
 Meek and tame.
Where his timid foot first halted, there he stayed
 Till mere trade
Grew to Empire, and he sent his armies forth
 South and North,

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Till the country from Peshawur to Ceylon

Was his own.

Thus the midday halt of Charnock—more's the pity!—

Grew a City.

As the fungus sprouts chaotic from its bed,

So it spread—

Chance-directed, chance-erected, laid and built

On the silt—

Palace, byre, hovel—poverty and pride—

Side by side;

And, above the packed and pestilential town,

Death looked down.

But the Rulers in that City by the Sea

Turned to flee—

Fled with each returning Springtide from its ills

To the Hills.

From the clammy fogs of morning, from the blaze

Of the days,

From the sickness of the noontide, from the heat,

Beat retreat;

For the country from Peshawur to Ceylon

Was their own.

But the Merchant risked the perils of the Plain

For his gain.

Now the resting-place of Charnock, 'neath the palms,

Asks an alms,

And the burden of its lamentation is

Briefly this:

“Because, for certain months, we boil and stew,

So should you

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Cast the Viceroy and his Council to perspire
In our fire!"

And for answer to the argument, in vain
We explain

That an amateur St. Lawrence cannot cry :
" *All* must fry!"

That the Merchant risks the perils of the Plain
For his gain.

Nor can Rulers rule a house that men grow rich in
From its kitchen.

Let the Babu drop inflammatory hints
In his prints,

And mature—consistent soul—his plan for stealing
To Darjeeling ;

Let the Merchant seek, who makes his silver pile,
England's isle ;

Let the City Charnock pitched on—evil day!—
Go Her way.

Though the argosies of Asia at Her doors
Heap their stores,

Though Her enterprise and energy secure
Income sure,

Though " out-station orders punctually obeyed "
Swell Her trade—

Still, for rule, administration, and the rest
Simla's best.

IN SPRINGTIME

My garden blazes brightly with the rose-bush and the
peach,

And the *köil* sings above it, in the *siris* by the well;
From the creeper-covered trellis comes the squirrel's
chattering speech,

And the blue jay screams and flutters where the
cheery *sat-bhai* dwell.

But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the *köil's* note
is strange;

I am sick-of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-
burdened bough.

Give me back the leafless woodlands where the
winds of Springtime range—

Give me back one day in England, for it's Spring
in England now!

Through the pines the gusts are booming, o'er the
brown fields blowing chill,

From the furrow of the ploughshare steams the
fragrance of the loam,

And the hawk nests in the cliff-side and the jackdaw
on the hill,

And my heart is back in England 'mid the sights
and sounds of Home.

IN SPRINGTIME

But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth of rose and
peach is;

Ah! *köil*, little *köil*, singing on the *siris*-bough,
In my ears the knell of exile your ceaseless bell-like
speech is—

Can *you* tell me aught of England or of Spring in
England now?

GIFFEN'S DEBT

Imprimis, he was "broke." Thereafter left
His regiment and, later, took to drink;
Then, having lost the balance of his friends,
"Went Fántee"—joined the people of the land,
Turned three parts Mussulman and one Hindu,
And lived among the Gauri villagers,
Who gave him shelter and a wife or twain,
And boasted that a thorough, full-blood *sahib*
Had come among them. Thus he spent his time,
Deeply indebted to the village *shroff*
(Who never asked for payment), always drunk,
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels,
Forgetting that he was an Englishman.

You know they dammed the Gauri with a dam,
And all the good contractors scamped their work,
And all the bad material at hand
Was used to dam the Gauri—which was cheap,
And, therefore, proper. Then the Gauri burst,
And several hundred thousand cubic tons
Of water dropped into the valley, *flop*,
And drowned some five-and-twenty villagers,
And did a lakh or two of detriment

GIFFEN'S DEBT

To crops and cattle. When the flood went down
We found him dead, beneath an old dead horse,
Full six miles down the valley. So we said
He was a victim to the Demon Drink,
And moralised upon him for a week,
And then forgot him. Which was natural.

But, in the valley of the Gauri, men
Beneath the shadow of the big new dam
Relate a foolish legend of the flood,
Accounting for the little loss of life
(Only those five-and-twenty villagers)
In this wise: On the evening of the flood,
They heard the groaning of the rotten dam,
And voices of the Mountain Devils. Then
An incarnation of the local God,
Mounted upon a monster-neighing horse,
And flourishing a flail-like whip, came down,
Breathing ambrosia, to the villages;
And fell upon the simple villagers
With yells beyond the power of mortal throat
And blows beyond the power of mortal hand,
And smote them with the flail-like whip, and drove
Them clamorous with terror up the hill,
And scattered, with the monster-neighing steed,
Their crazy cottages about their ears;
And generally cleared those villages.
Then came the water, and the local God,
Breathing ambrosia, flourishing his whip,
And mounted on his monster-neighing steed,
Went down the valley with the flying trees

GIFFEN'S DEBT

And residue of homesteads, while they watched
Safe on the mountain-side these wondrous things,
And knew that they were much beloved of Heaven.

Wherefore, and when the dam was newly built,
They raised a temple to the local God,
And burnt all manner of unsavoury things
Upon his altar, and created priests;
And blew into a conch and banged a bell,
And told the story of the Gauri flood
With circumstance and much embroidery.

So he, the whiskified Objectionable,
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels,
Became the tutelary Deity
Of all the Gauri valley villages—
And may in time become a Solar Myth!

TWO MONTHS

JUNE

No hope, no change! The clouds have shut us in,
And through the cloud the sullen Sun strikes down
Full on the bosom of the tortured Town;
Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin
That will not suffer sleep or thought of ease,
And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon in spite
Glares through the haze and mocks with watery
light
The torment of the uncomplaining trees.

Far off, the Thunder bellows her despair
To echoing Earth thrice-parched. The lightnings fly
In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds afford,
But wearier weight of burdened, burning air.
What truce with Dawn? Look, from the aching sky
Day stalks, a tyrant with a flaming sword!

TWO MONTHS

SEPTEMBER

AT dawn there was a murmur in the trees,
A ripple on the tank, and in the air
Presage of coming coolness—everywhere
A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.
Up leaped the Sun and smote the dust to gold,
And strove to parch anew the heedless land,
All impotently, as a King grown old
Wars for the Empire crumbling 'neath his hand.

One after one, the lotos-petals fell,
Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year
In mutiny against a furious sky;
And far-off Winter whispered: "It is well!
Hot Summer dies. Behold, your help is near,
For when men's need is sorest, then come I."

L'ENVOI

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

THE smoke upon your Altar dies,
The flowers decay;
The Goddess of your sacrifice
Has flown away.
What profit, then, to sing or slay
The sacrifice from day to day?

"We know the Shrine is void," they said,
"The Goddess flown;
Yet wreaths are on the altar laid—
The Altar-Stone
Is black with fume of sacrifice,
Albeit She has fled our eyes.

"For, it may be, if still we sing
And tend the Shrine,
Some Deity on wandering wing
May there incline,
And, finding all in order meet,
Stay while we worship at Her feet."

VERSES—1889—1896



**BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS
AND OTHER VERSES**

1889-1891

TO

WOLCOTT BALESTIER

Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness
hurled —

Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled —
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made
our world.

They are purged of pride because they died, they know the
worth of their bays,

They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the Gods of the
Elder Days,

It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise.

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's
outposts are,

Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes
out to war,

Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-maned
star.

They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth — they dare not
grieve for her pain —

They know of toil and the end of toil, they know God's law
is plain,

So they whistle the Devil to make them sport who know that
Sin is vain.

And ofttimes cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,
And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens newly made;
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid.

To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust
and Shame —

Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped to
Fame,

Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit
came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of
Earth —

E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high
And made him place at the banquet board — the Strong Men
ranged thereby,

Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear
to die.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness
hurled,

Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served His
world.

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

To T. A.

*I have made for you a song,
And it may be right or wrong,
But only you can tell me if it's true;
I have tried for to explain
Both your pleasure and your pain,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!*

*O there'll surely come a day
When they'll give you all your pay,
And treat you as a Christian ought to do;
So, until that day comes round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!*

R. K.

DANNY DEEVER

"WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can
hear the Dead March play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're
hangin' him to-day;
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his
stripes away,
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold," the Colour-Sergeant said.

DANNY DEEVER

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said
Files-on-Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun," the Colour-Sergeant
said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are
marchin' of 'im round,

They 'ave 'altered Danny Deever by 'is coffin on
the ground;

An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin'
shootin' hound—

O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said Files-on-
Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Colour-Ser-
geant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said Files-on-
Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Colour-Sergeant
said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must
mark 'im to 'is place,

For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you must
look 'im in the face;

Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's
disgrace,

While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the
mornin'.

DANNY DEEVER

"What's that so black agin' the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now," the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can
'ear the quickstep play,

The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin'
us away;

Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll
want their beer to-day,

After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

TOMMY

I WENT into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
The publican'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit
to die,

I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:

O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy,
go away";

But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the
band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the band be-
gins to play,

O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the
band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me
in the stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tom-
my, wait outside";

But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the
trooper's on the tide,

TOMMY

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troop-
ship's on the tide,
O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the
trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while
you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation
cheap;
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large
a bit
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.
Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tom-
my, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums
begin to roll,
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums be-
gin to roll,
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums
begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no black-
guards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster
saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an'
"Tommy, fall be'ind,"
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when
there's trouble in the wind,

TOMMY

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's
trouble in the wind,
O it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when
there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires,
an' all:

We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to
our face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck
him out, the brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns
begin to shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' any-
thing you please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that
Tommy sees!

“FUZZY-WUZZY”

(SOUDAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE)

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,
'E cut our sentries up at *Suakim*,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in
the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class
fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it
signed
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever
you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Khyber 'ills,
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,
An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style:

“FUZZY-WUZZY”

But all we ever got from such as they
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.
Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis
and the kid;
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we
went an' did.
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly
fair;
But for all the odds agin' you. Fuzzy-Wuz, you
broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends
which are no more,
If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp
you to deplore;
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the
bargain fair,
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled
up the square!

“FUZZY-WUZZY”

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantee!
So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in
the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class
fightin' man;
An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your
'ayrick 'ead of 'air—
You big black boundin' beggar—for you broke
a British square!

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

"SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,
Why don't you march with my true love?"
"We're fresh from off the ship an' 'e's maybe give
the slip,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."
New love! True love!
Best go look for a new love,
The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better dry
your eyes,
An' you'd best go look for a new love.

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
What did you see o' my true love?"
"I seed 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle-green,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did ye see no more o' my true love?"
"I seed 'im runnin' by when the shots begun to fly—
But you'd best go look for a new love."

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Did aught take 'arm to my true love?"

"I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay so white—
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I'll up an'-tend to my true love!"

"'E's lying on the dead with a bullet through 'is 'ead,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
I'll down an' die with my true love!"

"The pit we dug'll 'ide 'im an' the twenty men beside
'im—
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
Do you bring no sign from my true love?"

"I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to wear,
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,
O then I know it's true I've lost my true love!"

"An' I tell you truth again—when you've lost the
feel o' pain

You'd best take me for your true love."

True love! New love!

Best take 'im for a new love,

The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better dry
your eyes,

An' you'd best take 'im for your true love.

SCREW-GUNS

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the
mornin' cool,
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule,
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a beggar
forgets
It's only the pick of the Army that handles the dear
little pets—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-guns
they all love you!
So when we call round with a few guns, o' course
you will know what to do—hoo! hoo!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's worse
if you fights or you runs:
You can go where you please, you can skid up
the trees, but you don't get away from the guns!

They sends us along where the roads are, but mostly
we goes where they ain't:
We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust to
the stick o' the paint:

SCREW-GUNS

We've chivied the Naga an' Looshai, we've give the
Afreedeeman fits,
For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we guns
that are built in two bits—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an' teaches
'im 'ow to behave;
If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an' rattles
'im into 'is grave.
You've got to stand up to our business an' spring
without snatchin' or fuss.
D'you say that you sweat with the field-guns? By
God, you must lather with us—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-moanin'
below,
We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub, we're out
on the rocks an' the snow,
An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries
away to the plains
The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the jinglety-
jink o' the chains—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin', an' a
wheel on the edge o' the Pit,
An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as a
beggar can spit:

SCREW-GUNS

With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves, an'
the sun off the snow in your face,
An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold the old
gun in 'er place—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin'
cool,
I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old
brown mule.
The monkey can say what our road was—the wild-
goat 'e knows where we passed.
Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out drag-
ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast—'Tss! 'Tss!
For you all love the screw-guns—the screw-guns
they all love you!
So when we take tea with a few guns, o' course
you will know what to do—hoo! hoo!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it's worse
if you fights or you runs:
You may hide in the caves, they'll be only your
graves, but you can't get away from the guns!

CELLS

I'VE a head like a concertina: I've a tongue like a
button-stick:

I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than
a little sick,

But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard: I've
made the cinders fly,

And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink and
blackening the Corporal's eye.

With a second-hand overcoat under my head,
And a beautiful view of the yard,

O it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For "drunk and resisting the Guard!"

Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—

'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!

So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

For "drunk and resisting the Guard."

I started o' canteen porter, I finished o' canteen beer,
But a dose o' gin that a mate slipped in, it was that
that brought me here.

CELLS

'Twas that and an extry double Guard that rubbed
my nose in the dirt;
But I fell away with the Corp'ral's stock and the best
of the Corp'ral's shirt.

I left my cap in a public-house, my boots in the
public road,
And Lord knows where, and I don't care, my belt
and my tunic goed;
They'll stop my pay, they'll cut away the stripes I
used to wear,
But I left my mark on the Corp'ral's face, and I think
he'll keep it there!

My wife she cries on the barrack-gate, my kid in the
barrack-yard,
It ain't that I mind the Ord'ly room—it's *that* that
cuts so hard.
I'll take my oath before them both that I will sure
abstain,
But as soon as I'm in with a mate and gin, I know
I'll do it again!

With a second-hand overcoat under my head,
And a beautiful view of the yard,
Yes, it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For "drunk and resisting the Guard!"
Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—
'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!
So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For "drunk and resisting the Guard."

GUNGA DIN

YOU may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it:
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.
 He was "Din! Din! Din!"
You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
 Hi! slippery *hitherao*!
 Water, get it! *Panee lao*!¹
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,

¹ Bring water swiftly.

GUNGA DIN

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows
crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"¹
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some *juldee*² in it
Or I'll *marrow*³ you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is mussick⁴ on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

¹ Mr. Atkins's equivalent for "O brother."

² Be quick.

³ Hit you.

⁴ Water-skin.

GUNGA DIN

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-files shout,
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e's kickin' all around:
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died,
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.

GUNGA DIN

So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!

Yes, Din! Din! Din!

You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!

Though I've belted you and flayed you,

By the livin' Gawd that made you,

You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

OONTS

(NORTHERN INDIA TRANSPORT TRAIN)

WOT makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im
to perspire?

It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to fire;
But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat load.

O the oont,¹ O the oont, O the commissariat oont!

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket full
o' snakes;

We packs 'im like an idol, an' you ought to 'ear
'im grunt,

An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is blessed
girth-rope breaks.

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when night
is drorin' in,

An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin?

It ain't the chanst o' being rushed by Paythans from
the 'ills,

It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is bloomin' frills!

¹ Camel:—oo is pronounced like u in "bull," but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with "front."

OONTS

O the oont, O the oont, O the hairy scary oont!
A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've got
the night alarm!

We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an' 'eads 'im
off in front,
An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life 'e
chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a
fool,

The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a
mule;

But the commissariat camu-el, when all is said an'
done,

'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.

O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-forsaken
oont!

The lumpy-'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin'
where 'e lies,

'E's blocked the whole division from the rear-
guard to the front,

An' when we get him up again—the beggar
goes an' dies!

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight—'e smells most
awful vile;

'E'll lose 'isself for ever if you let 'im stray a mile;

'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the 'ole
night through,

An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits 'isself
in two.

OONTS

O the oont, O the oont, O the floppin', droppin'
oont!

When 'is long legs give from under an' 'is
meltin' eye is dim,

The tribes is up be'ind us, and the tribes is out
in front—

It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites an'
crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done, an' when the roads
is blind,

An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the shots
be'ind,

Ho! then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes is
past:

'E thinks on us that used 'im so, and gets revenge at
last.

O the oont, O the oont, O the floatin', bloatin'
oont!

The late lamented camel in the water-cut 'e
lies;

We keeps a mile be'ind 'im an' we keeps a mile
in front,

But 'e gets into the drinkin'-casks, and then
o' course we dies.

LOOT

IF you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the
keeper's back,
If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin'
'aversack,
You will understand this little song o' mine.
But the service rules are 'ard, an' from such we are
debarred,
For the same with English morals does not suit.
(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)

W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is marchin'
clobber
With the—
(*Chorus*) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo! Loot!
loot! loot!
Ow the loot!
Bloomin' loot!
That's the thing to make the boys git up
an' shoot!
It's the same with dogs an' men,
If you'd make 'em come again
Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu!
Loot!
(*ff*) Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo!
Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

LOOT

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's
thrustin' for your life,
You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell;
An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you didn't
feel 'is knife
That you ain't told off to bury 'im as well.
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they spade the
beggars under
Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;
So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain an' clear
'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime.
(*Chorus*) With the loot, . . .

Now remember when you're 'acking round a gilded
Burma god
That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;
An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-rod
'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.
When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some water
on the floor
Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot
(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)—
When the ground begins to sink, shove your baynick
down the chink,
An' you're sure to touch the—
(*Chorus*) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!
Ow the loot! . . .

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'unting, you must
always work in pairs—
It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find—

LOOT

For a single man gets bottled on them twisty-wisty stairs,
An' a woman comes and clob's 'im from be'ind.
When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems
beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute

(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)—

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ousetops take a look,
For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.

(*Chorus*) Ow the loot! . . .

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quartermaster
too,

If you only take the proper way to go;
I could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned you
all I knew—

An' don't you never say I told you so.
An' now I'll bid good-bye, for I'm gettin' rather dry,
An' I see another tunin' up to toot

(*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)—

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the Widow's
clo'es,

An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot!

(*Chorus*) Yes, the loot,

Bloomin' loot!

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

(*fff*) Whoop 'em forward with a Loo! loo!

Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo!

Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

“ SNARLEYOW ”

THIS 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the corps
Which is first among the women an' amazin' first in
war ;

An' what the bloomin' battle was I don't remember
now,

But Two's off-lead 'e answered to the name o' *Snarle-*
yow.

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares ;
Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears ;
But down in the lead with the wheel at the flog
Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped
dog !

They was movin' into action, they was needed very
sore, :

To learn a little schoolin' to a native army corps,
They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was tuckin'
down the brow,

When a tricky, trundlin' roundshot give the knock to
Snarleyow.

“SNARLEYOW”

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im—'e was almost tore in two—

But he tried to follow after as a well-trained 'orse should do;

'E went an' fouled the limber, an' the Driver's Brother squeals:

“Pull up, pull up for *Snarleyow*—'is head's between 'is 'eels!”

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels was goin' round,

An' there ain't no “Stop, conductor!” when a batt'ry's changin' ground;

Sez 'e: “I broke the beggar in, an' very sad I feels, But I couldn't pull up, not for *you*—your 'ead between your 'eels!”

'E 'adn't 'ardly spoke the word, before a droppin' shell A little right the batt'ry an' between the sections fell;
An' when the smoke 'ad cleared away, before the limber wheels,

There lay the Driver's Brother with 'is 'ead between 'is 'eels.

Then sez the Driver's Brother, an' 'is words was very plain,

“For Gawd's own sake get over me, an' put me out o' pain.”

They saw 'is wounds was mortal, an' they judged that it was best,

So they took an' drove the limber straight across 'is back an' chest.

“SNARLEYOW”

The Driver 'e give nothin' 'cept a little coughin' grunt,
But 'e swung 'is 'orses 'andsome when it came to
“ Action Front!”

An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your Mon-
day head

'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case begun to
spread.

The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen:
You 'avn't got no families when servin' of the
Queen—

You 'avn't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives, or
sons—

If you want to win your battles take an' work your
bloomin' guns!

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;

Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;

But down in the lead with the wheel at the flog

Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped
dog!

THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR

'AVE you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.
(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,
There's 'er mark on the medical stores—
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind
That takes us to various wars.
(Poor beggars!—barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,
An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,
The men an' the 'orses what makes up the forces
O' Missis Victorier's sons.
(Poor beggars! Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns:
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the
flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR

Hands off o' the sons o' the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors
frown
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop"!
(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say "Stop"!)
Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,
From the Pole to the Tropics it runs—
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank an' the
file,
An' open in form with the guns.
(Poor beggars!—it's always they guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,
It's safest to let 'er alone:
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land
Wherever the bugles are blown.
(Poor beggars!—an' don't we get blown!)

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're dead;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.
(Poor beggars!—it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,
Wherever, 'owever they roam.
'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require
A speedy return to their 'ome.
(Poor beggars!—they'll never see 'ome!)

BELTS

THERE was a row in Silver Street that's near to Dub-
lin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree;
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark:
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last forninst
the Park.

For it was:—"Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one
for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for
you!"

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments was
out,

They called us "Delhi Rebels," an' we answered
"Threes about!"

That drew them like a hornet's nest—we met them
good an' large,

The English at the double an' the Irish at the charge.

Then it was:—"Belts . . .

BELTS

There was a row in Silver Street—an' I was in it too;
We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts went
whirraru!

I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the
storm

A *Freeman's Journal Supplement* was all my uniform.
O it was:—"Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent the Polis
there,

The English were too drunk to know, the Irish didn't
care;

But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous
rose,

Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was tatthered
cio'es.

For it was:—"Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha' raged
till now,

But some one drew his side-arm clear, an' nobody
knew how;

'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we saw the
red blood run:

An' so we all was murderers that started out in fun.

While it was:—"Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—but that put down
the shine,

Wid each man whisperin' to his next: "'Twas never
work o' mine!"

BELTS

We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the street
we bore him,

The poor dumb corpse that couldn't tell the bhoys
were sorry for him.

When it was:—"Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street—it isn't over yet,
For half of us are under guard wid punishments to
get;

'Tis all a merricle to me as in the Clink I lie:

There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I wonder
why!

But it was:—"Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one
for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for
you!"

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park!

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

WHEN the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East
'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased
Ere 'e's fit for to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,
So-oldier *of* the Queen!

Now all you recruities what's drafted to-day,
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:

A soldier what's fit for a soldier.

Fit, fit, fit for a soldier . . .

First mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers' huts,
For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out your
guts—

Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your butts—

An' it's bad for the young British soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier . . .

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

When the cholera comes—as it will past a doubt—
Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,
For the sickness gets in as the liquor dies out,
An' it crumples the young British soldier.
Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier . . .

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead:
You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is said:
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e'll knock you down dead,
An' you'll die like a fool of a soldier.
Fool, fool, fool of a soldier . . .

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor blind;
Be handy and civil; and then you will find
That it's beer for the young British soldier.
Beer, beer, beer for the soldier . . .

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old—
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm told,
For beauty won't help if your rations is cold,
Nor love ain't enough for a soldier.
'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier . . .

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loath
To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing, on my
oath!—
Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er: that's Hell for them
both,
An' you're shut o' the curse of a soldier.
Curse, curse, curse of a soldier . . .

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

When first under fire an' you're wishful to duck,
Don't look nor take 'eed at the man that is struck,
Be thankful you're livin', and trust to your luck
And march to your front like a soldier.
Front, front, front like a soldier . . .

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch;
She's human as you are—you treat her as sich,
An' she'll fight for the young British soldier.
Fight, fight, fight for the soldier . . .

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine,
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line,
Shoot low at the limbers an' don't mind the shine,
For noise never startles the soldier.
Start-, start-, startles the soldier . . .

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look white,
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight:
So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,
And wait for supports like a soldier.
Wait, wait, wait like a soldier . . .

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.
Go, go, go like a soldier,
Go, go, go like a soldier,
Go, go, go like a soldier,
So-oldier *of* the Queen!

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the
sea,

There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks
o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-
bells they say:

"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back
to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay:

Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Ran-
goon to Mandalay?

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin'-fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China
'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,

An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as

Theebaw's Queen,

An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white
cheroot,

An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:

MANDALAY

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
Wot they called the Great Gawd Buda—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissea 'er
 where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was
 droppin' slow,
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-lo-lo!*"
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin'
 my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.
 Elephints a-pilin' teak
 In the sludgy, squaldy creek,
 Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf
 afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur
 away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to
 Mandalay;
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year
 soldier tells:
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never
 'eed naught else."
 No! you won't 'eed nothin' else
 But them spicy garlic smells,
 An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly
 temple-bells;
On the road to Mandalay . . .

MANDALAY

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-
stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in
my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to
the Strand,
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they under-
stand?
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—
'Law! wot do they understand?
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener
land!
On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is
like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a
man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I
would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old Flotilla lay,
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went
to Mandalay!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China
'crost the Bay!

TROOPIN'

(OUR ARMY IN THE EAST)

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea:
'Ere's September come again—the six-year men are
free.

O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come
away

To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome
to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is at the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Ann,

For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

The *Malabar's* in 'arbour with the *Junner* at 'er tail,
An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to sail.
Ho! the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay,
But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome
to-day.

TROOPIN'

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold an'
wet an' rain,

All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not com-
plain ;

They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their little
way—

But damn the chills and fever, men, we're goin' 'ome
to-day!

Troopin', troopin', winter's round again!

See the new draf's pourin' in for the old campaign ;

Ho, you poor recruits, but you've got to earn your
pay—

What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're goin'
there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer—

'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English beer.

The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got to
stay,

Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle—Whoop! we're
goin' 'ome to-day.

We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,

Our ship is at the shore,

An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.

Ho, don't you grieve for me,

My lovely Mary-Ann,

For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit

As a time-expired man.

THE WIDOW'S PARTY

"WHERE have you been this while away,
 Johnnie, Johnnie?"

'Long with the rest on a picnic lay,

 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

They called us out of the barrack-yard

To Gawd knows where from Gosport Hard,

And you can't refuse when you get the card,

 And the Widow gives the party.

(Bugle: Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara!)

"What did you get to eat and drink,

 Johnnie, Johnnie?"

Standing water as thick as ink,

 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

A bit o' beef that were three year stored,

A bit o' mutton as tough as a board,

And a fowl we killed with a sergeant's sword,

 When the Widow give the party.

"What did you do for knives and forks,

 Johnnie, Johnnie?"

We carries 'em with us wherever we walks,

 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

THE WIDOW'S PARTY

And some was sliced and some was halved,
And some was crimped and some was carved,
And some was gutted and some was starved,
When the Widow give the party.

“What ha’ you done with half your mess,
 Johnnie, Johnnie?”
They couldn’t do more and they wouldn’t do less,
 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
They ate their whack and they drank their fill,
And I think the rations has made them ill,
For half my comp’ny’s lying still
 Where the Widow give the party.

“How did you get away—away,
 Johnnie, Johnnie?”
On the broad o’ my back at the end o’ the day,
 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
I comed away like a bleedin’ toff,
For I got four niggers to carry me off,
As I lay in the bight of a canvas trough,
 When the Widow give the party.

“What was the end of all the show,
 Johnnie, Johnnie?”
Ask my Colonel, for *I* don’t know,
 Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
We broke a King and we built a road—
A court-house stands where the reg’m^tent goed.
And the river’s clean where the raw blood flowed
 When the Widow give the party.
 (*Bugle: Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara!*)

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

KABUL town's by Kabul river—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

There I lef' my mate for ever,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river up and brimmin', an' there's

'arf a squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town's a blasted place—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

'Strewth I sha'n't forget 'is face

Wet an' drippin' by the ford!

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an' they
will surely guide you

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

Kabul town is sun and dust—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
I'd ha' sooner drowneded fust
'Stead of 'im beside the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can
'ear the men a-splashin',
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
I'd ha' left it for 'is sake—
'Im that left me by the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you
never comin' nigh there,
'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town'll go to hell—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
'Fore I see him 'live an' well—
'Im the best beside the ford.
Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their
boots'll pull 'em under,
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword—

'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,

Down an' drowned by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't

no use o' callin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the
damned,
To my brethren in their sorrow overseas,
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bred, machinely
crammed,
And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.
Yea, a trooper of the forces who has run his own six
horses,
And faith he went the pace and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while he held the
ready tin,
But to-day the Sergeant's something less than
kind.
We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa—aa—aa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables, sweet to
empty kitchen slops,

And it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell,
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental
hops

And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.
Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be "Rider" to your
troop,

And branded with a blasted worsted spur,
When you envy, O how keenly, one poor Tommy
being cleanly

Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you
"Sir."

If the home we never write to, and the oaths we never
keep,

And all we know most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room return to break our
sleep,

Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer?
When the drunken comrade mutters and the great
guard-lantern gutters

And the horror of our fall is written plain,
Every secret, self-revealing on the aching white-
washed ceiling,

Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to
Love and Truth,

We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

And the measure of our torment is the measure of
our youth.

God help us, for we knew the worst too young!
Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that
brought the sentence,

Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf
enfolds us

And we die, and none can tell Them where we
died.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa—aa—aa!

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!

ROUTE MARCHIN'

WE'RE marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,
A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind the Rains;
Ho! get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the
 bugle blowed,
There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk
Road;

 With its best foot first
 And the road a-sliding past,
 An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like
 the last;
 While the Big Drum says,
 With 'is "*rowdy-dowdy-dow!*"—
 "*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy*
 jow?"¹

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when you see,
There's the peacock round the corner an' the monkey
 up the tree,
An' there's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in the wind,
An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-sling
 be'ind.

 While it's best foot first, . . .

¹ Why don't you get on?

ROUTE MARCHIN'

At half-past five's Revelly, an' our tents they down
must come,
Like a lot of button mushrooms when you pick 'em
up at 'ome.
But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts,
While the women and the kiddies sit an' shiver in the
carts.

An' it's best foot first, . . .

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes an'
sings,
An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other
things,
An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we wonders
what they're at,
An' 'ow they would admire for to hear us sling the
bat.¹

An' it's best foot first, . . .

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you're lyin' at your
ease,
To watch the kites a-wheelin' round them feather-
'eaded trees,
For although there ain't no women, yet there ain't no
barrick-yards,
So the orficers goes shootin' an' the men they plays
at cards.

Till it's best foot first, . . .

¹ Language. Thomas's first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist and a fluent speaker of Hindustani. As a matter of fact, he depends largely on the sign-language.



Route Marchin'

ROUTE MARCHIN'

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always grum-
blin' sore,
There's worser things than marchin' from Umballa to
Cawnpore;
An' if your 'eels are blistered an' they feels to 'urt
like 'ell,
You drop some tallow in your socks an' that will
make 'em well.
For it's best foot first, . . .

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand,
Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel, and
the Band;
Ho! get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the
bugle blowed,
There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk
Road;
With its best foot first
And the road a-sliding past,
An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like
the last;
While the Big Drum says,
With 'is "*rowdy-dowdy-dow!*"—
"*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy*
jow?"

SHILLIN' A DAY

My name is O'Kelly, I've heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,
Hong-Kong and Peshawur,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more all endin' in "pore."
Black Death and his quickness, the depth and the
thickness,
Of sorrow and sickness I've known on my way,
But I'm old and I'm nervis,
I'm cast from the Service,
And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.

(Chorus) Shillin' a day,
Bloomin' good pay—
Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,
When we rode Hell-for-leather
Both squadrons together,
That didn't care whether we lived or we died.
But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin'

SHILLIN' A DAY

An' me commissairin' the pay-bills to better,
So if me you be'old
In the wet and the cold,
By the Grand Metropold, won't you give me a letter?
(*Full chorus*) Give 'im a letter—
 'Can't do no better,
 Late Troop-Sergeant-Major an'—
 runs with a letter!
 Think what 'e's been,
 Think what 'e's seen,
 Think of his pension an'——

GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN.

OTHER VERSES

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come
from the ends of the earth!*

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-
side,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the
dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her
far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop
of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides?"

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the
Ressaldar :

" If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know
where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into
Bonair,

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to
fare,

So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win
to the Tongue of Jagai.

But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly
turn ye then,

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is
sown with Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a
man is seen."

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough
dun was he,

With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and
the head of the gallows-tree.

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him
stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not
long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can
fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of
the Tongue of Jagai,

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal
upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he
made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whis-
tling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if
ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-
devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a
barren doe.
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his
head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a
maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a
man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their
hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare
like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled
the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small
room was there to strive,
"'Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye rode
so long alive:

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a
clump of tree,
But covered a man of my own men with his rifle
cocked on his knee.
If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in
a row:
If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held
it high,
The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till
she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to
bird and beast,
But count who come for the broken meats before thou
makest a feast.
If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my
bones away,
Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a
thief could pay.
They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their
men on the garnered grain,
The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all
the cattle are slain.
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren
wait to sup,
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog,
and call them up!
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and
gear and stack,
Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own
way back!"

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.

"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf meet.

May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;

What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"

Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of my clan:

Take up the mare for my father's gift—by God, she has carried a man!"

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;

"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,

My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end, "Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take the mate from a friend?"

"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

“ Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “ who leads a
troop of the Guides,
And thou must ride at his left side as shield on
shoulder rides.
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board
and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy
head.
So, thou must eat the White Queen’s meat, and all
her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father’s hold for the peace
of the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy
way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes, and
there they found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
leavened bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on
fire and fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the
Wondrous Names of God.
The Colonel’s son he rides the mare and Kamal’s boy
the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there
went forth but one.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full
twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with the
blood of the mountaineer.

“Ha’ done! ha’ done!” said the Colonel’s son. “Put
up the steel at your sides!

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—to-night
’tis a man of the Guides!”

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,*

*Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great
Judgment Seat;*

*But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,
nor Birth,*

*When two strong men stand face to face, tho’ they come
from the ends of the earth!*

THE LAST SUTTEE

Not many years ago a King died in one of the Rajpoot States. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against Suttee, would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred. But one of them, disguised as the King's favourite dancing-girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There, her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.

UDAI CHAND lay sick to death

In his hold by Gungra hill.

All night we heard the death-gongs ring

For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,

All night beat up from the women's wing

A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,

The lords of the outer guard :

All night the cressets glimmered pale

On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jezail,

Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,

That clinked in the palace yard.

THE LAST SUTTEE

In the Golden room on the palace roof
All night he fought for air:
And there was sobbing behind the screen,
Rustle and whisper of women unseen,
And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen
On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn—the death-fire leaped
From ridge to river-head,
From the Malwa plains to the Abu scars:
And wail upon wail went up to the stars
Behind the grim zenana-bars,
When they knew that the King was dead.

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth
And robe him for the pyre.
The Boondi Queen beneath us cried:
“See, now, that we die as our mothers died
In the bridal-bed by our master’s side!
Out, women!—to the fire!”

We drove the great gates home apace:
White hands were on the sill:
But ere the rush of the unseen feet
Had reached the turn to the open street,
The bars shot down, the guard-drum beat—
We held the dovecot still.

A face looked down in the gathering day,
And laughing spoke from the wall:

THE LAST SUTTEE

“Ohé, they mourn here: let me by—
Azizun, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I!
When the house is rotten, the rats must fly,
And I seek another thrall.

“For I ruled the King as ne’er did Queen,—
To-night the Queens rule me!
Guard them safely, but let me go,
Or ever they pay the debt they owe
In scourge and torture!” She leaped below,
And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul
On a North-bred dancing-girl:
That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow god,
And kissed the ground where her feet had trod,
And doomed to death at her drunken nod,
And swore by her lightest curl.

We bore the King to his fathers’ place,
Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand:
Where the gray apes swing, and the peacocks
preen
On fretted pillar and jewelled screen,
And the wild boar couch in the house of the
Queen
On the drift of the desert sand.

The herald read his titles forth,
We set the logs aglow:

THE LAST SUTTEE

“ Friend of the English, free from fear,
Baron of Luni to Jeysulmeer,
Lord of the Desert of Bikaneer,
King of the Jungle,—go!”

All night the red flame stabbed the sky
With wavering wind-tossed spears:
And out of a shattered temple crept
A woman who veiled her head and wept,
And called on the King—but the great King
slept,
And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife—
Cold fear with hot desire—
When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,
And thrice she beat her breast for shame,
And thrice like a wounded dove she came
And moaned about the fire.

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,
The silent streets between,
Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,
To blade in ambush or boar at bay,
And he was a baron old and gray,
And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He said: “ O shameless, put aside
The veil upon thy brow!

THE LAST SUTTEE

Who held the King and all his land
To the wanton will of a harlot's hand!
Will the white ash rise from the blistered brand?
Stoop down, and call him now!"

Then she: "By the faith of my tarnished soul,
All things I did not well,
I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,
And lay me down by my master's side
To rule in Heaven his only bride,
While the others howl in Hell.

"But I have felt the fire's breath,
And hard it is to die!
Yet if I may pray a Rajpoot lord
To sully the steel of a Thakur's sword
With base-born blood of a trade abhorred," —
And the Thakur answered, "Ay."

He drew and struck: the straight blade drank
The life beneath the breast.
"I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,
But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame —
Sister of mine, pass, free from shame,
Pass with thy King to rest!"

The black log crashed above the white:
The little flames and lean,
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,
That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal
On the heart of—the Boondi Queen!

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the
story told.*

*His mercy fills the Khyber hills—his grace is
manifold ;*

*He has taken toll of the North and the South—
his glory reacheth far,*

*And they tell the tale of his charity from Balkh
to Kandahar.*

Before the old Peshawur Gate, where Kurd and Kaffir
meet,

The Governor of Kabul dealt the Justice of the
Street,

And that was strait as running noose and swift as
plunging knife,

Tho' he who held the longer purse might hold the
longer life.

There was a hound of Hindustan had struck a
Euzufzai,

Wherefore they spat upon his face and led him out
to die.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

It chanced the King went forth that hour when throat
was bared to knife ;
The Kaffir grovelled under-hoof and clamoured for
his life.

Then said the King : " Have hope, O friend ! Yea,
Death disgraced is hard ;
Much honour shall be thine " ; and called the Captain
of the Guard,
Yar Khan, a bastard of the Blood, so city-babble
saith,
And he was honoured of the King—the which is salt
to Death ;
And he was son of Daoud Shah, the Reiver of the
Plains,
And blood of old Durani Lords ran fire in his veins ;
And 'twas to tame an Afghan pride nor Hell nor
Heaven could bind,
The King would make him butcher to a yelping cur
of Hind.

" Strike ! " said the King. " King's blood art thou—
his death shall be his pride ! "
Then louder, that the crowd might catch : " Fear not
—his arms are tied ! "
Yar Khan drew clear the Khyber knife, and struck,
and sheathed again.
" O man, thy will is done," quoth he ; " a King this
dog hath slain."

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, to the North
and the South is sold.*

*The North and the South shall open their mouth
to a Ghilzai flag unrolled,*

*When the big guns speak to the Khyber peak, and
his dog-Heratis fly:*

*Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?
Wolves of the Abazai!*

That night before the watch was set, when all the
streets were clear,

The Governor of Kabul spoke: "My King, hast thou
no fear?

Thou knowest—thou hast heard,"—his speech died
at his master's face.

And grimly said the Afghan King: "I rule the
Afghan race.

My path is mine—see thou to thine—to-night upon
thy bed

Think who there be in Kabul now that clamour for
thy head."

That night when all the gates were shut to City and
to throne,

Within a little garden-house the King lay down alone.
Before the sinking of the moon, which is the Night of
Night,

Yar Khan came softly to the King to make his honour
white.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

The children of the town had mocked beneath his
horse's hoofs,

The harlots of the town had hailed him "butcher!"
from their roofs.

But as he groped against the wall, two hands upon
him fell,

The King behind his shoulder spake: "Dead man,
thou dost not well!

'Tis ill to jest with Kings by day and seek a boon by
night;

And that thou bearest in thy hand is all too sharp to write.

But three days hence, if God be good, and if thy
strength remain,

Thou shalt demand one boon of me and bless me in
thy pain.

For I am merciful to all, and most of all to thee.

My butcher of the shambles, rest—no knife hast thou
for me!"

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, holds hard
by the South and the North;*

*But the Ghilzai knows, ere the melting snows,
when the swollen banks break forth,*

*When the red-coats crawl to the sungar wall, and
his Usbeg lances fail:*

*Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?
Wolves of the Zuka Kheyl!*

They stoned him in the rubbish-field when dawn was
in the sky,

According to the written word, "See that he do not die."

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

They stoned him till the stones were piled above him
on the plain,
And those the labouring limbs displaced they tumbled
back again.

One watched beside the dreary mound that veiled the
battered thing,
And him the King with laughter called the Herald of
the King.

It was upon the second night, the night of Ramazan,
The watcher leaning earthward heard the message of
Yar Khan.

From shattered breast through shrivelled lips broke
forth the rattling breath,
"Creature of God, deliver me from agony of Death."

They sought the King among his girls, and risked
their lives thereby :
"Protector of the Pitiful, give orders that he die!"

"Bid him endure until the day," a lagging answer
came ;
"The night is short, and he can pray and learn to
bless my name."

Before the dawn three times he spoke, and on the day
once more :
"Creature of God, deliver me, and bless the King
therefor!"

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

They shot him at the morning prayer, to ease him of
his pain,
And when he heard the matchlocks clink, he blessed
the King again.

Which thing the singers made a song for all the world
to sing,
So that the Outer Seas may know the mercy of the
King.

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the
story told,
He has opened his mouth to the North and the
South, they have stuffed his mouth with gold.
Ye know the truth of his tender ruth—and sweet
his favours are :
Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?
from Balkh to Kandahar.*

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

WHEN spring-time flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and—then came I
To Mahbub Ali the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,
“Better is speech when the belly is fed.”
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist **deep**
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.
Four things greater than all things are,—
Women and Horses and Power and War.
We spake of them all, but the last the most,
For I sought a word of a Russian post,
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword
And a gray-coat guard on the Helmund ford.
Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
Quoth he: “Of the Russians who can say?
When the night is gathering all is gray.
But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.
Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a King of his enemies?”

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
That unsought counsel is cursed of God
Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

“ His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,
His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen;
And the colt bred close to the vice of each,
For he carried the curse of an unstanched speech.
Therewith madness—so that he sought
The favour of kings at the Kabul court;
And travelled, in hope of honour, far
To the line where the gray-coat squadrons are.
There have I journeyed too—but I
Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!
He harked to rumour, and snatched at a breath
Of ‘ this one knoweth ’ and ‘ that one saith, ’—
Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
Of a gray-coat coming, and sack of the South.
These have I also heard—they pass
With each new spring and the winter grass.

“ Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,
Back to the city ran Wali Dad,
Even to Kabul—in full durbar
The King held talk with his Chief in War.
Into the press of the crowd he broke,
And what he had heard of the coming spoke.

“ Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,
As a mother might on a babbling child ;

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

But those who would laugh restrained their breath,
When the face of the King showed dark as death.
Evil it is in full durbar
To cry to a ruler of gathering war!
Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
That grew by a cleft of the city wall.
And he said to the boy: ' They shall praise thy zeal
So long as the red spurt follows the steel.
And the Russ is upon us even now?
Great is thy prudence—await them, thou.
Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,
Surely thy vigil is not for long.
The Russ is upon us, thy clamour ran?
Surely an hour shall bring their van.
Wait and watch. When the host is near,
Shout aloud that my men may hear.'

" Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a King of his enemies?
A guard was set that he might not flee—
A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
When he shook at his death as he looked below.
By the power of God, who alone is great,
Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.
Then madness took him, and men declare
He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
And he hung as a bat in the forks, and wailed,
And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
And he fell, and was caught on the points and died.

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

"Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
To warn a King of his enemies?
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
But no man knoweth the mind of the King.
Of the gray-coat coming who can say?
When the night is gathering all is gray.
Two things greater than all things are,
The first is Love, and the second War.
And since we know not how War may prove,
Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!"

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

More than a hundred years ago, in a great battle fought near Delhi, an Indian Prince rode fifty miles after the day was lost with a beggar-girl, who had loved him and followed him in all his camps, on his saddle-bow. He lost the girl when almost within sight of safety. A Maratta trooper tells the story : —

THE wreath of banquet overnight lay withered on the
neck,

Our hands and scarfs were saffron-dyed for signal
of despair,

When we went forth to Paniput to battle with the
Mlech, —

Ere we came back from Paniput and left a kingdom
there.

Thrice thirty thousand men were we to force the
Jumna fords —

The hawk-winged horse of Damajee, mailed squad-
rons of the Bhao,

Stark levies of the southern hills, the Deccan's sharp-
est swords,

And he the harlot's traitor son the goatherd Mulhar
Rao!

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

Thrice thirty thousand men were we before the mists
 had cleared,
The low white mists of morning heard the war-conch
 scream and bray ;
We called upon Bhowani and we gripped them by the
 beard,
We rolled upon them like a flood and washed their
 ranks away.

The children of the hills of Khost before our lances
 ran,
We drove the black Rohillas back as cattle to the
 pen ;
'Twas then we needed Mulhar Rao to end what we
 began,
A thousand men had saved the charge ; he fled the
 field with ten !

There was no room to clear a sword—no power to
 strike a blow,
For foot to foot, ay, breast to breast, the battle held
 us fast—
Save where the naked hill-men ran, and stabbing from
 below
Brought down the horse and rider and we trampled
 them and passed.

To left the roar of musketry rang like a falling flood—
To right the sunshine rippled red from redder lance
 and blade—

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

Above the dark *Upsaras*¹ flew, beneath us plashed
the blood,
And, bellying black against the dust, the Bhagwa
Jhanda swayed.

I saw it fall in smoke and fire, the banner of the Bhao ;
I heard a voice across the press of one who called
in vain :—
“ Ho ! Anand Rao Nimbalkhur, ride ! Get aid of
Mulhar Rao !
Go shame his squadrons into fight—the Bhao—
the Bhao is slain ! ”

Thereat, as when a sand-bar breaks in clotted spume
and spray—
When rain of later autumn sweeps the Jumna water-
head,
Before their charge from flank to flank our riven ranks
gave way ;
But of the waters of that flood the Jumna fords ran
red.

I held by Scindia, my lord, as close as man might
hold ;
A Soobah of the Deccan asks no aid to guard his
life ;
But Holkar's Horse were flying, and our chiefest chiefs
were cold,
And like a flame among us leapt the long lean
Northern knife.

¹ The Choosers of the Slain.

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

I held by Scindia—my lance from butt to tuft was
dyed,
The froth of battle bossed the shield and roped the
bridle-chain—
What time beneath our horses' feet a maiden rose and
cried,
And clung to Scindia, and I turned a sword-cut
from the twain.

(He set a spell upon the maid in woodlands long ago,
A hunter by the Tapti banks she gave him water
there :
He turned her heart to water, and she followed to her
woe.
What need had he of Lalun who had twenty maids
as fair?)

Now in that hour strength left my lord ; he wrenched
his mare aside ;
He bound the girl behind him and we slashed and
struggled free.
Across the reeling wreck of strife we rode as shadows
ride
From Paniput to Delhi town, but not alone were we.

'Twas Lutuf-Ullah Populzai laid horse upon our track,
A swine-fed reiver of the North that lusted for the
maid ;
I might have barred his path awhile, but Scindia
called me back,
And I—O woe for Scindia!—I listened and obeyed.

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

League after league the formless scrub took shape
and glided by—

League after league the white road swirled behind
the white mare's feet—

League after league, when leagues were done, we
heard the Populzai,

Where sure as Time and swift as Death the tireless
footfall beat.

Noon's eye beheld that shame of flight, the shadows
fell, we fled

Where steadfast as the wheeling kite he followed in
our train;

The black wolf warred where we had warred, the
jackal mocked our dead,

And terror born of twilight-tide made mad the
labouring brain.

I gasped:—"A kingdom waits my lord; her love is
but her own.

A day shall mar, a day shall cure for her, but what
for thee?

Cut loose the girl: he follows fast. Cut loose and
ride alone!"

Then Scindia 'twixt his blistered lips:—"My
Queens' Queen shall she be!

"Of all who ate my bread last night 'twas she alone
that came

To seek her love between the spears and find her
crown therein!

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

One shame is mine to-day, what need the weight of
double shame?

If once we reach the Delhi gate, though all be lost,
I win!"

We rode—the white mare failed—her trot a staggering
stumble grew,—

The cooking-smoke of even rose and weltered and
hung low;

And still we heard the Populzai and still we strained
anew,

And Delhi town was very near, but nearer was the
foe.

Yea, Delhi town was very near when Lalun whispered:—"Slay!

Lord of my life, the mare sinks fast—stab deep
and let me die!"

But Scindia would not, and the maid tore free and
flung away,

And turning as she fell we heard the clattering
Populzai.

Then Scindia checked the gasping mare that rocked
and groaned for breath,

And wheeled to charge and plunged the knife a
hand's-breadth in her side—

The hunter and the hunted know how that last pause
is death—

The blood had chilled about her heart, she reared
and fell and died.

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

Our Gods were kind. Before he heard the maiden's
piteous scream

A log upon the Delhi road, beneath the mare he
lay—

Lost mistress and lost battle passed before him like a
dream ;

The darkness closed about his eyes—I bore my
King away.

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

*This is the ballad of Boh Da Thone,
Erst a Pretender to Theebaw's throne,
Who harried the district of Alalone :
How he met with his fate and the V.P.P.¹
At the hand of Harendra Mukerji,
Senior Gomashta, G.B.T.*

Boh Da Thone was a warrior bold :
His sword and his Snider were bossed with gold,

And the Peacock Banner his henchmen bore
Was stiff with bullion, but stiffer with gore.

He shot at the strong and he slashed at the weak
From the Salween scrub to the Chindwin teak :

He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean,
He filled old ladies with kerosene :

While over the water the papers cried,
"The patriot fights for his countryside!"

¹ Value Payable Parcels Post: in which the Government collects the money for the sender.

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

But little they cared for the Native Press,
The worn white soldiers in Khaki dress,

Who tramped through the jungle and camped in
the byre,
Who died in the swamp and were tombed in the
mire,

Who gave up their lives, at the Queen's Command,
For the Pride of their Race and the Peace of the Land.

Now, first of the foemen of Boh Da Thone
Was Captain O'Neil of the "Black Tyrone,"

And his was a Company, seventy strong,
Who hustled that dissolute Chief along.

There were lads from Galway and Louth and Meath
Who went to their death with a joke in their teeth,

And worshipped with fluency, fervour, and zeal
The mud on the boot-heels of "Crook" O'Neil.

But ever a blight on their labours lay,
And ever their quarry would vanish away,

Till the sun-dried boys of the Black Tyrone
Took a brotherly interest in Boh Da Thone:

And, sooth, if pursuit in possession ends,
The Boh and his trackers were best of friends.

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

The word of a scout—a march by night—
A rush through the mist—a scattering fight—

A volley from cover—a corpse in the clearing—
The glimpse of a loin-cloth and heavy jade earring—

The flare of a village—the tally of slain—
And . . . the Boh was abroad “on the raid” again!

They cursed their luck, as the Irish will,
They gave him credit for cunning and skill,

They buried their dead, they bolted their beef,
And started anew on the track of the thief

Till, in place of the “Kalends of Greece,” men said,
“When Crook and his darlings come back with the
head.”

They had hunted the Boh from the hills to the
plain—
He doubled and broke for the hills again:

They had crippled his power for rapine and raid,
They had routed him out of his pet stockade,

And at last, they came, when the Day Star tired,
To a camp deserted—a village fired.

A black cross blistered the Morning-gold,
And the body upon it was stark and cold.

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

The wind of the dawn went merrily past,
The high grass bowed her plumes to the blast.

And out of the grass, on a sudden, broke
A spirtle of fire, a whorl of smoke—

And Captain O'Neil of the Black Tyrone
Was blessed with a slug in the ulnar-bone—
The gift of his enemy Boh Da Thone.

(Now a slug that is hammered from telegraph-wire
Is a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire.)

.
The shot-wound festered—as shot-wounds may
In a steaming barrack at Mandalay.

The left arm throbbed, and the Captain swore,
“I'd like to be after the Boh once more!”

The fever held him—the Captain said,
“I'd give a hundred to look at his head!”

The Hospital punkahs creaked and whirred,
But Babu Harendra (Gomashta) heard.

He thought of the cane-brake, green and dank,
That girdled his home by the Dacca tank.

He thought of his wife and his High School son,
He thought—but abandoned the thought—of a
gun.

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

His sleep was broken by visions dread
Of a shining Boh with a silver head.

He kept his counsel and went his way,
And swindled the cartmen of half their pay.

.
And the months went on, as the worst must do,
And the Boh returned to the raid anew.

But the Captain had quitted the long-drawn strife,
And in far Simoorie had taken a wife.

And she was a damsel of delicate mould,
With hair like the sunshine and heart of gold,

And little she knew the arms that embraced
Had cloven a man from the brow to the waist:

And little she knew that the loving lips
Had ordered a quivering life's eclipse,

And the eye that lit at her lightest breath
Had glared unawed in the Gates of Death.

(For these be matters a man would hide,
As a general rule, from an innocent Bride.)

And little the Captain thought of the past,
And, of all men, Babu Harendra last.

.
But slow, in the sludge of the Kathun road,
The Government Bullock Train toted its load.

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

Speckless and spotless and shining with *ghee*,
In the rearmost cart sat the Babu-jee.

And ever a phantom before him fled
Of a scowling Boh with a silver head.

Then the lead-cart stuck, though the coolies slaved,
And the cartmen flogged and the escort raved;

And out of the jungle, with yells and squeals,
Pranced Boh Da Thone, and his gang at his heels!

Then belching blunderbuss answered back
The Snider's snarl and the carbine's crack,

And the blithe revolver began to sing
To the blade that twanged on the locking-ring,

And the brown flesh blued where the bay'net kissed,
As the steel shot back with a wrench and a twist,

And the great white bullocks with onyx eyes
Watched the souls of the dead arise,

And over the smoke of the fusillade
The Peacock Banner staggered and swayed.

Oh, gayest of scrimmages man may see
Is a well-worked rush on the G.B.T.!

The Babu shook at the horrible sight,
And girded his ponderous loins for flight,

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

But Fate had ordained that the Boh should start
On a lone-hand raid of the rearmost cart,

And out of that cart, with a bellow of woe,
The Babu fell—flat on the top of the Boh!

For years had Harendra served the State,
To the growth of his purse and the girth of his *pét*.

There were twenty stone, as the tally-man knows,
On the broad of the chest of this best of Bohs.

And twenty stone from a height discharged
Are bad for a Boh with a spleen enlarged.

Oh, short was the struggle—severe was the shock—
He dropped like a bullock—he lay like a block;

And the Babu above him, convulsed with fear,
Heard the labouring life-breath hissed out in his ear.

And thus in a fashion undignified
The princely pest of the Chindwin died.

.

Turn now to Simoorie where, lapped in his ease,
The Captain is petting the Bride on his knees,

Where the *whit* of the bullet, the wounded man's scream
Are mixed as the mist of some devilish dream—

Forgotten, forgotten the sweat of the shambles
Where the hill-daisy blooms and the gray monkey
gambols,

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

From the sword-belt set free and released from the
steel,

The Peace of the Lord is with Captain O'Neil.

Up the hill to Simoorie—most patient of drudges—
The bags on his shoulder, the mail-runner trudges.

“ For Captain O'Neil, *Sahib*. One hundred and ten
Rupees to collect on delivery.”

Then

(Their breakfast was stopped while the screw-jack
and hammer
Tore waxcloth, split teak-wood, and chipped out the
dammer;)

Open-eyed, open-mouthed, on the napery's snow,
With a crash and a thud, rolled—the Head of the
Boh!

And gummed to the scalp was a letter which ran:—

“ IN FIELDING FORCE SERVICE.

“ *Encampment,*

“ 10th Jan.

“ Dear Sir,—I have honour to send, *as you said*,
For final approval (see under) Boh's Head;

“ Was took by myself in most bloody affair.
By High Education brought pressure to bear.

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

"Now violate Liberty, time being bad,
To mail V.P.P. (rupees hundred) Please add

"Whatever Your Honour can pass. Price of Blood
Much cheap at one hundred, and children want food;

"So trusting Your Honour will somewhat retain
True love and affection for Govt. Bullock Train,

"And show awful kindness to satisfy me,

"I am,

"Graceful Master,

"Your

"H. MUKERJI."

.

As the rabbit is drawn to the rattlesnake's power,
As the smoker's eye fills at the opium hour,

As a horse reaches up to the manger above,
As the waiting ear yearns for the whisper of love,

From the arms of the Bride, iron-visaged and slow,
The Captain bent down to the Head of the Boh.

And e'en as he looked on the Thing where It lay
'Twixt the winking new spoons and the napkins'
array,

The freed mind fled back to the long-ago days—
The hand-to-hand scuffle—the smoke and the blaze—

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

The forced march at night and the quick rush at
dawn—

The banjo at twilight, the burial ere morn—

The stench of the marshes—the raw, piercing smell
When the overhand stabbing-cut silenced the yell—

The oaths of his Irish that surged when they stood
Where the black crosses hung o'er the Kuttamow flood.

As a derelict ship drifts away with the tide
The Captain went out on the Past from his Bride,

Back, back, through the springs to the chill of the year,
When he hunted the Boh from Maloon to Tsaleer.

As the shape of a corpse dimmers up through deep
water,
In his eye lit the passionless passion of slaughter,

And men who had fought with O'Neil for the life
Had gazed on his face with less dread than his wife.

For she who had held him so long could not hold him—
Though a four-month Eternity should have controlled
him—

But watched the twin Terror—the head turned to
head—

The scowling, scarred Black, and the flushed savage
Red—

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE

The spirit that changed from her knowing and flew to
Some grim hidden Past she had never a clue to.

But It knew as It grinned, for he touched it unfearing,
And muttered aloud, "So you kept that jade ear-
ring!"

Then nodded, and kindly, as friend nods to friend,
"Old man, you fought well, but you lost in the end."

.
The visions departed, and Shame followed Passion:—
"He took what I said in this horrible fashion,

"I'll write to Harendra!" With language unsainted
The Captain came back to the Bride . . . who had
fainted.

.
And this is a fiction? No. Go to Simoorie
And look at their baby, a twelve-month old Hour,

A pert little, Irish-^eeyed Kathleen Mavournin—
She's always about on the Mall of a mornin'—

And you'll see, if her right shoulder-strap is displaced,
This: *Gules* upon *argent*, a Boh's Head, *erased!*

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF

O WOE is me for the merry life
I led beyond the Bar,
And a treble woe for my winsome wife
That weeps at Shalimar.

They have taken away my long jezail,
My shield and sabre fine,
And heaved me into the Central Jail
For lifting of the kine.

The steer may low within the byre,
The Jat may tend his grain,
But there'll be neither loot nor fire
Till I come back again.

And God have mercy on the Jat
When once my fetters fall,
And Heaven defend the farmer's hut
When I am loosed from thrall.

THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF

It's woe to bend the stubborn back
 Above the grinchin' quern,
It's woe to hear the leg-bar clack
 And jingle when I turn!

But for the sorrow and the shame,
 The brand on me and mine,
I'll pay you back in leaping flame
 And loss of the butchered kine.

For every cow I spared before
 In charity set free,
If I may reach my hold once more
 I'll reive an honest three.

For every time I raised the low
 That scared the dusty plain,
By sword and cord, by torch and tow
 I'll light the land with twain!

Ride hard, ride hard to Abazai,
 Young *Sahib* with the yellow hair—
Lie close, lie close as khuttucks lie,
 Fat herds below Bonair.

The one I'll shoot at twilight-tide,
 At dawn I'll drive the other;
The black shall mourn for hoof and hide,
 The white man for his brother.

THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF

'Tis war, red war, I'll give you then,
War till my sinews fail;
For the wrong you have done to a chief of
men,
And a thief of the Zukka Kheyl.

And if I fall to your hand afresh
I give you leave for the sin,
That you cram my throat with the foul pig's
flesh,
— And swing me in the skin! .

THE RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS

This ballad appears to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, the American pirate. It is founded on fact.

. . . AT the close of a winter day,
Their anchors down, by London town, the Three
Great Captains lay ;
And one was Admiral of the North from Solway
Firth to Skye,
And one was Lord of the Wessex coast and all the
lands thereby,
And one was Master of the Thames from Limehouse
to Blackwall,
And he was Captain of the Fleet—the bravest of
them all.
Their good guns guarded their great gray sides that
were thirty foot in the sheer,
When there came a certain trading-brig with news of
a privateer.
Her rigging was rough with the clotted drift that
drives in a Northern breeze,
Her sides were clogged with the lazy weed that
spawns in the Eastern seas.

THE THREE CAPTAINS

Light she rode in the rude tide-rip, to left and right
she rolled,
And the skipper sat on the scuttle-butt and stared at
an empty hold.
“I ha’ paid Port dues for your Law,” quoth he, “and
where is the Law ye boast
If I sail unscathed from a heathen port to be robbed
on a Christian coast?
Ye have smoked the hives of the Laccadives as we
burn the lice in a bunk,
We tack not now to a Gallang prow or a plunging
Pei-ho junk;
I had no fear but the seas were clear as far as a sail
might fare
Till I met with a lime-washed Yankee brig that rode
off Finisterre.
There were canvas blinds to his bow-gun ports to
screen the weight he bore,
And the signals ran for a merchantman from Sandy
Hook to the Nore.
He would not fly the Rovers’ flag—the bloody or the
black,
But now he floated the Gridiron and now he flaunted
the Jack.
He spoke of the Law as he crimped my crew—he
swore it was only a loan;
But when I would ask for my own again, he swore it
was none of my own.
He has taken my little parrakeets that nest beneath
the Line,
He has stripped my rails of the shaddock-frails and
the green unripened pine;

THE THREE CAPTAINS

He has taken my bale of dammer and spice I won
beyond the seas,
He has taken my grinning heathen gods—and what
should he want o' these?
My foremast would not mend his boom, my deck-
house patch his boats;
He has whittled the two, this Yank Yahoo, to peddle
for shoe-peg oats.
I could not fight for the failing light and a rough
beam-sea beside,
But I hulled him once for a clumsy crimp and twice
because he lied.
Had I had guns (as I had goods) to work my Christian
harm,
I had run him up from his quarter-deck to trade with
his own yard-arm;
I had nailed his ears to my capstan-head, and ripped
them off with a saw,
And soured them in the bilgewater, and served them
to him raw;
I had flung him blind in a rudderless boat to rot in
the rocking dark,
I had towed him aft of his own craft, a bait for his
brother shark;
I had lapped him round with cocoa husk, and drenched
him with the oil,
And lashed him fast to his own mast to blaze above
my spoil;
I had stripped his hide for my hammock-side, and
tasselled his beard i' the mesh,
And spitted his crew on the live bamboo that grows
through the gangrened flesh;

THE THREE CAPTAINS

I had hove him down by the mangroves brown, where
the mud-reef sucks and draws,

Moored by the heel to his own keel to wait for the
land-crab's claws!

He is lazar within and lime without, ye can nose him
far enow,

For he carries the taint of a musky ship—the reek of
the slaver's dhow!”

The skipper looked at the tiering guns and the bul-
warks tall and cold,

And the Captains Three full courteously peered down
at the gutted hold,

And the Captains Three called courteously from deck
to scuttle-butt:—

“ Good Sir, we ha' dealt with that merchantman or
ever your teeth were cut.

Your words be words of a lawless race, and the Law
it standeth thus:

He comes of a race that have never a Law, and he
never has boarded us.

We ha' sold him canvas and rope and spar—we know
that his price is fair,

And we know that he weeps for the lack of a Law as
he rides off Finisterre.

And since he is damned for a gallows-thief by you
and better than you,

We hold it meet that the English fleet should know
that we hold him true.”

The skipper called to the tall taffrail:—“ And what is
that to me?

Did ever you hear of a Yankee brig that rifled a
Seventy-three?

THE THREE CAPTAINS

Do I loom so large from your quarter-deck that I
lift like a ship o' the Line?

He has learned to run from a shotted gun and harry
such craft as mine.

There is never a Law on the Cocos Keys to hold a
white man in,

But we do not steal the niggers' meal, for that is a
nigger's sin.

Must he have his Law as a quid to chew, or laid in
brass on his wheel?

Does he steal with tears when he buccaneers? 'Fore
Gad, then, why does he steal?"

The skipper bit on a deep-sea word, and the word it
was not sweet,

For he could see the Captains Three had signalled to
the Fleet.

But three and two, in white and blue, the whimpering
flags began:—

"We have heard a tale of a—foreign sail, but he is a
merchantman."

The skipper peered beneath his palm and swore by
the Great Horn Spoon:—

"'Fore Gad, the Chaplain of the Fleet would bless my
picaroon!"

By two and three the flags blew free to lash the
laughing air:—

"We have sold our spars to the merchantman—we
know that his price is fair."

The skipper winked his Western eye, and swore by a
China storm:—

"They ha' rigged him a Joseph's jury-coat to keep
his honour warm."

THE THREE CAPTAINS

The halliards twanged against the tops, the bunting
bellied broad,
The skipper spat in the empty hold and mourned for
a wasted cord.
Masthead—masthead, the signal sped by the line o'
the British craft;
The skipper called to his Lascar crew, and put her
about and laughed:—
“It's mainsail haul, my bully boys all—we'll out to
the seas again—
Ere they set us to paint their pirate saint, or scrub at
his grapnel-chain.
It's fore-sheet free, with her head to the sea, and the
swing of the unbought brine—
We'll make no sport in an English court till we come
as a ship o' the Line:
Till we come as a ship o' the Line, my lads, of thirty
foot in the sheer,
Lifting again from the outer main with news of a
privateer;
Flying his pluck at our mizzen-truck for weft of
Admiralty,
Heaving his head for our dipsey-lead in sign that we
keep the sea.
Then fore-sheet home as she lifts to the foam—we
stand on the outward tack,
We are paid in the coin of the white man's trade—
the bezant is hard, ay, and black.
The frigate-bird shall carry my word to the Kling and
the Orang-Laut

THE THREE CAPTAINS

How a man may sail from a heathen coast to be
robbed in a Christian port;

How a man may be robbed in Christian port while
Three Great Captains there

Shall dip their flag to a slaver's rag—to show that
his trade is fair!"

THE BALLAD OF THE “CLAMPHER DOWN”

IT was our war-ship *Clampherdown*
Would sweep the Channel clean,
Wherefore she kept her hatches close
When the merry Channel chops arose,
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,
And a great stern-gun beside;
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,
They racked their stays and stanchions free
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,
Fell in with a cruiser light
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles—
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—
And once she fired and twice she fired,
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired
That lolls upon the stalk.

THE "CLAMPHERDOWN"

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,
The deck-beams break below,
'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,
And botch the shattered plates again."
And he answered, "Make it so."

She opened fire within the mile—
As ye shoot at the flying duck—
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless
blue,
And the great stern-turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam,
The feed-pipes burst below—
You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,
You can hear the twisted runners jam."
And he answered, "Turn and go!"

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,
And grimly did she roll;
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire
When they war by the frozen Pole.

"Captain, the shells are falling fast,
And faster still fall we;
And it is not meet for English stock
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock
The death they cannot see."

THE "CLAMPHERDOWN"

"Lie down, lie down, my bold A.B.,
We drift upon her beam;
We dare not ram, for she can run;
And dare ye fire another gun,
And die in the peeling steam?"

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*
That carried an armour-belt;
But fifty feet at stern and bow
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
To the hail of the *Nordenfeldt*.

"Captain, they hack us through and through;
The chilled steel bolts are swift!
We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,
Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be."
And he answered, "Let her drift."

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,
Swung round upon the tide,
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,
And she ground the cruiser's side.

"Captain, they cry, the fight is done,
They bid you send your sword."
And he answered, "Grapple her stern and bow.
They have asked for the steel. They shall have
it now;
Out cutlasses and board!"

THE "CLAMPHERDOWN"

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*
Spewed up four hundred men;
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,
From conning-tower to hold.
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare
to the feet,
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking *Clampherdown*
Heaved up her battered side—
And carried a million pounds in steel,
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,
And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the *Clampherdown*
Stood out to sweep the sea,
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
As it was, in the days of long ago,
And as it still shall be.

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

*Seven men from all the world, back to Docks again,
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising
Cain:*

*Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away—
We that took the Bolivar out across the Bay!*

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with rails;
We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo
shifted;

We put out from Sunderland—met the winter
gales—

Seven days and seven nights to the Start we drifted.
Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack white
as snow,

All the coals adrift adeck, half the rails below,
Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a
dray—

Out we took the *Bolivar*, out across the Bay!

One by one the Lights came up, winked and let us
by;

Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'c'sle short;

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulkhead fly;
Left the *Wolf* behind us with a two-foot list to port.
Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her
soul;
Clanging like a smithy-shop after every roll;
Just a funnel and a mast lurching through the
spray—
So we threshed the *Bolivar* out across the
Bay!

'Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she'd
break;
Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand the
shock;
Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her
strake;
Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the
plummer-block.
Banged against the iron decks, bilges choked
with coal;
Flayed and frozen foot and hand, sick of heart
and soul;
Last we prayed she'd buck herself into Judg-
ment Day—
Hi! we cursed the *Bolivar* knocking round
the Bay!

O her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be still—
Up and down and back we went, never time for
breath;

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her by the
heel,
And the stars ran round and round dancin' at our
death.
Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between ;
'Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it
green ;
'Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat
at play —
That was on the *Bolivar*, south across the Bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to
swell —
Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was we —
Some damned Liner's lights go by like a long hotel ;
Cheered her from the *Bolivar* swampin' in the sea.
Then a grayback cleared us out, then the skip-
per laughed ;
" Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell — rig the
winches aft !
Yoke the kicking rudder-head — get her under
way !"
So we steered her, pulley-haul, out across the
Bay !

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.
Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder,
we
Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the
Eternal Sea !

THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

*Seven men from all the world, back to town again,
Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising
Cain :*

*Seven men from out of Hell. Ain't the owners gay,
'Cause we took the "Bolivar" safe across the Bay?*

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

*Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai
Bears witness to the truth, and Ao-Safai
Hath told the men of Gorukh. Thence the tale
Comes westward o'er the peaks to India.*

The story of Bisesa, Armod's child,—
A maiden plighted to the Chief in War,
The Man of Sixty Spears, who held the Pass
That leads to Thibet, but to-day is gone
To seek his comfort of the God called Budh
The Silent—showing how the Sickness ceased
Because of her who died to save the tribe.

Taman is One and greater than us all,
Taman is One and greater than all Gods:
Taman is Two in One and rides the sky,
Curved like a stallion's croup, from dusk to dawn,
And drums upon it with his heels, whereby
Is bred the neighing thunder in the hills.

This is Taman, the God of all Er-Heb,
Who was before all Gods, and made all Gods,

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

And presently will break the Gods he made,
And step upon the Earth to govern men
Who give him milk-dry ewes and cheat his Priests,
Or leave his shrine unlighted—as Er-Heb
Left it unlighted and forgot Taman,
When all the Valley followed after Kysh
And Yabosh, little Gods but very wise,
And from the sky Taman beheld their sin.

He sent the Sickness out upon the hills,
The Red Horse Sickness with the iron hooves,
To turn the Valley to Taman again.

And the Red Horse snuffed thrice into the wind,
The naked wind that had no fear of him ;
And the Red Horse stamped thrice upon the snow,
The naked snow that had no fear of him ;
And the Red Horse went out across the rocks,
The ringing rocks that had no fear of him ;
And downward, where the lean birch meets the snow,
And downward, where the gray pine meets the birch,
And downward, where the dwarf oak meets the pine,
Till at his feet our cup-like pastures lay.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
Dropped as a cloth upon a dead man's face,
And weltered in the Valley, bluish-white
Like water very silent—spread abroad,
Like water very silent, from the Shrine
Unlighted of Taman to where the stream
Is dammed to fill our cattle-troughs—sent up

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

White waves that rocked and heaved and then were still,
Till all the Valley glittered like a marsh,
Beneath the moonlight, filled with sluggish mist
Knee-deep, so that men waded as they walked.

That night, the Red Horse grazed above the Dam,
Beyond the cattle-troughs. Men heard him feed,
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.

Thus came the Sickness to Er-Heb, and slew
Ten men, strong men, and of the women four;
And the Red Horse went hillward with the dawn,
But near the cattle-troughs his hoof-prints lay.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
Dropped as a cloth upon the dead, but rose
A little higher, to a young girl's height;
Till all the Valley glittered like a lake,
Beneath the moonlight, filled with sluggish mist.

That night, the Red Horse grazed beyond the Dam,
A stone's-throw from the troughs. Men heard him
feed,
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.
Thus came the Sickness to Er-Heb, and slew
Of men a score, and of the women eight,
And of the children two.

Because the road
To Gorukh was a road of enemies,
And Ao-Safai was blocked with early snow,

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

We could not flee from out the Valley. Death
Smote at us in a slaughter-pen, and Kysh
Was mute as Yabosh, though the goats were slain;
And the Red Horse grazed nightly by the stream,
And later, outward, towards the Unlighted Shrine,
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.

Then said Bisesa to the Priests at dusk,
When the white mist rose up breast-high, and choked
The voices in the houses of the dead:—

“Yabosh and Kysh avail not. If the Horse
Reach the Unlighted Shrine we surely die.
Ye have forgotten of all Gods the Chief,
Taman!” Here rolled the thunder through the Hills
And Yabosh shook upon his pedestal.

“Ye have forgotten of all Gods the Chief
Too long.” And all were dumb save one, who cried
On Yabosh with the Sapphire 'twixt His knees,
But found no answer in the smoky roof,
And, being smitten of the Sickness, died
Before the altar of the Sapphire Shrine.

Then said Bisesa:—“I am near to Death,
And have the Wisdom of the Grave for gift
To bear me on the path my feet must tread.
If there be wealth on earth, then I am rich,
For Armod is the first of all Er-Heb;
If there be beauty on the earth,”—her eyes
Dropped for a moment to the temple floor,—
“Ye know that I am fair. If there be love,
Ye know that love is mine.” The Chief in War,

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

The Man of Sixty Spears, broke from the press,
And would have clasped her, but the Priests withstood,
Saying: —“ She has a message from Taman.”
Then said Bisesa: —“ By my wealth and love
And beauty, I am chosen of the God
Taman.” Here rolled the thunder through the Hills
And Kysh fell forward on the Mound of Skulls.

In darkness, and before our Priests, the maid
Between the altars cast her bracelets down,
Therewith the heavy earrings Armod made,
When he was young, out of the water-gold
Of Gorukh—threw the breast-plate thick with jade
Upon the turquoise anklets—put aside
The bands of silver on her brow and neck;
And as the trinkets tinkled on the stones,
The thunder of Taman lowed like a bull.

Then said Bisesa, stretching out her hands,
As one in darkness fearing Devils: —“ Help!
O Priests, I am a woman very weak,
And who am I to know the will of Gods?
Taman hath called me—whither shall I go?”
The Chief in War, the Man of Sixty Spears,
Howled in his torment, fettered by the Priests,
But dared not come to her to drag her forth,
And dared not lift his spear against the Priests.
Then all men wept.

There was a Priest of Kysh
Bent with a hundred winters, hairless, blind,

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

And taloned as the great Snow-Eagle is.
His seat was nearest to the altar-fires,
And he was counted dumb among the Priests.
But, whether Kysh decreed, or from Taman
The impotent tongue found utterance we know
As little as the bats beneath the eaves.
He cried so that they heard who stood without: —
“To the Unlighted Shrine!” and crept aside
Into the shadow of his fallen God
And whimpered, and Bisesa went her way.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
Dropped as a cloth upon the dead, and rose
Above the roofs, and by the Unlighted Shrine
Lay as the slimy water of the troughs
When murrain thins the cattle of Er-Heb:
And through the mist men heard the Red Horse feed.

In Armod's house they burned Bisesa's dower,
And killed her black bull Tor, and broke her wheel,
And loosed her hair, as for the marriage-feast,
With cries more loud than mourning for the dead.

Across the fields, from Armod's dwelling-place,
We heard Bisesa weeping where she passed
To seek the Unlighted Shrine; the Red Horse neighed
And followed her, and on the river-mint
His hooves struck dead and heavy in our ears.

Out of the mists of evening, as the star
Of Ao-Safai climbs through the black snow-blur

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

To show the Pass is clear, Bisesa stepped
Upon the great gray slope of mortised stone,
The Causeway of Taman. The Red Horse neighed
Behind her to the Unlighted Shrine—then fled
North to the Mountain where his stable lies.

They know who dared the anger of Taman,
And watched that night above the clinging mists,
Far up the hill, Bisesa's passing in.

She set her hand upon the carven door,
Fouled by a myriad bats, and black with time,
Whereon is graved the Glory of Taman
In letters older than the Ao-Safai;
And twice she turned aside and twice she wept,
Cast down upon the threshold, clamouring
For him she loved—the Man of Sixty Spears,
And for her father,—and the black bull Tor,
Hers and her pride. Yea, twice she turned away
Before the awful darkness of the door,
And the great horror of the Wall of Man
Where Man is made the plaything of Taman,
An Eyeless Face that waits above and laughs.

But the third time she cried and put her palms
Against the hewn stone leaves, and prayed Taman
To spare Er-Heb and take her life for price.

They know who watched, the doors were rent apart
And closed upon Bisesa, and the rain
Broke like a flood across the Valley, washed

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

The mist away ; but louder than the rain
The thunder of Taman filled men with fear.

Some say that from the Unlighted Shrine she cried
For succour, very pitifully, thrice,
And others that she sang and had no fear.
And some that there was neither song nor cry,
But only thunder and the lashing rain.

Howbeit, in the morning men rose up,
Perplexed with horror, crowding to the Shrine.
And when Er-Heb was gathered at the doors
The Priests made lamentation and passed in
To a strange Temple and a God they feared
But knew not.

From the crevices the grass
Had thrust the altar-slabs apart, the walls
Were gray with stains unclean, the roof-beams swelled
With many-coloured growth of rottenness,
And lichen veiled the Image of Taman
In leprosy. The Basin of the Blood
Above the altar held the morning sun:
A winking ruby on its heart: below,
Face hid in hands, the maid Bisesa lay.

*Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai
Bears witness to the truth, and Ao-Safai
Hath told the men of Gorukh. Thence the tale
Comes westward o'er the peaks to India.*

THE EXPLANATION

LOVE and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw — alas! —
Each his quiver on the grass.
When, the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!
Mingled arrows each one sheaved;
Death's dread armoury was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred;
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of Death.

Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love while young men die?

THE GIFT OF THE SEA

THE dead child lay in the shroud,
And the widow watched beside;
And her mother slept, and the Channel swept
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the mother laughed at all.
"I have lost my man in the sea,
And the child is dead. Be still," she said,
"What more can ye do to me?"

The widow watched the dead,
And the candle guttered low,
And she tried to sing the Passing Song
That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,
"That lay against my heart."
And "Mary smooth your crib to-night,"
But she could not say "Depart."

Then came a cry from the sea,
But the sea-rime blinded the glass,
And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said,
"'Tis the child that waits to pass."

THE GIFT OF THE SEA

And the nodding mother sighed.

“ 'Tis a lambing ewe in the whin,
For why should the christened soul cry out
That never knew of sin? ”

“ O feet I have held in my hand,
O hands at my heart to catch,
How should they know the road to go,
And how should they lift the latch? ”

They laid a sheet to the door,
With the little quilt atop,
That it might not hurt from the cold or the
dirt,
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch
And strained her eyes to see,
And opened the door on the bitter shore
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,
There was neither spirit nor spark,
And “ Heard ye nothing, mother? ” she said,
“ 'Tis crying for me in the dark. ”

And the nodding mother sighed:
“ 'Tis sorrow makes ye dull;
Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,
Or the wail of the wind-blown gull? ”

THE GIFT OF THE SEA

"The terns are blown inland,
The gray gull follows the plough.
'Twas never a bird, the voice I heard,
O mother, I hear it now!"

"Lie still, dear lamb, lie still;
The child is passed from harm,
'Tis the ache in your breast that broke your rest,
And the feel of an empty arm."

She put her mother aside,
"In Mary's name let be!
For the peace of my soul I must go," she said,
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,
Where the twisted weed was piled,
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,
For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast,
And back to her mother she came,
But it would not feed and it would not heed,
Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,
And her own in the shroud lay stark;
And "God forgive us, mother," she said,
"We let it die in the dark!"

EVARRA AND HIS GODS

Read here :

This is the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because the city gave him of her gold,
Because the caravans brought turquoises,
Because his life was sheltered by the King,
So that no man should maim him, none should steal,
Or break his rest with babble in the streets
When he was weary after toil, he made
An image of his God in gold and pearl,
With turquoise diadem and human eyes,
A wonder in the sunshine, known afar,
And worshipped by the King; but, drunk with
pride,
Because the city bowed to him for God,
He wrote above the shrine: "*Thus Gods are made,
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.*"
And all the city praised him. . . . Then he died.

Read here the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because the city had no wealth to give,
Because the caravans were spoiled afar,

EVARRA AND HIS GODS

Because his life was threatened by the King,
So that all men despised him in the streets,
He hewed the living rock, with sweat and tears,
And reared a God against the morning-gold,
A terror in the sunshine, seen afar,
And worshipped by the King; but, drunk with
pride,
Because the city fawned to bring him back,
He carved upon the plinth: "*Thus Gods are made,
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.*"
And all the people praised him. . . . Then he
died.

*Read here the story of Evarra—man—
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because he lived among a simple folk,
Because his village was between the hills,
Because he smeared his cheeks with blood of ewes,
He cut an idol from a fallen pine,
Smeared blood upon its cheeks, and wedged a shell
Above its brows for eyes, and gave it hair
Of trailing moss, and plaited straw for crown.
And all the village praised him for this craft,
And brought him butter, honey, milk, and curds.
Wherefore, because the shoutings drove him
mad,
He scratched upon that log: "*Thus Gods are made,
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.*"
And all the people praised him. . . . Then he
died.

EVARRA AND HIS GODS

Read here the story of Evarra—man—

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.

Because his God decreed one clot of blood
Should swerve one hair's-breadth from the pulse's
path,

And chafe his brain, Evarra mowed alone,
Rag-wrapped, among the cattle in the fields,
Counting his fingers, jesting with the trees,
And mocking at the mist, until his God
Drove him to labour. Out of dung and horns
Dropped in the mire he made a monstrous God,
Abhorrent, shapeless, crowned with plantain tufts,
And when the cattle lowed at twilight-time,
He dreamed it was the clamour of lost crowds,
And howled among the beasts: "*Thus Gods are
made,*

And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."

Thereat the cattle bellowed. . . . Then he died.

Yet at the last he came to Paradise,
And found his own four Gods, and that he wrote;
And marvelled, being very near to God,
What oaf on earth had made his toil God's law,
Till God said mocking: "Mock not. These be
thine."

Then cried Evarra: "I have sinned!"—"Not so.
If thou hadst written otherwise, thy Gods
Had rested in the mountain and the mine,
And I were poorer by four wondrous Gods,
And thy more wondrous law, Evarra. Thine,
Servant of shouting crowds and lowing kine"

EVARRA AND HIS GODS

Thereat, with laughing mouth, but tear-wet eyes,
Evarra cast his Gods from Paradise.

*This is the story of Evarra—man—
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's
green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched
with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was
joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's
pretty, but is it Art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion
his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most
dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and that
was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled "Is it Art?" in the ear of
the branded Cain.

They fought and they talked in the North and the
South, they talked and they fought in the West,
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the poor
Red Clay had rest—

THE CONUNDRUM

Had rest till that dank blank-canvas dawn when the
dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's human,
but is it Art?"

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench
the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's strik-
ing, but is it Art?"
The stone was dropped at the quarry-side and the
idle derrick swung,
While each man talked of the aims of Art, and each
in an alien tongue.

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—and new as the
new-cut tooth—
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is
master of Art and Truth:
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat
of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane: "You did it,
but was it Art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the
shape of a surplice-peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the
yolk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the
horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: "It's
clever, but is it Art?"

THE CONUNDRUM

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the
Club-room's green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with
their pens in the mould—
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their
graves, and the ink and the anguish start,
For the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's pretty,
but is it Art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the
Four Great Rivers flow,
And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left
it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept and
softly scurry through,
By the favour of God we might know as much—as
our father Adam knew!

THE LEGEND OF EVIL

I

THIS is the sorrowful story
Told when the twilight fails
And the monkeys walk together
Holding their neighbours' tails:—

“ Our fathers lived in the forest,
Foolish people were they,
They went down to the cornland
To teach the farmers to play.

“ Our fathers frisked in the millet,
Our fathers skipped in the wheat,
Our fathers hung from the branches,
Our fathers danced in the street.

“ Then came the terrible farmers,
Nothing of play they knew,
Only . . . they caught our fathers
And set them to labour too!

THE LEGEND OF EVIL

“ Set them to work in the cornland
With ploughs and sickles and flails,
Put them in mud-walled prisons
And—cut off their beautiful tails!

“ Now, we can watch our fathers,
Sullen and bowed and old,
Stooping over the millet,
Sharing the silly mould,

“ Driving a foolish furrow,
Mending a muddy yoke,
Sleeping in mud-walled prisons,
Steeping their food in smoke.

“ We may not speak to our fathers,
For if the farmers knew
They would come up to the forest
And set us to labour too.”

This is the horrible story
Told as the twilight fails
And the monkeys walk together
Holding their kinsmen's tails.

THE LEGEND OF EVIL

II

'Twas when the rain fell steady an' the Ark was
pitched an' ready,
That Noah got his orders for to take the bastes below;
He dragged them all together by the horn an' hide
an' feather,
An' all excipt the Donkey was agreeable to go.

Thin Noah spoke him fairly, thin talked to him sevarely,
An' thin he cursed him squarely to the glory av the
Lord: —

“Divil take the ass that bred you, and the greater ass
that fed you —
Divil go wid you, ye spalpeen!” an' the Donkey
went aboard.

But the wind was always failin', an' 'twas most onaisy
sailin',
An' the ladies in the cabin couldn't stand the stable
air;
An' the bastes betwuxt the hatches, they tuk an' died
in batches,
Till Noah said: — “There's wan av us that hasn't
paid his fare!”

For he heard a flusteration 'mid the bastes av all
creation —
The trumpetin' av elephints an' bellowin' av whales;

THE LEGEND OF EVIL

An' he saw forninst the windy whin he wint to stop
the shindy

The Divil wid a stable-fork bedivillin' their tails.

The Divil cursed outrageous, but Noah said umbra-
geous: —

“To what am I indebted for this tenant-right
invasion?”

An' the Divil gave for answer: — “Evict me if you
can, sir,

For I came in wid the Donkey—on Your Honour's
invitation.”

THE ENGLISH FLAG

Above the portico a flag-staff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident.—DAILY PAPERS.

WINDS of the World, give answer! They are
whimpering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only
England know?—

The poor little street-bred people that vapour and
fume and brag,

They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at
the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to plaster
anew with dirt?

An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?

We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or
share.

What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World,
declare!

THE ENGLISH FLAG

The North Wind blew : — “ From Bergen my steel-
shod vanguards go ;
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe ;
By the great North Lights above me I work the will
of God,
And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills
with cod.

“ I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors
with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies came ;
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down
with my blast,
And they died, but the Flag of England blew free
ere the spirit passed.

“ The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long
Arctic night,
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the
Northern Light :
What is the Flag of England ? Ye have but my
bergs to dare,
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it
is there ! ”

The South Wind sighed : — “ From the Virgins my
mid-sea course was ta'en
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-
backed breakers croon
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

THE ENGLISH FLAG

“ Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the scud in
the breeze—

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag
was flown.

“ I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang
for a wisp on the Horn;

I have chased it north to the Lizard—ribboned and
rolled and torn;

I have spread its fold o’er the dying, adrift in a hope-
less sea;

I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slave
set free.

“ My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the
Southern Cross.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
reefs to dare,

Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there!”

The East Wind roared:—“ From the Kuriles, the
Bitter Seas, I come,

And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the
English home.

Look—look well to your shipping! By the breath
of my mad typhoon

I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your
best at Kowloon!

THE ENGLISH FLAG

"The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas before,
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered Singapore!
I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake she
rose,

And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with the
startled crows.

"Never the lotus closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for
England's sake—

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid—
Because on the bones of the English the English
Flag is stayed.

"The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass
knows,
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless
snows.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun
to dare,
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is
there!"

The West Wind called:—"In squadrons the thought-
less galleons fly
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people
die.

They make my might their porter, they make my
house their path,

Till I loose my neck from their rudder and overwhelm
them all in my wrath.

THE ENGLISH FLAG

" I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn
from the hole,
They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship-bells
toll,
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with
my breath,
And they see strange bows above them and the two
go locked to death.

" But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by
dark or day,
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates
away,
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes
by.

" The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the frozen
dews have kissed—
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the mist.
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my
breath to dare,
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it
is there!"

“CLEARED”

(IN MEMORY OF A COMMISSION)

HELP for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit hurt,
Help for an honourable clan sore trampled in the dirt!
From Queenstown Bay to Donegal, O listen to my song,
The honourable gentlemen have suffered grievous
wrong.

Their noble names were mentioned—O the burning
black disgrace! —

By a brutal Saxon paper in an Irish shooting-case;
They sat upon it for a year, then steeled their heart
to brave it,

And “coruscating innocence” the learned Judges
gave it.

Bear witness, Heaven, of that grim crime beneath the
surgeon’s knife,

The honourable gentlemen deplored the loss of life!

Bear witness of those chanting choirs that burk and
shirk and snigger,

No man laid hand upon the knife or finger to the
trigger!

“CLEARED”

Cleared in the face of all mankind beneath the winking skies,

Like phœnixes from Phœnix Park (and what lay there) they rise!

Go shout it to the emerald seas—give word to Erin now,

Her honourable gentlemen are cleared—and this is how:—

They only paid the Moonlighter his cattle-hocking price,

They only helped the murderer with counsel's best advice,

But—sure it keeps their honour white—the learned Court believes

They never gave a piece of plate to murderers and thieves.

They never told the ramping crowd to card a woman's hide,

They never marked a man for death—what fault of theirs he died?—

They only said “intimidate,” and talked and went away—

By God, the boys that did the work were braver men than they!

Their sin it was that fed the fire—small blame to them that heard—

The “bhoys” get drunk on rhetoric, and madden at a word—

“CLEARED”

They knew whom they were talking at, if they were
Irish too,
The gentlemen that lied in Court, they knew, and
well they knew.

They only took the Judas-gold from Fenians out of
jail,
They only fawned for dollars on the blood-dyed Clan-
na-Gael.
If black is black or white is white, in black and white
it's down,
They're only traitors to the Queen and rebels to the
Crown.

“Cleared,” honourable gentlemen! Be thankful it's
no more:—
The widow's curse is on your house, the dead are at
your door.
On you the shame of open shame, on you from North
to South
The hand of every honest man flat-heeled across your
mouth.

“Less black than we were painted”?—Faith, no
word of black was said;
The lightest touch was human blood, and that, you
know, runs red.
It's sticking to your fist to-day for all your sneer and
scoff,
And by the Judge's well-weighed word you cannot
wipe it off.

“CLEARED”

Hold up those hands of innocence—go, scare your
sheep together,
The blundering, tripping tups that bleat behind the
old bell-wether;
And if they snuff the taint and break to find another
pen,
Tell them it's tar that glistens so, and daub them
yours again!

“The charge is old”?—As old as Cain—as fresh as
yesterday;
Old as the Ten Commandments—have ye talked
those laws away?
If words are words, or death is death, or powder
sends the ball,
You spoke the words that sped the shot—the curse
be on you all.

“Our friends believe”?—Of course they do—as
sheltered women may;
But have they seen the shrieking soul ripped from the
quivering clay?
They!—If their own front door is shut, they'll swear
the whole world's warm;
What do they know of dread of death or hanging fear
of harm?

The secret half a county keeps, the whisper in the
lane,
The shriek that tells the shot went home behind the
broken pane,

“CLEARED”

The dry blood crisping in the sun that scares the
honest bees,

And shows the “bhoys” have heard your talk—
what do they know of these?

But you—you know—ay, ten times more; the
secrets of the dead,

Black terror on the country-side by word and whisper
bred,

The mangled stallion’s scream at night, the tail-
cropped heifer’s low.

Who set the whisper going first? You know, and
well you know!

My soul! I’d sooner lie in jail for murder plain and
straight,

Pure crime I’d done with my own hand for money,
lust, or hate,

Than take a seat in Parliament by fellow-felons
cheered,

While one of those “not provens” proved me cleared
as you are cleared.

Cleared—you that “lost” the League accounts—go,
guard our honour still,

Go, help to make our country’s laws that broke God’s
law at will—

One hand stuck out behind the back, to signal “strike
again”;

The other on your dress-shirt-front to show your
heart is clane.

“CLEARED”

If black is black or white is white, in black and white
it's down,

You're only traitors to the Queen and rebels to the
Crown.

If print is print or words are words, the learned Court
perpend:—

We are not ruled by murderers, but only—by their
friends.

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

Now this is the tale of the Council the German
Kaiser decreed,
To ease the strong of their burden, to help the weak
in their need,
He sent a word to the peoples, who struggle, and
pant, and sweat,
That the straw might be counted fairly and the tally
of bricks be set.

The Lords of Their Hands assembled; from the East
and the West they drew—
Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brummagem, Clyde, and
Crewe.
And some were black from the furnace, and some
were brown from the soil,
And some were blue from the dye-vat; but all were
wearied of toil.

And the young King said:—"I have found it, the
road to the rest ye seek:
The strong shall wait for the weary, the hale shall
halt for the weak;

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

With the even tramp of an army where no man
breaks from the line,
Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the bond of
brotherhood—sign!”

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads bowed
thereby,
And a wail went up from the peoples:—“ Ay, sign
—give rest, for we die!”
A hand was stretched to the goose-quill, a fist was
cramped to scrawl,
When—the laugh of a blue-eyed maiden ran clear
through the council-hall.

And each one heard Her laughing as each one saw
Her plain—
Saidie, Mimi, or Olga, Gretchen, or Mary Jane.
And the Spirit of Man that is in Him to the light of
the vision woke;
And the men drew back from the paper, as a Yankee
delegate spoke:—

“ There’s a girl in Jersey City who works on the
telephone;
We’re going to hitch our horses and dig for a house
of our own,
With gas and water connections, and steam-heat
through to the top;
And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work till I
drop.”

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

And an English delegate thundered: — "The weak
an' the lame be blowed!
I've a berth in the Sou'-West workshops, a home in
the Wandsworth Road;
And till the 'sociation has footed my buryin' bill,
I work for the kids an' the missus. Pull up? I be
damned if I will!"

And over the German benches the bearded whisper
ran: —
"Lager, der girls und der dollars, dey makes or dey
breaks a man.
If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der girl
deremit;
But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der
girl from Schmitt."

They passed one resolution: — "Your sub-committee
believe
You can lighten the curse of Adam when you've
lightened the curse of Eve.
But till we are built like angels, -with hammer and
chisel and pen,
We will work for ourself and a woman, for ever and
ever, amen."

Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser
held—

The day that they razored the Grindstone, the day
that the Cat was belled,

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

The day of the Figs from Thistles, the day of the
Twisted Sands,

The day that the laugh of a maiden made light of the
Lords of Their Hands.

TOMLINSON

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in
Berkeley Square,
And a Spirit came to his bedside and gripped him by
the hair—
A Spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him far
away,
Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar of
the Milky Way:
Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down and
drone and cease,
And they came to the Gate within the Wall where
Peter holds the keys.
“Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer
loud and high
The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye
came to die—
The good that ye did for the sake of men in little
earth so lone!”
And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a
rain-washed bone.
“O I have a friend on earth,” he said, “that was my
priest and guide,
And well would he answer all for me if he were by
my side.”

TOMLINSON

—“ For that ye strove in neighbour-love it shall be
written fair,
But now ye wait at Heaven’s Gate and not in Berkeley Square:
Though we called your friend from his bed this night,
he could not speak for you,
For the race is run by one and one and never by two
and two.”
Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and little gain
was there,
For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he saw
that his soul was bare:
The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut him
like a knife,
And Tomlinson took up his tale and spoke of his good
in life.
“ This I have read in a book,” he said, “ and that was
told to me,
And this I have thought that another man thought of
a Prince in Muscovy.”
The good souls flocked like homing doves and bade
him clear the path,
And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness and
wrath.
“ Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought,” he
said, “ and the tale is yet to run:
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give
answer—what ha’ ye done? ”
Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and little
good it bore,
For the Darkness stayed at his shoulder-blade and
Heaven’s Gate before:—

TOMLINSON

“O this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and this
I have heard men say,
And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl
in Norroway.”

—“Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed, good
lack! Ye have hampered Heaven’s Gate;
There’s little room between the stars in idleness to prate!
O none may reach by hired speech of neighbour,
priest, and kin
Through borrowed deed to God’s good meed that lies
so fair within;
Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for doom
has yet to run,
And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley
Square uphold you, Tomlinson!”

.
The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by sun they fell
Till they came to the belt of Naughty Stars that rim
the mouth of Hell:

The first are red with pride and wrath, the next are
white with pain,
But the third are black with clinkered sin that cannot
burn again:

They may hold their path, they may leave their path,
with never a soul to mark,
They may burn or freeze, but they must not cease in
the Scorn of the Outer Dark.

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it nipped
him to the bone,
And he yearned to the flare of Hell-Gate there as the
light of his own hearth-stone.

TOMLINSON

The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the desperate
legions drew,

But he caught the hasting Tomlinson and would not
let him through.

"Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must pay?"
said he,

"That ye rank yoursel' so fit for Hell and ask no
leave of me?

I am all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that ye should give
me scorn,

For I strove with God for your First Father the day
that he was born.

Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer loud
and high

The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or ever you
came to die."

And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against
the night

The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-Mouth
light;

And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw be-
neath his feet

The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-
Mouth heat.

"O I had a love on earth," said he, "that kissed me
to my fall,

And if ye would call my love to me I know she would
answer all."

—"All that ye did in love forbid it shall be written fair,
But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate and not in
Berkeley Square:

TOMLINSON

Though we whistled your love from her bed to-night,
I trow she would not run,
For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for
one by one!"

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut him
like a knife,
And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his sin
in life:—

"Once I ha' laughed at the power of Love and twice
at the grip of the Grave,
And thrice I ha' patted my God on the head that
men might call me brave."

The Devil he blew on a brandered soul and set it
aside to cool:—

"Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal on the
hide of a brain-sick fool?

I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the jolt-head
jest ye did

That I should waken my gentlemen that are sleeping
three on a grid."

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and there was
little grace,

For Hell-Gate filled the houseless Soul with the Fear
of Naked Space.

"Nay, this I ha' heard," quo' Tomlinson, "and this
was noised abroad,

And this I ha' got from a Belgian book on the word
of a dead French lord."

—"Ye ha' heard, ye ha' read, ye ha' got, good lack!
and the tale begins afresh—

Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o' the eye or the
sinful lust of the flesh?"

TOMLINSON

Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yammered,

“Let me in—

For I mind that I borrowed my neighbour's wife to
sin the deadly sin.”

The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked the
fires high:

“Did ye read of that sin in a book?” said he; and
Tomlinson said, “Ay!”

The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little devils
ran,

And he said: “Go husk this whimpering thief that
comes in the guise of a man:

Winnow him out 'twixt star and star, and sieve his
proper worth:

There's sore decline in Adam's line if this be spawn
of earth.”

Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not face the
fire,

But weep that they bin too small to sin to the height
of their desire,

Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked it all
abroad,

As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven's foolish
hoard.

And back they came with the tattered Thing, as
children after play,

And they said: “The soul that he got from God he
has bartered clean away.

We have threshed a stook of print and book, and
winnowed a chattering wind

And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his we
cannot find:

TOMLINSON

We have handled him, we have dandled him, we have
seared him to the bone,
And sure if tooth and nail show truth he has no soul
of his own."

The Devil he bowed his head on his breast and
rumbled deep and low:—

"I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should bid
him go.

Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I gave him
place,

My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me to
my face;

They'd call my house a common stews and me a
careless host,

And—I would not anger my gentlemen for the sake
of a shiftless ghost."

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that prayed
to feel the flame,

And he thought of Holy Charity, but he thought of
his own good name:—

"Now ye could haste my coal to waste, and sit ye
down to fry:

Did ye think of that theft for yourself?" said he; and
Tomlinson said, "Ay!"

The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his heart
was free from care:—

"Ye have scarce the soul of a louse," he said, "but
the roots of sin are there,

And for that sin should ye come in were I the lord alone.
But sinful pride has rule inside—and mightier than
my own.

TOMLINSON

Honour and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each his
priest and whore:

Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you they'd
torture sore.

Ye are neither spirit nor spirk," he said; "ye are
neither book nor brute—

Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake of
Man's repute.

I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should mock
your pain,

But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come back
again.

Get hence, the hearse is at your door—the grim black
stallions wait—

They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed, lest ye
come too late!

Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back with
an open eye,

And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever ye
come to die:

That the sin they do by two and two they must pay
for one by one—

And . . . the God that you took from a printed book
be with you, Tomlinson!"

L'ENVOI TO "LIFE'S HANDICAP"

MY new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare;
By my own work, before the night,
Great Overseer I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
Stands all Eternity's offence,
Of that I did with Thee to guide
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade
And Manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay!

L'ENVOI TO "LIFE'S HANDICAP"

One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy Worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken ;
Oh whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need

L'ENVOI

THERE'S a whisper down the field where the year has
shot her yield,
And the ricks stand gray to the sun,
Singing: — "Over then, come over, for the bee has
quit the clover,
And your English summer's done."

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long! how long?
Pull out on the trail again!

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new.

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun,
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate;

L'ENVOI

Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are gray
and old,
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea
roll
Of a black Bilbao tramp;
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail
From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail—the trail
that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the
snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid;
But the fairest way to me is a ship's upon the sea
In the heel of the North-East Trade.
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new?

L'ENVOI

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks
the crate,
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;
It's "Gang-plank up and in," dear lass,
It's "Hawsers warp her through!"
And it's "All clear aft" on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us
tied,
And the sirens hoot their dread!
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless
deep
To the sob of the questing lead!
It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail,
our own trail, the out trail,
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of
light
That holds the hot sky tame,
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-
powdered floors,
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!

L'ENVOI

Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,
And her ropes are taut with the dew,
For we're booming down on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers
comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows
reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own
trail, the out trail,
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the
Start—
We're steaming all-too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!
You have heard the call of the off-shore wind,
And the voice of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long! how
long?
Pull out on the trail again!

L'ENVOI

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And The Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.



THE SEVEN SEAS

1891-1896

DEDICATION

TO THE CITY OF BOMBAY

*The Cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each—
This from her mountain-side,
That from her burthened beach.*

*They count their ships full tale—
Their corn and oil and wine,
Derrick and loom and bale,
And rampart's gun-flecked line ;
City by City they hail :
" Hast aught to match with mine ? "*

*And the men that breed from them
They traffic up and down,
But cling to their cities' hem
As a child to the mother's gown.*

*When they talk with the stranger bands,
Dazed and newly alone ;
When they walk in the stranger lands,
By roaring streets unknown ;
Blessing her where she stands
For strength above their own.*

DEDICATION

*(On high to hold her fame
That stands all fame beyond,
By oath to back the same,
Most faithful-foolish-fond ;
Making her mere-breathed name
Their bond upon their bond.)*

*So thank I God my birth
Fell not in isles aside—
Waste headlands of the earth,
Or warring tribes untried—
But that she lent me worth
And gave me right to pride.*

*Surely in toil or fray
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say :
“ Of no mean city am I ! ”*

*(Neither by service nor fee
Come I to mine estate—
Mother of Cities to me,
For I was born in her gate,
Between the palms and the sea,
Where the world-end steamers wait.)*

*Now for this debt I owe,
And for her far-borne cheer
Must I make haste and go
With tribute to her pier.*

DEDICATION

And she shall touch and remit

After the use of kings

(Orderly, ancient, fit)

My deep-sea plunderings,

And purchase in all lands.

And this we do for a sign

Her power is over mine,

And mine I hold at her hands !

THE SEVEN SEAS

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

*Fair is our lot—O goodly is our heritage !
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth !)
For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the
Earth !*

*Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went from
righteousness—
Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments'
hem.
Oh be ye not dismayed,
Though we stumbled and we strayed,
We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal
with them !*

*Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealèd us ;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale.
Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them
treble-tale !*

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

*Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the
ford.*

*Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown ;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve
the Lord !*

.
*Hear now a song—a song of broken interludes—
A song of little cunning ; of a singer nothing worth.
Through the naked words and mean
May ye see the truth between
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the
Earth !*

THE COASTWISE LIGHTS

Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is
on our knees ;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging,
smoking seas.
From reef and rock and skerry—over headland, ness,
and voe—
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of
England go !

Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless,
level floors ;
Through the yelling Channel tempest when the siren
hoots and roars—

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

By day the dipping house-flag and by night the
rocket's trail—

As the sheep that graze behind us so we know them
where they hail.

We bridge across the dark and bid the helmsman have
a care,

The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping wife
to prayer;

From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in
burning chains

The lover from the sea-rim drawn—his love in
English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the
Southern wool;

We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen, Leith,
and Hull;

To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the sea—
The white wall-sided war-ships or the whalers of
Dundee!

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guard-
ports of the Morn!

Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the
Horn!

Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us,
main to main,

The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome
back again!

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust on
your plates;
Go, get you into London with the burden of your
freights!
Haste; for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any
seek,
The Lights of England sent you and by silence shall
ye speak!

THE SONG OF THE DEAD

*Hear now the Song of the Dead—in the North by the
torn berg-edges—*

*They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their hide-
stripped sledges.*

*Song of the Dead in the South—in the sun by their
skeleton horses,*

*Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through the
dust of the sear river-courses.*

*Song of the Dead in the East—in the heat-rotted jungle
hollows,*

*Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof—in the brake of
the buffalo-wallows.*

*Song of the Dead in the West—in the Barrens, the
waste that betrayed them,*

*Where the wolferene tumbles their packs from the camp
and the grave-mound they made them;*

Hear now the Song of the Dead!

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

I

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-
stified town;
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange
roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power
with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.
As the deer breaks—as the steer breaks—from the
herd where they graze,
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
Then the wood failed—then the food failed—then
the last water dried—
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
On the sand-drift—on the veldt-side—in the fern-
scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the
way.
Follow after—follow after! We have watered the
root,
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for
fruit!
Follow after—we are waiting, by the trails that we
lost,
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a
host.
Follow after—follow after—for the harvest is sown:
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to
your own!

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

*When Drake went down to the Horn
And England was crowned thereby,
'Twixt seas unsailed and shores unhailed
Our Lodge—our Lodge was born
(And England was crowned thereby!)*

*Which never shall close again
By day nor yet by night,
While man shall take his life to stake
At risk of shoal or main
(By day nor yet by night).*

*But standeth even so
As now we witness here,
While men depart, of joyful heart,
Adventure for to know
(As now bear witness here!)*

II

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,
From the Ducies to the Swin.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,
Or the wreck that struck last tide—
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

THE DEEP-SEA CABLES

The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down
from afar—
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind
white sea-snakes are.
There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of
the deep,
Or the great gray level plains of ooze where the shell-
buried cables creep.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

Here in the womb of the world—here on the tie-ribs
of earth

Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter
and beat—

Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and mirth—

For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice
nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things; they have
killed their father Time;

Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last
of the sun.

Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ulti-
mate slime,

And a new Word runs between: whispering, "Let
us be one!"

THE SONG OF THE SONS

One from the ends of the earth—gifts at an open door—

Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons have more!

From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of a
wolf-pack freed,

Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be proud of
thy seed!

Count, are we feeble or few? Hear, is our speech so
rude?

Look, are we poor in the land? Judge, are we men
of The Blood?

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call
them in—

We that were bred overseas wait and would speak
with our kin.

Not in the dark do we fight—haggle and flout and
gibe;

Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a
bribe.

Gifts have we only to-day—Love without promise or
fee—

Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost parts
of the sea!

THE SONG OF THE CITIES

BOMBAY

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen

Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands—

A thousand mills roar through me where I glean

All races from all lands.

CALCUTTA

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,

Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to
hold.

Hail, England! I am Asia—Power on silt,

Death in my hands, but Gold!

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

MADRAS

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,
Wonderful kisses, so that I became
Crowned above Queens—a withered beldame now,
Brooding on ancient fame.

RANGOON

Hail, Mother! Do they call me rich in trade?
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

SINGAPORE

Hail, Mother! East and West must seek my aid
Ere the spent gear may dare the ports afar.
The second doorway of the wide world's trade
Is mine to loose or bar.

HONG-KONG

Hail, Mother! Hold me fast; my Praya sleeps
Under innumerable keels to-day.
Yet guard (and landward), or to-morrow sweeps
Thy war-ships down the bay!

HALIFAX

Into the mist my guardian prowls put forth,
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,
The Warden of the Honour of the North,
Sleepless and veiled am I!

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,
And, fearing no man, wait!

VICTORIA

From East to West the circling word has passed,
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue;
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,
The well-forged link rings true!

CAPE TOWN

Hail! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand,
I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land
From Lion's Head to Line!

MELBOURNE

Greeting! Nor fear nor favour won us place,
Got between greed of gold and dread of drouth,
Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race
That whips our harbour-mouth!

SYDNEY

Greeting! My birth-stain have I turned to good;
Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness:
The first flush of the tropics in my blood,
And at my feet Success:

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

BRISBANE

The northern stirp beneath the southern skies—
I build a Nation for an Empire's need,
Suffer a little, and my land shall rise,
Queen over lands indeed!

HOBART

Man's love first found me; man's hate made me Hell;
For my babes' sake I cleansed those infamies.
Earnest for leave to live and labour well,
God flung me peace and ease.

AUCKLAND

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart—
On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,
Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart
To seek the Happy Isles!

ENGLAND'S ANSWER

Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to
ban;
Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that
I bare;
Stark as your sons shall be—stern as your fathers
were.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our
tether,
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come
together.
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone
by;
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not
dry.
Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the
doors,
That ye may talk together, your Barons and Council-
lors—
Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,
Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her
knees! —
That ye may talk together, brother to brother's
face—
Thus for the good of your peoples—thus for the
Pride of the Race.
Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood
endures,
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel
that my strength is yours:
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of
all,
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not
fall.
Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold
bands,
And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule
of your lands.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-
bloom,

This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern
Broom.

The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not
press my will,

Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother
still.

Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must
speak to you,

After the use of the English, in straight-flung words
and few.

Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your
ways,

Balking the end half-won for an instant dole of
praise.

Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword
and pen,

Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a
world of men!

THE FIRST CHANTEY

MINE was the woman to me, darkling I found her;
Haling her dumb from the camp, took her and bound
her.

Hot rose her tribe on our track ere I had proved her;
Hearing her laugh in the gloom, greatly I loved her.

Swift through the forest we ran; none stood to guard
us,

Few were my people and far; then the flood barred
us—

Him we call Son of the Sea, sullen and swollen.
Panting we waited the death, stealer and stolen.

Yet ere they came to my lance laid for the slaughter,
Lightly she leaped to a log lapped in the water;
Holding on high and apart skins that arrayed her,
Called she the God of the Wind that He should aid her.

Life had the tree at that word (Praise we the Giver!)
Otter-like left he the bank for the full river.
Far fell their axes behind, flashing and ringing,
Wonder was on me and fear—yet she was singing!

THE FIRST CHANTEY

Low lay the land we had left. Now the blue bound
us,
Even the Floor of the Gods level around us.
Whisper there was not, nor word, shadow nor show-
ing,
Till the light stirred on the deep, glowing and grow-
ing.

Then did He leap to His place flaring from under,
He the Compeller, the Sun, bared to our wonder.
Nay, not a league from our eyes blinded with gazing,
Cleared He the gate of the world, huge and amazing!

This we beheld (and we live)—the Pit of the Burn-
ing!

Then the God spoke to the tree for our returning;
Back to the beach of our flight, fearless and slowly,
Back to our slayers went he: but we were holy.

Men that were hot in that hunt, women that followed,
Babes that were promised our bones, trembled and
wallowed:

Over the necks of the Tribe crouching and fawning—
Prophet and priestess we came back from the dawn-
ing!

THE LAST CHANTEY

"And there was no more sea."

THUS said The Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree:
"Lo! Earth has passed away
On the smoke of Judgment Day.
That Our word may be established shall We gather
up the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:
"Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl and
flee!
But the war is done between us,
In the deep the Lord hath seen us—
Our bones we'll leave the barracout', and God may
sink the sea!"

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayèd Him:
"Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant with me?
How once a year I go
To cool me on the floe?
And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the
sea!"

THE LAST CHANTEY

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore
Wind:

(He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed
breakers flee):

“I have watch and ward to keep
O'er Thy wonders on the deep,
And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away
the sea!”

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:

“Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk are we!
If we worked the ship together
Till she foundered in foul weather,
Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance
on the sea?”

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw
overboard:

“Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band were we;
But Thy arm was strong to save,
And it touched us on the wave,
And we drownd the long tides idle till Thy Trum-
pets tore the sea.”

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God:

“Once we frapped a ship, and she laboured
woundily.

There were fourteen score of these,
And they blessed Thee on their knees,
When they learned Thy Grace and Glory under
Malta by the sea!”

THE LAST CHANTEY

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked
unhandily :
“ Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard—
May we lift a Deep-sea Chantey such as seamen
use at sea? ”

Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adventurers—
Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity :
“ Ho, we revel in our chains
O'er the sorrow that was Spain's ;
Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters
of the sea! ”

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn 'speckshioner—
(He that led the flinching in the fleets of fair
Dundee):
“ Oh, the ice-blink white and near,
And the bowhead breaching clear!
Will Ye overwhelm them all for wantonness that wallow
in the sea? ”

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying: “ Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor
lee!
Must we sing for evermore
On the windless, glassy floor?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to
open sea! ”

THE LAST CHANTEY

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea
up to Him,
And 'stablished his borders unto all eternity,
That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on
the sea.

*Sun, wind, and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying
free ;
And the ships shall go abroad
To the Glory of the Lord
Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back
their sea !*

THE MERCHANTMEN

KING SOLOMON drew merchantmen,
Because of his desire
For peacocks, apes, and ivory,
From Tarshish unto Tyre:
With cedars out of Lebanon
Which Hiram rafted down,
But we be only sailormen
That use in London Town.

*Coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back
again—*

*Where the flaw shall head us or the full Trade
suits—*

*Plain-sail—storm-sail—lay your board and tack
again—*

*And that's the way we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his
boots!*

We bring no store of ingots,
Of spice or precious stones,
But that we have we gathered
With sweat and aching bones:

THE MERCHANTMEN

In flame beneath the tropics,
In frost upon the floe,
And jeopardy of every wind
That does between them go.

And some we got by purchase,
And some we had by trade,
And some we found by courtesy
Of pike and carronade—
At midnight, 'mid-sea meetings,
For charity to keep,
And light the rolling homeward-bound
That rode a foot too deep.

By sport of bitter weather
We're walty, strained, and scarred
From the kentledge on the kelson
To the slings upon the yard,
Six oceans had their will of us
To carry all away—
Our galley's in the Baltic,
And our boom's in Mossel Bay!

We've floundered off the Texel,
Awash with sodden deals,
We've slipped from Valparaiso
With the Norther at our heels:
We've ratched beyond the Crossets
That tusk the Southern Pole,
And dipped our gunnels under
To the dread Agulhas roll.

THE MERCHANTMEN

Beyond all outer charting

We sailed where none have sailed,
And saw the land-lights burning
On islands none have hailed ;
Our hair stood up for wonder,
But, when the night was done,
There danced the deep to windward
Blue-empty 'neath the sun !

Strange consorts rode beside us

And brought us evil luck ;
The witch-fire climbed our channels,
And flared on vane and truck :
Till, through the red tornado,
That lashed us nigh to blind,
We saw The Dutchman plunging,
Full canvas, head to wind !

We've heard the Midnight Leadsman

That calls the black deep down—
Ay, thrice we've heard The Swimmer,
The Thing that may not drown.

On frozen bunt and gasket

The sleet-cloud drave her hosts,
When, manned by more than signed with us,
We passed the Isle o' Ghosts !

And north, amid the hummocks,

A biscuit-toss below,
We met the silent shallop
That frightened whalers know ;

THE MERCHANTMEN

For, down a cruel ice-lane,
That opened as he sped,
We saw dead Henry Hudson
Steer, North by West, his dead.

So dealt God's waters with us
Beneath the roaring skies,
So walked His signs and marvels
All naked to our eyes:
But we were heading homeward
With trade to lose or make—
Good Lord, they slipped behind us
In the tailing of our wake!

Let go, let go the anchors;
Now shamed at heart are we
To bring so poor a cargo home
That had for gift the sea!
Let go the great bow-anchors—
Ah, fools were we and blind—
The worst we stored with utter toil,
The best we left behind!

*Coastwise — cross-seas — round the world and back
again,
Whither flaw shall fail us or the Trades drive
down :
Plain-sail — storm-sail — lay your board and tack
again —
And all to bring a cargo up to London Town !*

• M'ANDREW'S HYMN

LORD, Thou hast made this world below the shadow
of a dream,

An', taught by time, I tak' it so—exceptin' always
Steam.

From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy
Hand, O God—

Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.

John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enormous,
certain, slow—

Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my* "Institutio."

I cannot get my sleep to-night; old bones are hard to
please;

I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God
an' these

My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an'
strain

Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin'
home again.

Slam-bang too much—they knock a wee—the cross-
head-gibs are loose;

But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair
excuse. . . .

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Fine, clear an' dark—a full-draught breeze, wi'
Ushant out o' sight,
An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk to-
night!
His wife's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy—One—
Two—Three since he began—
Three turns for Mistress Ferguson . . . and who's to
blame the man?
There's none at any port for me, by drivin' fast or
slow,
Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty
years ago.
(The year the *Sarah Sands* was burned. Oh roads
we used to tread,
Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws—fra' Govan to Park-
head!)
Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll hear Sir
Kenneth say:
“ Good-mornn, M'Andrew! Back again? An' how's
your bilge to-day? ”
Miscallin' technicalities but handin' me my chair
To drink Madeira wi' three Earls—the auld Fleet
Engineer,
That started as a boiler-whelp—when steam and he
were low.
I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe wi'
tow.
Ten pound was all the pressure then—Eh! Eh!—a
man wad drive;
An' here, our workin' gauges give one hunder fifty-
five!

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

We're creepin' on wi' each new rig—less weight an'
larger power:
There'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty knots an hour!
Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-steam
began
Leaves me no doot for the machine: but what about
the man?
The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million mile
o' sea:
Four time the span from earth to moon. . . . How
far, O Lord, from Thee?
That wast beside him night an' day. Ye mind my
first typhoon?
It scoughed the skipper on his way to jock wi' the
saloon.
Three feet were on the stokehold-floor—just slappin'
to an' fro—
An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the marks to
show.
Marks! I ha' marks o' more than burns—deep in my
soul an' black,
An' times like this, when things go smooth, my
wickudness comes back.
The sins o' four and forty years, all up an' down the
seas,
Clack an' repeat like valves half-fed. . . . Forgie's
our trespasses.
Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy in
my gaze,
The couples kittlin' in the dark between the funnel
stays;

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Years when I raked the ports wi' pride to fill my cup
o' wrong—

Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street in
Hong-Kong!

Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I
abode—

Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick an'
Grant Road!

An' waur than all—my crownin' sin—rank blas-
phemy an' wild.

I was not four and twenty then—Ye wadna judge a
child?

I'd seen the Tropics first that run—new fruit, new
smells, new air—

How could I tell—blind-fou wi' sun—the Deil was
lurkin' there?

By day like playhouse-scenes the shore slid past our
sleepy eyes;

By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from
those velvet skies,

In port (we used no cargo-steam) I'd daunder down
the streets—

An ijjit grinnin' in a dream—for shells an' parra-
keets,

An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish
stuffed an' dried—

Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put overside.
Till, off Sambawa Head, Ye mind, I heard a land-
breeze ca',

Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom: "M'An-
drew, come awa'!"

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Firm, clear an' low—no haste, no hate—the ghostly
whisper went,

Just statin' eevidential facts beyon' all argument:

“Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the shadow o'
yoursel',

Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on Heaven
an' Hell.

They mak' Him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie cold an'
dirt,

A jealous, pridefu' fetich, lad, that's only strong to hurt,

Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-hot rod,

But come wi' Us” (Now, who were *They?*) “an'

know the Leevin' God,

That does not kipper souls for sport or break a life in
jest,

But swells the ripenin' cocoanuts an' ripens the
woman's breast.”

An' there it stopped: cut off: no more; that quiet,
certain voice—

For me, six months o' twenty-four, to leave or take
at choice.

'Twas on me like a thunderclap—it racked me
through an' through—

Temptation past the show o' speech, unnameable an'
new—

The Sin against the Holy Ghost? . . . An' under all,
our screw.

That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-shiftin'
swell,

Thou knowest all my heart an' mind, Thou knowest,
Lord, I fell.

FISHER'S BOARDING-HOUSE

"You speak to Salem Hardieker—
You was his girl, I know.
I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,
Und round the Skaw we go,
South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm,
To Besser in Sarø."

When love rejected turns to hate,
All ill betide the man.
"You speak to Salem Hardieker"—
She spoke as woman can.
A scream—a sob—"He called me—names!"
And then the fight began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,
A shriek upon the stairs,
A dance of shadows on the wall,
A knife-thrust unawares—
And Hans came down, as cattle drop,
Across the broken chairs.

.

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands
The weary head fell low:—
"I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight
For Besser in Sarø;
Und there Ultruda comes to me
At Easter, und I go

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Maybe they steam from grace to wrath—to sin by
folly led,—
It isna mine to judge their path—their lives are on
my head.
Mine at the last—when all is done it all comes back
to me,
The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon the
sea.
We'll tak' one stretch—three weeks an' odd by any
road ye steer—
Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington—ye need an
engineer.
Fail there—ye've time to weld your shaft—ay, eat
it, ere ye're spoke;
Or make Kerguelen under sail—three jiggers burned
wi' smoke!
An' home again, the Rio run: it's no child's play to
go
Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floe an'
blow—
The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' turn an'
shift
Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God, goes by the
big South drift.
(Hail, snow an' ice that praise the Lord: I've met
them at their work,
An' wished we had anither route or they anither kirk.)
Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though
Thy Power brings
All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must think
o' things.

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Then, at the last, we'll get to port an' hoist their baggage clear—

The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes—an' this is what I'll hear:

“Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The tender's comin' now.”

While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the skipper bow.

They've words for every one but me—shake hands wi' half the crew,

Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never knew.

An' yet I like the wark for all we've dam' few pickin's here—

No pension, an' the most we earn's four hunder pound a year.

Better myself abroad? Maybe. *I'd* sooner starve than sail

Wi' such as call a snifter-rod *ross* . . . French for nightingale.

Commeesion on my stores? Some do; but I can not afford

To lie like stewards wi' patty-pans—. I'm older than the Board.

A bonus on the coal I save? Ou ay, the Scots are close, But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge their food to *those*.

(There's bricks that I might recommend—an' clink the fire-bars cruel.

No! Welsh—Wangarti at the worst—an' damn all patent fuel!)

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a patent pay.
My Deeferential Valve-Gear taught me how that
business lay,

I blame no chaps wi' clearer head for aught they
make or sell.

I found that I could not invent an' look to these—as
well.

So, wrestled wi' Apollyon—Nah! —fretted like a
bairn —

But burned the workin'-plans last run wi' all I hoped
to earn.

Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that meant
to me—

E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee. . . .

*Below there! Oiler! What's your wark? Ye find
it runnin' hard?*

*Ye needn't swill the cap wi' oil—this isn't the Cunard!
Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think. Go, sweat that
off again!*

Tck! Tck! It's deeficult to sweer nor tak' The
Name in vain!

Men, ay an' women, call me stern. Wi' these to oversee
Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social repartee.

The bairns see what their elders miss; they'll hunt
me to an' fro,

Till for the sake of—well, a kiss—I tak' 'em down
below.

That minds me of our Viscount loon—Sir Kenneth's
kin—the chap

Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked
yachtin'-cap.

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

I showed him round last week, o'er all—an' at the
last says he:

"Mister M'Andrew, don't you think steam spoils
romance at sea?"

Damned ijjit! I'd been doon that morn to see what
ailed the throws,

Manholin', on my back—the cranks three inches off
my nose.

Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it
very well,

Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't
poets tell?

I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns—the loves an'
doves they dream—

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song
o' Steam!

To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra
sublime

Whaurto—uplifted like the Just—the tail-rods mark
the time.

The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-
pump sobs an' heaves,

An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the
sheaves:

Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-
head bides,

Till—hear that note?—the rod's return whings glim-
merin' through the guides.

They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin'
chorus goes

Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o'
speed.

Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted,
braced an' stayed,

An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they
are made;

While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-
block says:

"Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the
praise!"

Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs
an' mine:

"Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Disci-
pline!"

Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin'
they arose,

An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the
blows.

Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer
strain,

Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin'
plain!

But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' under-
stand

My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh, Lord!
They're grand—they're grand!

Uplift am I? When first in store the new-made
beasties stood,

Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declarin'
all things good?

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

Not so! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could
vex,

Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man—the
Arrtifex!

That holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction,
waste an' slip,

An' by that light—now, mark my word—we'll build
the Perfect Ship.

I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve—
not I.

But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. 'Be thanks to Thee,
Most High!

An' I ha' done what I ha' done—judge Thou if ill or
well—

Always Thy Grace preventin' me. . . .

Losh! Yon's the "Stand by" bell.
Pilot so soon? His flare it is. The mornin'-watch is
set.

Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no Pela-
gian yet.

Now I'll tak' on. . . .

*'Morrn, Ferguson. Man, have ye ever thought
What your good leddy costs in coal? . . . I'll burn 'em
down to port.*

THE MIRACLES

I SENT a message to my dear—
A thousand leagues and more to Her—
The dumb sea-levels thrilled to hear,
And Lost Atlantis bore to Her.

Behind my message hard I came,
And nigh had found a grave for me;
But that I launched of steel and flame
Did war against the wave for me.

Uprose the deep, by gale on gale,
To bid me change my mind again—
He broke his teeth along my rail,
And, roaring, swung behind again.

I stayed the sun at noon to tell
My way across the waste of it;
I read the storm before it fell
And made the better haste of it.

Afar, I hailed the land at night—
The towers I built had heard of me—
And, ere my rocket reached its height,
Had flashed my Love the word of me.

THE MIRACLES

Earth sold her chosen men of strength
 (They lived and strove and died for me)
To drive my road a nation's length,
 And toss the miles aside for me.

I snatched their toil to serve my needs—
 Too slow their fleetest flew for me—
I tired twenty smoking steeds,
 And bade them bait a new for me.

I sent the lightnings forth to see
 Where hour by hour She waited me.
Among ten-million one was She,
 And surely all men hated me!

Dawn ran to meet me at my goal—
 Ah, day no tongue shall tell again!
And little folk of little soul
 Rose up to buy and sell again!

THE NATIVE-BORN

*We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her!—
We've drunk to our mothers' land;
We've drunk to our English brother
(But he does not understand);
We've drunk to the wide creation,
And the Cross swings low for the morn;
Last toast, and of obligation,
A health to the Native-born!*

*They change their skies above them,
But not their hearts that roam!
We learned from our wistful mothers
To call old England "home";
We read of the English skylark,
Of the spring in the English lanes,
But we screamed with the painted lories
As we rode on the dusty plains!*

*They passed with their old-world legends—
Their tales of wrong and dearth—
Our fathers held by purchase,
But we by the right of birth;*

THE NATIVE-BORN

*Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,
Our love where we spent our toil,
And our faith and our hope and our honour
We pledge to our native soil!*

*I charge you charge your glasses—
I charge you drink with me
To the men of the Four New Nations,
And the Islands of the Sea—
To the last least lump of coral
That none may stand outside,
And our own good pride shall teach us
To praise our comrade's pride!*

To the hush of the breathless morning
On the thin, tin, crackling roofs,
To the haze of the burned back-ranges
And the dust of the shoeless hoofs—
To the risk of a death by drowning,
To the risk of a death by drouth—
To the men of a million acres,
To the Sons of the Golden South!

*To the Sons of the Golden South (Stand up!),
And the life we live and know,
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about,
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares about
With the weight of a single blow!*

To the smoke of a hundred coasters,
To the sheep on a thousand hills,

THE NATIVE-BORN

To the sun that never blisters,
To the rain that never chills—
To the land of the waiting spring-time,
To our five-meal, meat-fed men,
To the tall, deep-bosomed women,
And the children nine and ten!

*And the children nine and ten (Stand up!),
And the life we live and know,
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about,
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares about
With the weight of a two-fold blow!*

To the far-flung fenceless prairie
Where the quick cloud-shadows trail,
To our neighbour's barn in the offing
And the line of the new-cut rail;
To the plough in her league-long furrow
With the gray Lake gulls behind—
To the weight of a half-year's winter
And the warm wet western wind!

To the home of the floods and thunder,
To her pale dry healing blue—
To the lift of the great Cape combers,
And the smell of the baked Karroo.
To the growl of the sluicing stamp-head—
To the reef and the water-gold,
To the last and the largest Empire,
To the map that is half unrolled!

THE NATIVE-BORN

To our dear dark foster-mothers,
To the heathen songs they sung—
To the heathen speech we babbled
Ere we came to the white man's tongue.
To the cool of our deep verandas—
To the blaze of our jewelled main,
To the night, to the palms in the moonlight,
And the fire-fly in the cane!

To the hearth of our people's people—
To her well-ploughed windy sea,
To the hush of our dread high-altar
Where The Abbey makes us We;
To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
To the gain that is yours and mine—
To the Bank of the Open Credit,
To the Power-house of the Line!

We've drunk to the Queen—God bless her!—
We've drunk to our mothers' land;
We've drunk to our English brother
(And we hope he'll understand).
We've drunk as much as we're able,
And the Cross swings low for the morn;
Last toast—and your foot on the table!—
A health to the Native-born!

*A health to the Native-born (Stand up!),
We're six white men arow,
All bound to sing o' the little things we care about,*

THE NATIVE-BORN

*All bound to fight for the little things we care about
With the weight of a six-fold blow!
By the might of our cable-tow (Take hands!),
From the Orkneys to the Horn,
All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by),
All round the world (and a little strap to buckle it),
A health to the Native-born.*

THE KING

"FAREWELL, Romance!" the Cave-men said;

"With bone well carved he went away,
Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,
And jasper tips the spear to-day.
Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,
And he with these. Farewell, Romance!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Lake-folk sighed;

"We lift the weight of flatling years;
The caverns of the mountain-side
Hold him who scorns our hutted piers.
Lost hills whereby we dare not dwell,
Guard ye his rest. Romance, farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Soldier spoke;

"By sleight of sword we may not win,
But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke
Of arquebus and culverin.
Honour is lost, and none may tell
Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Traders cried;

"Our keels ha' lain with every sea;

THE KING

The dull-returning wind and tide

Heave up the wharf where we would be;
The known and noted breezes swell
Our trudging sail. Romance, farewell!"

"Good-bye, Romance!" the Skipper said;

"He vanished with the coal we burn;
Our dial marks full steam ahead,
Our speed is timed to half a turn.
Sure as the ferried barge we ply
'Twixt port and port. Romance, good-bye!"

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,

"*He* never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn—
And left the local—late again!"
Confound Romance! . . . And all unseen
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,

His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks;
By dock and deep and mine and mill
The Boy-god reckless laboured still!

Robed, crowned and throned, he wove his spell,

Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,
With unconsidered miracle,

Hedged in a backward-gazing world;
Then taught his chosen bard to say:
"Our King was with us—yesterday!"

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

*Away by the lands of the Japanee
Where the paper lanterns glow
And the crews of all the shipping drink
In the house of Blood Street Joe,
At twilight, when the landward breeze
Brings up the harbour noise,
And ebb of Yokohama Bay
Swigs chattering through the buoys,
In Cisco's Dewdrop Dining-Rooms
They tell the tale anew
Of a hidden sea and a hidden fight,
When the Baltic ran from the Northern
Light
And the Stralsund fought the two.*

Now this is the Law of the Muscovite, that he proves
with shot and steel,
When ye come by his isles in the Smoky Sea ye must
not take the seal,
Where the gray sea goes nakedly between the weed-
hung shelves,
And the little blue fox he is bred for his skin and the
seal they breed for themselves;

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

For when the *matkas* seek the shore to drop their pups
aland,
The great man-seal haul out of the sea, a-roaring,
band by band ;
And when the first September gales have slaked their
rutting-wrath,
The great man-seal haul back to the sea and no man
knows their path.
Then dark they lie and stark they lie—rookery, dune,
and floe,
And the Northern Lights come down o' nights to
dance with the houseless snow ;
And God Who clears the grounding berg and steers
the grinding floe,
He hears the cry of the little kit-fox and the wind
along the snow.
But since our women must walk gay and money buys
their gear,
The sealing-boats they filch that way at hazard year
by year.
English they be and Japanee that hang on the Brown
Bear's flank,
And some be Scot, but the worst of the lot, and the
boldest thieves, be Yank!

It was the sealer *Northern Light*, to the Smoky Seas
she bore,
With a stovepipe stuck from a starboard port and the
Russian flag at her fore.

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

(*Baltic*, *Stralsund*, and *Northern Light*—oh! they
were birds of a feather—

Slipping away to the Smoky Seas, three seal-thieves
together!)

And at last she came to a sandy cove and the *Baltic*
lay therein,

But her men were up with the herding seal to drive
and club and skin.

There were fifteen hundred skins abeach, cool pelt and
proper fur,

When the *Northern Light* drove into the bight and
the sea-mist drove with her.

The *Baltic* called her men and weighed—she could
not choose but run—

For a stovepipe seen through the closing mist, it shows
like a four-inch gun.

(And loss it is that is sad as death to lose both trip and
ship

And lie for a rotting contraband on Vladivostock slip.)

She turned and dived in the sea-smother as a rabbit
dives in the whins,

And the *Northern Light* sent up her boats to steal the
stolen skins.

They had not brought a load to side or slid their
hatches clear,

When they were aware of a sloop-of-war, ghost-white
and very near.

Her flag she showed, and her guns she showed—three
of them, black, abeam,

And a funnel white with the crusted salt, but never a
show of steam.

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

There was no time to man the brakes, they knocked
the shackle free,
And the *Northern Light* stood out again, goose-winged
to open sea.
(For life it is that is worse than death, by force of
Russian law
To work in the mines of mercury that loose the teeth
in your jaw.)
They had not run a mile from shore—they heard no
shots behind—
When the skipper smote his hand on his thigh and
threw her up in the wind:
“Bluffed—raised out on a bluff,” said he, “for if my
name’s Tom Hall,
You must set a thief to catch a thief—and a thief has
caught us all!
By every butt in Oregon and every spar in Maine,
The hand that spilled the wind from her sail was the
hand of Reuben Paine!
He has rigged and trigged her with paint and spar, and,
faith, he has faked her well—
But I’d know the *Stralsund’s* deckhouse yet from here
to the booms o’ Hell.
Oh, once we ha’ met at Baltimore, and twice on Boston
pier,
But the sickest day for you, Reuben Paine, was the
day that you came here—
The day that you came here, my lad, to scare us from
our seal
With your funnel made o’ your painted cloth, and
your guns o’ rotten deal!

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

Ring and blow for the *Baltic* now, and head her back
to the bay,
And we'll come into the game again—with a double
deck to play!"

They rang and blew the sealers' call—the poaching
cry of the sea—
And they raised the *Baltic* out of the mist, and an
angry ship was she:
And blind they groped through the whirling white and
blind to the bay again,
Till they heard the creak of the *Stralsund's* boom and
the clank of her mooring chain.
They laid them down by bitt and boat, their pistols in
their belts,
And: "Will you fight for it, Reuben Paine, or will you
share the pelts?"

A dog-toothed laugh laughed Reuben Paine, and
bared his flenching-knife.
"Yea, skin for skin, and all that he hath a man will
give for his life;
But I've six thousand skins below, and Yeddo Port to
see,
And there's never a law of God or man runs north of
Fifty-Three:
So go in peace to the naked seas with empty holds to
fill,
And I'll be good to your seal this catch, as many as I
shall kill!"

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

Answered the snap of a closing lock and the jar of a
gun-butt slid,
But the tender fog shut fold on fold to hide the wrong
they did.
The weeping fog rolled fold on fold the wrath of man
to cloak,
And the flame-spurts pale ran down the rail as the
sealing-rifles spoke.
The bullets bit on bend and butt, the splinter slivered
free
(Little they trust to sparrow-dust that stop the seal in
his sea!),
The thick smoke hung and would not shift, leaden it
lay and blue,
But three were down on the *Baltic's* deck and two of
the *Stralsund's* crew.
An arm's-length out and overside the banked fog held
them bound,
But, as they heard or groan or word, they fired at the
sound.
For one cried out on the Name of God, and one to
have him cease,
And the questing volley found them both and bade
them hold their peace;
And one called out on a heathen joss and one on the
Virgin's Name,
And the schooling bullet leaped across and showed
them whence they came.
And in the waiting silences the rudder whined beneath,
And each man drew his watchful breath slow taken
'tween the teeth—

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

Trigger and ear and eye acock, knit brow and hard-
drawn lips—

Bracing his feet by chock and cleat for the rolling of
the ships.

Till they heard the cough of a wounded man that
fought in the fog for breath,

Till they heard the torment of Reuben Paine that
wailed upon his death:

“The tides they’ll go through Fundy Race but I’ll go
nevermore

And see the hogs from ebb-tide mark turn scampering
back to shore.

No more I’ll see the trawlers drift below the Bass Rock
ground,

Or watch the tall Fall steamer lights tear blazing up
the Sound.

Sorrow is me, in a lonely sea and a sinful fight I
fall,

But if there’s law o’ God or man you’ll swing for it yet,
Tom Hall!”

Tom Hall stood up by the quarter-rail. “Your words
in your teeth,” said he.

“There’s never a law of God or man runs north of
Fifty-Three.

So go in grace with Him to face, and an ill-spent life
behind,

And I’ll be good to your widows, Rube, as many as I
shall find.”

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

A *Stralsund* man shot blind and large, and a war-lock
Finn was he,
And he hit Tom Hall with a bursting ball a hand's-
breadth over the knee.
Tom Hall caught hold by the topping-lift, and sat him
down with an oath,
"You'll wait a little, Rube," he said, "the Devil has
called for both.
The Devil is driving both this tide, and the killing-
grounds are close,
And we'll go up to the Wrath of God as the hollus-
chickie goes.
O men, put back your guns again and lay your rifles by,
We've fought our fight, and the best are down. Let
up and let us die!
Quit firing, by the bow there—quit! Call off the
Baltic's crew!
You're sure of Hell as me or Rube—but wait till we
get through."
There went no word between the ships, but thick and
quick and loud
The life-blood drummed on the dripping decks, with
the fog-dew from the shroud,
The sea-pull drew them side by side, gunnel to gunnel
laid,
And they felt the sheerstrakes pound and clear, but
never a word was said.

Then Reuben Paine cried out again before his spirit
passed:
"Have I followed the sea for thirty years to die in the
dark at last?"

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

Curse on her work that has nipped me here with a
shifty trick unkind—

I have gotten my death where I got my bread, but I
dare not face it blind.

Curse on the fog! Is there never a wind of all the
winds I knew

To clear the smother from off my chest, and let me
look at the blue?"

The good fog heard—like a splittē sail, to left and
right she tore,

And they saw the sun-dogs in the haze and the seal
upon the shore.

Silver and gray ran spit and bay to meet the steel-
backed tide,

And pinched and white in the clearing light the crews
stared overside.

O rainbow-gay the red pools lay that swilled and
spilled and spread,

And gold, raw gold, the spent shell rolled between the
careless dead—

The dead that rocked so drunkenwise to weather and
to lee,

And they saw the work ~~their~~ hands had done as God
had bade them see.

And a little breeze blew over the rail that made the
headsails lift,

But no man stood by wheel or sheet, and they let the
schooners drift.

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

And the rattle rose in Reuben's throat and he cast his
soul with a cry,

And "Gone already?" Tom Hall he said. "Then it's
time for me to die."

His eyes were heavy with great sleep and yearning for
the land,

And he spoke as a man that talks in dreams, his wound
beneath his hand.

"Oh, there comes no good o' the westering wind that
backs against the sun;

Wash down the decks—they're all too red—and share
the skins and run,

Baltic, Stralsund, and Northern Light—clean share
and share for all,

You'll find the fleets off Tolstoi Mees, but you will not
find Tom Hall.

Evil he did in shoal-water and blacker sin on the
deep,

But now he's sick of watch and trick and now he'll
turn and sleep.

He'll have no more of the crawling sea that made him
suffer so,

But he'll lie down on the killing-grounds where the
holluschickie go.

And west you'll sail and south again, beyond the sea-
fog's rim,

And tell the Yoshiwara girls to burn a stick for him.

And you'll not weight him by the heels and dump him
overside,

But carry him up to the sand-hollows to die as Bering
died,

THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

And make a place for Reuben Paine that knows the
fight was fair,
And leave the two that did the wrong to talk it over
there!"

*Half-steam ahead by guess and lead, for the sun is
mostly veiled—*

*Through fog to fog, by luck and log, sail ye as Bering sailed;
And if the light shall lift aright to give your landfall plain,
North and by west, from Zapne Crest, ye raise the
Crosses Twain.*

*Fair marks are they to the inner bay, the reckless
poacher knows*

*What time the scarred see-catchie lead their sleek
seraglios.*

*Ever they hear the floe-pack clear, and the blast of the
old bull-whale,*

*And the deep seal-roar that beats off-shore above the
loudest gale.*

*Ever they wait the winter's hate as the thundering
boorga calls,*

*Where northward look they to St. George, and west-
ward to St. Paul's.*

*Ever they greet the hunted fleet—lone keels off head-
lands drear—*

*When the sealing-schooners flit that way at hazard
year by year.*

*Ever in Yokohama port men tell the tale anew
Of a hidden sea and a hidden fight,*

*When the Baltic ran from the Northern Light
And the Stralsund fought the two.*

THE DERELICT

And reports the derelict Mary Pollock still at sea.

SHIPPING NEWS

*I was the staunchest of our fleet
Till the sea rose beneath our feet
Unheralded, in hatred past all measure.
Into his pits he stamped my crew,
Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw,
Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure.*

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still,
Whom now the currents con, the rollers steer—
Lifting forlorn to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky,
Falling afraid lest any keel come near!

Wrenched as the lips of thirst,
Wried, dried, and split and burst,
Bone-bleached my decks, wind-scoured to the graining;
And jarred at every roll
The gear that was my soul
Answers the anguish of my beams' complaining.

THE DERELICT

For life that crammed me full,
Gangs of the prying gull
That shriek and scrabble on the riven hatches!
For roar that dumb'd the gale,
My hawse-pipes guttering wail,
Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted watches!

Blind in the hot blue ring
Through all my points I swing—
Swing and return to shift the sun anew.
Blind in my well-known sky
I hear the stars go by,
Mocking the prow that cannot hold one true!

White on my wasted path
Wave after wave in wrath
Frets 'gainst his fellow, warring where to send me.
Flung forward, heaved aside,
Witless and dazed I bide
The mercy of the comber that shall end me.

North where the bergs careen,
The spray of seas unseen
Smokes round my head and freezes in the falling;
South where the corals breed,
The footless, floating weed
Folds me and fouls me, strake on strake upcrawling.

I that was clean to run
My race against the sun—
Strength on the deep, am bawd to all disaster—

THE DERELICT

Whipped forth by night to meet
My sister's careless feet,
And with a kiss betray her to my master!

Man made me, and my will
Is to my maker still—
To him and his, our peoples at their pier:
Lifting in hope to spy
Trailed smoke along the sky,
Falling afraid lest any keel come near!

THE ANSWER

A ROSE, in tatters on the garden path,
Cried out to God and murmured 'gainst His Wrath
Because a sudden wind at twilight's hush
Had snapped her stem alone of all the bush.
And God, Who hears both sun-dried dust and sun,
Had pity, whispering to that luckless one,
"Sister, in that thou sayest We did not well—
What voices heardst thou when thy petals fell?"
And the Rose answered, "In that evil hour
A voice said, 'Father, wherefore falls the flower?
For lo, the very gossamers are still.'
And a voice answered, 'Son, by Allah's will!'"

Then softly as a rain-mist on the sward,
Came to the Rose the Answer of the Lord:
"Sister, before We smote the dark in twain,
Ere yet the stars saw one another plain,
Time, Tide, and Space, We bound unto the task
That thou shouldst fall, and such an one should ask."
Whereat the withered flower, all content,
Died as they die whose days are innocent;
While he who questioned why the flower fell
Caught hold of God and saved his soul from Hell.

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

YOU couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile—
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp—
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,
And play it in an Equatorial swamp.
I travel with the cooking-pots and pails—
I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork—
And when the dusty column checks and tails,
You should hear me spur the rear-guard to a walk!
With my "*Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp!*"
[Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head!]
So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop;
So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight,
When it's good to make your will and say your
prayer,
You can hear my *strumpty-tumpty* overnight
Explaining ten to one was always fair.
I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain—
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,
Give me time to change my leg and go again.

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

With my "*Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tum-pa tump!*"

In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke
curled

There was never voice before us till I led our
lonely chorus,

I—the war-drum of the White Man round the
world!

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,—

'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,

In the silence of the herder's hut alone—

In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,

Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess—

I am Memory and Torment—I am Town!

I am all that ever went with evening dress!

With my "*Tunk-a tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk!*"

[So the lights—the London Lights—grow
near and plain!]

So I rowel 'em afresh towards the Devil and the
Flesh,

Till I bring my broken rankers home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea,

Where the new-raised tropic city sweats and roars,

I have sailed with Young Ulysses from the quay

Till the anchor rumbled down on stranger shores.

He is blooded to the open and the sky,

He is taken in a snare that shall not fail,

He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die,

Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

With my "*Hya ! Heeya ! Heeya ! Hullah !
Haul !*"

[O the green that thunders aft along the deck !]
Are you sick o' towns and men ? You must sign
and sail again,
For it's " Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit and
trek !"

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noon-day
clear—

Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our
wheel—

Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom
sheer—

Down the valley with our guttering brakes asqueal :
Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,
Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine,
So I lead my reckless children from below
Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine.

With my "*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink !*"

[And the axe has cleared the mountain, croup
and crest !]

So we ride the iron stallions down to drink,
Through the cañons to the waters of the West !

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone—

Common tunes that make you choke and blow your
nose,

Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the
groan—

I can rip your very heartstrings out with those ;

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun—
And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,
And the merry play that drops you, when you're
done,
To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.
With my "*Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk!*"
Here's a trifle on account of pleasure past,
Ere the wit that made you win gives you eyes
to see your sin
And the heavier repentance at the last!

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof—
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!
Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof—
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran!
My bray ye may not alter nor mistake
When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,
But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,
Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?
With my "*Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-rrrp!*"
[Is it naught to you that hear and pass me
by?]
But the word—the word is mine, when the order
moves the line
And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to
die.

Of the driven dust of speech I make a flame
And a scourge of broken withes that men let fall:
For the words that had no honour till I came—
Lo! I raise them into honour over all!

THE SONG OF THE BANJO

By the wisdom of the centuries I speak—

To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth—

I, the joy of life unquestioned—I, the Greek—

I, the everlasting Wonder Song of Youth!

With my “ *Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!* ”

[What d’ye lack, my noble masters? What
d’ye lack?]

So I draw the world together link by link:

Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back!

THE LINER SHE'S A LADY

THE Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor
'eeds—

The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she
needs;

But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet seas
roun',

They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an'
down!

*Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, 'angin' round the Yard,
All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth 'Ard;
Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old—
Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!*

The Liner she's a lady by the paint upon 'er face,
An' if she meets an accident they count it sore dis-
grace:

The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, and 'e's always 'andy
by,

But, oh, the little cargo-boats! they've got to load or
die.

THE LINER SHE'S A LADY

The Liner she's a lady, and 'er route is cut an' dried;
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e always keeps
beside;

But, oh, the little cargo-boats that 'aven't any man,
They've got to do their business first, and make the
most they can!

The Liner she's a lady, and if a war should come,
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, and 'e'd bid 'er stay
at home;

But, oh, the little cargo-boats that fill with every tide!
'E'd 'ave to up an' fight for them, for they are Eng-
land's pride.

The Liner she's a lady, but if she wasn't made,
There still would be the cargo-boats for 'ome an'
foreign trade.

The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, but if we wasn't 'ere,
'E wouldn't have to fight at all for 'ome an' friends so
dear.

*'Ome an' friends so dear, Jenny, 'angin' round the
Yard,*

*All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth
'Ard;*

Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old—

'Ome an' friends so dear, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT

THE fear was on the cattle, for the gale was on the
sea,

An' the pens broke up on the lower deck an' let the
creatures free—

An' the lights went out on the lower deck, an' no one
near but me.

I had been singin' to them to keep 'em quiet there,
For the lower deck is the dangerousest, requirin'
constant care,

An' give to me as the strongest man, though used to
drink and swear.

I see my chance was certain of bein' horned or trod,
For the lower deck was packed with steers thicker'n
peas in a pod;

An' more pens broke at every roll—so I made a
Contract with God.

An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have read the
same,

If He got me to port alive I would exalt His Name,
An' praise His Holy Majesty till further orders came.

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT

He saved me from the cattlean' He saved me from
the sea,
For they found me 'tween two drowned ones where
the roll had landed me—
An' a four-inch crack on top of my head, as crazy as
could be.

But that were done by a stanchion, an' not by a
bullock at all,
An' I lay still for seven weeks convalessing of the fall,
An' readin' the shiny Scripture texts in the Seaman's
Hospital.

An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says to
my prayer:

"I never puts on My ministers no more than they
can bear.

So back you go to the cattle-boats an' preach My
Gospel there.

"For human life is chancy at any kind of trade,
But most of all, as well you know, when the steers are
mad-afraid;

So you go back to the cattle-boats an' preach 'em as
I've said.

"They must quit drinkin' an' swearin', they mustn't
knife on a blow,

They must quit gamblin' their wages, and you must
preach it so;

For now those boats are more like Hell than anything
else I know."

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should get,
An' I wanted to preach Religion, handsome an' out
of the wet,
But the Word of the Lord were lain on me, an' I done
what I was set.

I have been smit an' bruised, as warned would be the
case,
An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as Scrip-
ture says;
But following that, I knocked him down an' led him
up to Grace.

An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the sea
is calm,
An' I use no knife or pistol an' I never take no harm,
For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my fight-
ing arm.

An' I sign for four-pound-ten a month and save the
money clear,
An' I am in charge of the lower deck, an' I never lose
a steer;
An' I believe in Almighty God an' preach His Gospel
here.

The skippers say I'm crazy, but I can prove 'em wrong,
For I am in charge of the lower deck with all that
doth belong—
*Which they would not give to a lunatic, and the com-
petition so strong!*

ANCHOR SONG¹

HEH! Walk her round. Heave, ah heave her short
again!

Over, snatch her over, there, and hold her on the pawl.
Loose all sail, and brace your yards back and full—
Ready jib to pay her off and heave short all!

Well, ah fare you well; we can stay no more
with you, my love—

Down, set down your liquor and your girl
from off your knee;

For the wind has come to say:

“You must take me while you may,

If you'd go to Mother Carey

(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),

Oh, we're bound to Mother Carey where she
feeds her chicks at sea!”

Heh! Walk her round. Break, ah break it out o' that!

Break our starboard-bower out, apeak, awash, and
clear.

Port—port she casts, with the harbour-mud beneath
her foot,

And that's the last o' bottom we shall see this year!

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ANCHOR SONG

Well, ah fare you well, for we've got to take her
out again—

Take her out in ballast, riding light and cargo-
free.

And it's time to clear and quit
When the hawser grips the bitt,
So we'll pay you with the foresheet and a
promise from the sea!

Heh! Tally on. Aft and walk away with her!
Handsome to the cathead, now; O tally on the
fall!

Stop, seize and fish, and easy on the davit-guy.
Up, well up the fluke of her, and inboard haul!
Well, ah fare you well, for the Channel wind's
took hold of us,
Choking down our voices as we snatch the
gaskets free.

And it's blowing up for night,
And she's dropping Light on Light,
And she's snorting under bonnets for a breath
of open sea.

Wheel, full and by; but she'll smell her road alone
to-night.
Sick she is and harbour-sick—O sick to clear the
land!
Roll down to Brest with the old Red Ensign over
us—

Carry on and thrash her out with all she'll stand!

ANCHOR SONG

Well, ah fare you well, and it's Ushant slams the
door on us,

Whirling like a windmill through the dirty
scud to lee:

Till the last, last flicker goes

From the tumbling water-rows,

And we're off to Mother Carey

(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),

Oh, we're bound for Mother Carey where she
feeds her chicks at sea!

THE LOST LEGION

THERE'S a Legion that never was 'listed,
That carries no colours or crest,
But, split in a thousand detachments,
Is breaking the road for the rest.
Our fathers they left us their blessing—
They taught us, and groomed us, and
crammed ;
But we've shaken the Clubs and the Messes
To go and find out and be damned
(Dear boys!),
To go and get shot and be damned.

So some of us chivy the slaver,
And some of us cherish the black,
And some of us hunt on the Oil Coast,
And some on—the Wallaby track:
And some of us drift to Sarawak,
And some of us drift up The Fly,
And some share our tucker with tigers,
And some with the gentle Masai
(Dear boys!),
Take tea with the giddy Masai.

THE LOST LEGION

We've painted The Islands vermilion,
We've pearled on half-shares in the Bay,
We've shouted on seven-ounce nuggets,
We've starved on a Seedeeboy's pay;
We've laughed at the world as we found it—
Its women and cities and men—
From Sayyid Burgash in a tantrum
To the smoke-reddened eyes of Loben
(Dear boys!),
We've a little account with Loben.

The ends o' the Earth were our portion,
The ocean at large was our share.
There was never a skirmish to windward
But the Leaderless Legion was there:
Yes, somehow and somewhere and always
We were first when the trouble began,
From a lottery-row in Manila,
To an I.D.B. race on the Pan
(Dear boys!),
With the Mounted Police on the Pan.

We preach in advance of the Army,
We skirmish ahead of the Church,
With never a gunboat to help us
When we're scuppered and left in the
lurch.
But we know as the cartridges finish,
And we're filed on our last little shelves,

THE LOST LEGION

That the Legion that never was 'listed
Will send us as good as ourselves
(Good men!),
Five hundred as good as ourselves.

Then a health (we must drink it in whisperm)
 To our wholly unauthorised horde—
 To the line of our dusty foreloopers,
 The Gentiemen Rovers abroad—
 Yes, a health to ourselves ere we scatter,
 For the steamer won't wait for the train,
 And the Legion that never was 'listed
 Goes back into quarters again!
'Regards!
 Goes back under canvas again.
Hurrah!
 The swag and the billy again.
Here's how!
 The trail and the packhorse again.
Salute!
 The trek and the laager again.

THE SEA-WIFE

THERE dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,
And a wealthy wife is she;
She breeds a breed o' rovin' men
And casts them over sea.

And some are drowned in deep water,
And some in sight o' shore,
And word goes back to the weary wife
And ever she sends more.

For since that wife had gate or gear,
Or hearth or garth or bield,
She willed her sons to the white harvest,
And that is a bitter yield.

She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,
To ride the horse of tree,
And syne her sons come back again
Far-spent from out the sea.

THE SEA-WIFE

The good wife's sons come home again
With little into their hands,
But the lore of men that ha' dealt with men
In the new and naked lands;

But the faith of men that ha' brothered men
By more than easy breath,
And the eyes o' men that ha' read wi' men
In the open books of death.

Rich are they, rich in wonders seen,
But poor in the goods o' men;
So what they ha' got by the skin o' their teeth
They sell for their teeth again.

For whether they lose to the naked life
Or win to their hearts' desire,
They tell it all to the weary wife
That nods beside the fire.

Her hearth is wide to every wind
That makes the white ash spin;
And tide and tide and 'tween the tides
Her sons go out and in;

(Out with great mirth that do desire
Hazard of trackless ways,
In with content to wait their watch
And warm before the blaze);

THE SEA-WIFE

And some return by failing light,
And some in waking dream,
For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts
That ride the rough roof-beam.

Home, they come home from all the ports,
The living and the dead ;
The good wife's sons come home again
For her blessing on their head !

HYMN BEFORE ACTION

THE earth is full of anger,
The seas are dark with wrath,
The Nations in their harness
Go up against our path :
Ere yet we loose the legions—
Ere yet we draw the blade,
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,
Proud heart, rebellious brow—
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,
We seek Thy mercy now!
The sinner that forswore Thee,
The fool that passed Thee by,
Our times are known before Thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die!

For those who kneel beside us
At altars not Thine own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone.

HYMN BEFORE ACTION

If wrong we did to call them,
By honour bound they came;
Let not Thy Wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride, and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein,
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again.
Cloak Thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
To taste Thy lesser death!

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the God that gave!
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman—
Madonna, intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As Thou didst help our fathers,
Help Thou our host to-day!
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the Thunders,
Lord God of Battles, hear!

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE¹

*Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die.
Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch Thy garments' hem :
Thy feet have trod so near to God
I may not follow them.*

Through wantonness if men profess
They weary of Thy parts,
E'en let them die at blasphemy
And perish with their arts ;
But we that love, but we that prove
Thine excellence august,
While we adore discover more
Thee perfect, wise, and just.

Since spoken word Man's Spirit stirred
Beyond his belly-need,
What is is Thine of fair design
In thought and craft and deed ;

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TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

Each stroke aright of toil and fight,
That was and that shall be,
And hope too high, wherefore we die,
Has birth and worth in Thee.

Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee
To gild his dross thereby,
And knowledge sure that he endure
A child until he die—
For to make plain that man's disdain
Is but new Beauty's birth—
For to possess in loneliness
The joy of all the earth.

As Thou didst teach all lovers speech
And Life all mystery,
So shalt Thou rule by every school
Till love and longing die,
Who wast or yet the Lights were set,
A whisper in the Void,
Who shalt be sung through planets young
When this is clean destroyed.

Beyond the bounds our staring rounds,
Across the pressing dark,
The children wise of outer skies
Look hitherward and mark
A light that shifts, a glare that drifts,
Rekindling thus and thus,
Not all forlorn, for Thou hast borne
Strange tales to them of us.

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

Time hath no tide but must abide
The servant of Thy will;
Tide hath no time, for to Thy rhyme
The ranging stars stand still—
Regent of spheres that lock our fears,
Our hopes invisible,
Oh 'twas certes at Thy decrees
We fashioned Heaven and Hell!

Pure Wisdom hath no certain path
That lacks thy morning-eyne,
And captains bold by Thee controlled
Most like to Gods design;
Thou art the Voice to kingly boys
To lift them through the fight,
And Comfortress of Unsuccess,
To give the dead good-night—

A veil to draw 'twixt God His Law
And Man's infirmity,
A shadow kind to dumb and blind
The shambles where we die;
A rule to trick th' arithmetic
Too base of leaguings odds—
The spur of trust, the curb of lust,
Thou handmaid of the Gods!

O Charity, all patiently
Abiding wrack and scaith!
O Faith, that meets ten thousand cheats
Yet drops no jot of faith!

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

Devil and brute Thou dost transmute
To higher, lordlier show,
Who art in sooth that lovely Truth
The careless angels know!

*Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry,
I may not find Thee quick and kind,
Nor know Thee till I die.*

*Yet may I look with heart unshook
On blow brought home or missed—
Yet may I hear with equal ear
The clarions down the List;
Yet set my lance above mischance
And ride the barriere—
Oh, hit or miss, how little 'tis,
My Lady is not there!*

THE FLOWERS

To our private taste, there is always something a little exotic, almost artificial, in songs which, under an English aspect and dress, are yet so manifestly the product of other skies. They affect us like translations; the very fauna and flora are alien, remote; the dog's-tooth violet is but an ill substitute for the rathe primrose, nor can we ever believe that the wood-robin sings as sweetly in April as the English thrush.—THE ATHENÆUM.

*Buy my English posies!
Kent and Surrey may—
Violets of the Undercliff
Wet with Channel spray;
Cowslips from a Devon combe—
Midland furze afire—
Buy my English posies
And I'll sell your heart's desire!*

Buy my English posies!
You that scorn the May,
Won't you greet a friend from home
Half the world away?

THE FLOWERS

Green against the draggled drift,
Faint and frail and first—
Buy my Northern blood-root
And I'll know where you were nursed:
Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to
me!"
Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running
free;
All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again!

Buy my English posies!
Here's to match your need—
Buy a tuft of royal heath,
Buy a bunch of weed
White as sand of Muysenberg
Spun before the gale—
Buy my heath and lilies
And I'll tell you whence you hail!
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie—
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the
speckless sky —
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again!

Buy my English posies!
You that will not turn—
Buy my hot-wood clematis,
Buy a frond o' fern

THE FLOWERS

Gathered where the Erskine leaps
Down the road to Lorne—
Buy my Christmas creeper
And I'll say where you were born!
West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin—
They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn—
Through the great South Otway gums sings the great
South Main—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again!

Buy my English posies!
Here's your choice unsold!
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,
Buy the kowhai's gold
Flung for gift on Taupo's face,
Sign that spring is come—
Buy my clinging myrtle
And I'll give you back your home!
Broom behind the windy town; pollen o' the pine—
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the *ratas* twine—
Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain—
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love
again!

Buy my English posies!
Ye that have your own
Buy them for a brother's sake
Overseas, alone.

THE FLOWERS

Weed ye trample underfoot

Floods his heart abrim—

Bird ye never heeded,

Oh, she calls his dead to him!

Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas;

Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!

Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and
land—

Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand.

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS

THE King has called for priest and cup,
The King has taken spur and blade
To dub True Thomas a belted knight,
And all for the sake o' the songs he made.

They have sought him high, they have sought him low,
They have sought him over down and lea;
They have found him by the milk-white thorn
That guards the gates o' Faerie.

*'Twas bent beneath and blue above,
Their eyes were held that they might not see
The kine that grazed beneath the knowes,
Oh, they were the Queens o' Faerie!*

"Now cease your song," the King he said,
"Oh, cease your song and get you dight
To vow your vow and watch your arms,
For I will dub you a belted knight.

"For I will give you a horse o' pride,
Wi' blazon and spur and page and squire;

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS

Wi' keep and tail and seizin and law,
And land to hold at your desire."

True Thomas smiled above his harp,
And turned his face to the naked sky,
Where, blown before the wastrel wind,
The thistle-down she floated by.

"I ha' vowed my vow in another place,
And bitter oath it was on me,
I ha' watched my arms the lee-long night,
Where five-score fighting men would flee.

"My lance is tipped o' the hammered flame,
My shield is beat o' the moonlight cold;
And I won my spurs in the Middle World,
A thousand fathom beneath the mould.

"And what should I make wi' a horse o' pride,
And what should I make wi' a sword so brown,
But spill the rings o' the Gentle Folk
And flyte my kin in the Fairy Town?

"And what should I make wi' blazon and belt,
Wi' keep and tail and seizin and fee,
And what should I do wi' page and squire
That am a king in my own countrie?

"For I send east and I send west,
And I send far as my will may flee,
By dawn and dusk and the drinking rain,
And syne my Sendings return to me.

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS

"They come wi' news of the groanin' earth,
They come wi' news o' the roarin' sea,
Wi' word of Spirit and Ghost and Flesh,
And man, that's mazed among the three."

The King he bit his nether lip,
And smote his hand upon his knee:
"By the faith o' my soul, True Thomas," he said,
"Ye waste no wit in courtesie!

"As I desire, unto my pride,
Can I make Earls by three and three,
To run before and ride behind
And serve the sons o' my body."

"And what care I for your row-foot earls,
Or all the sons o' your body?
Before they win to the Pride o' Name,
I trow they all ask leave o' me.

"For I make Honour wi' muckle mouth,
As I make Shame wi' mincin' feet,
To sing wi' the priests at the market-cross,
Or run wi' the dogs in the naked street.

"And some they give me the good red gold,
And some they give me the white money,
And some they give me a clout o' meal,
For they be people o' low degree.

"And the song I sing for the counted gold
The same I sing for the white money,

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS

But best I sing for the clout o' meal
That simple people given me."

The King cast down a silver groat,
A silver groat o' Scots money,
"If I come wi' a poor man's dole," he said,
"True Thomas, will ye harp to me?"

"Whenas I harp to the children small,
They press me close on either hand.
And who are you," True Thomas said,
"That you should ride while they must stand?"

"Light down, light down from your horse o' pride,
I trow ye talk too loud and hie,
And I will make you a triple word,
And syne, if ye dare, ye shall 'noble me."

He has lighted down from his horse o' pride,
And set his back against the stone.
"Now guard you well," True Thomas said,
"Ere I rax your heart from your breast-bone!"

True Thomas played upon his harp,
The fairy harp that couldna lee,
And the first least word the proud King heard,
It harpit the salt tear out o' his ee.

"Oh, I see the love that I lost long syne,
I touch the hope that I may not see,
And all that I did o' hidden shame,
Like little snakes they hiss at me.

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS

"The sun is lost at noon—at noon!"

The dread o' doom has grippit me.
True Thomas, hide me under your cloak,
God wot, I'm little fit to dee!"

*'Twas bent beneath and blue above—
'Twas open field and running flood—
Where, hot on heath and dike and wall,
The high sun warmed the adder's brood.*

"Lie down, lie down," True Thomas said.
"The God shall judge when all is done.
But I will bring you a better word
And lift the cloud that I laid on."

True Thomas played upon his harp,
That birlled and brattled to his hand,
And the next least word True Thomas made,
It garred the King take horse and brand.

"Oh, I hear the tread o' the fighting men,
I see the sun on splent and spear.
I mark the arrow outhen the fern
That flies so low and sings so clear!

"Advance my standards to that war,
And bid my good knights prick and ride;
The gled shall watch as fierce a fight
As e'er was fought on the Border side!"

*'Twas bent beneath and blue above,
'Twas nodding grass and naked sky,*

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS

*Where, ringing up the wastrel wind,
The eyas stooped upon the pie.*

True Thomas sighed above his harp,
And turned the song on the midmost string;
And the last least word True Thomas made,
He harpit his dead youth back to the King.

“Now I am prince, and I do well
To love my love withouten fear;
To walk wi’ man in fellowship,
And breathe my horse behind the deer.

“My hounds they bay unto the death,
The buck has couched beyond the burn,
My love she waits at her window
To wash my hands when I return.

“For that I live am I content
(Oh! I have seen my true love’s eyes)
To stand wi’ Adam in Eden-glade,
And run in the woods o’ Paradise!”

*’Twas naked sky and nodding grass,
’Twas running flood and wastrel wind,
Where, checked against the open pass,
The red deer belled to call the hind.*

True Thomas laid his harp away,
And louted low at the saddle-side;
He has taken stirrup and hauden rein,
And set the King on his horse o’ pride.

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS

"Sleep ye or wake," True Thomas said,

"That sit so still, that muse so long;

Sleep ye or wake?—till the latter sleep

I trow ye'll not forget my song.

"I ha' harpit a shadow out o' the sun

To stand before your face and cry;

I ha' armed the earth beneath your heel,

And over your head I ha' dusked the sky.

"I ha' harpit ye up to the throne o' God,

I ha' harpit your midmost soul in three;

I ha' harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,

And—ye—would—make—a Knight o' me!"

IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE

IN the Neolithic Age savage warfare did I wage
For food and fame and woolly horses' pelt;
I was singer to my clan in that dim, red Dawn of
Man,
And I sang of all we fought and feared and felt.

Yea, I sang as now I sing, when the Prehistoric spring
Made the piled Biscayan ice-pack split and shove;
And the troll and gnome and dwerg, and the Gods of
Cliff and Berg
Were about me and beneath me and above.

But a rival, of Solutré, told the tribe my style was
outré—
'Neath a tomahawk of diorite he fell.
And I left my views on Art, barbed and tanged,
below the heart
Of a mammothistic etcher at Grenelle.

Then I stripped them, scalp from skull, and my
hunting dogs fed full,
And their teeth I threaded neatly on a thong;

IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE

And I wiped my mouth and said, "It is well that
they are dead,
For I know my work is right and theirs was wrong."

But my Totem saw the shame; from his ridgpole
shrine he came,
And he told me in a vision of the night:—
"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal
lays,
And every single one of them is right!"

.
Then the silence closed upon me till They put new
clothing on me
Of whiter, weaker flesh and bone more frail;
And I stepped beneath Time's finger, once again a
tribal singer
[And a minor poet certified by Tr—11].

Still they skirmish to and fro, men my messmates on
the snow,
When we headed off the aurochs turn for turn;
When the rich Allobrogenses never kept amanuenses,
And our only plots were piled in lakes at Berne.

Still a cultured Christian age sees us scuffle, squeak,
and rage,
Still we pinch and slap and jabber, scratch and dirk;
Still we let our business slide—as we dropped the
half-dressed hide—
To show a fellow-savage how to work.

• IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE

Still the world is wondrous large,—seven seas from
marge to marge,—

And it holds a vast of various kinds of man;
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of
Khatmandhu,

And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

Here's my wisdom for your use, as I learned it when
the moose

And the reindeer roared where Paris roars to-
night:—

There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal
lays,

And—every—single—one—of—them—is—
right!

THE STORY OF UNG

ONCE, on a glittering ice-field, ages and ages ago,
Ung, a maker of pictures, fashioned an image of snow.
Fashioned the form of a tribesman—gaily he whistled
and sung,
Working the snow with his fingers. *Read ye the
Story of Ung!*

Pleased was his tribe with that image—came in their
hundreds to scan—
Handled it, smelt it, and grunted: “Verily, this is a
man!
Thus do we carry our lances—thus is a war-belt
slung.
Lo! it is even as we are. Glory and honour to Ung!”

Later he pictured an aurochs—later he pictured a
bear—
Pictured the sabre-tooth tiger dragging a man to his
lair—
Pictured the mountainous mammoth, hairy, abhorrent,
alone—
Out of the love that he bore them, scribing them
clearly on bone.

THE STORY OF UNG

Swift came the tribe to behold them, peering and
pushing and still—

Men of the berg-battered beaches, men of the boulder-
hatched hill—

Hunters and fishers and trappers, presently whispering
low:

“Yea, they are like—and it may be— But how
does the Picture-man know?

“Ung—hath he slept with the Aurochs—watched
where the Mastodon roam?

Spoke on the ice with the Bow-head—followed the
Sabre-tooth home?

Nay! These are toys of his fancy! If he have
cheated us so,

How is there truth in his image—the man that he
fashioned of snow?”

Wroth was that maker of pictures—hotly he answered
the call:

“Hunters and fishers and trappers, children and fools
are ye all!

Look at the beasts when ye hunt them!” Swift from
the tumult he broke,

Ran to the cave of his father and told him the shame
that they spoke.

And the father of Ung gave answer, that was old and
wise in the craft,

Maker of pictures aforetime, he leaned on his lance
and laughed:

THE STORY OF UNG

"If they could see as thou seest they would do what
thou hast done,
And each man would make him a picture, and—what
would become of my son?

"There would be no pelts of the reindeer, flung down
at thy cave for a gift,
Nor dole of the oily timber that comes on the Baltic
drift;
No store of well-drilled needles, nor ouches of amber
pale;
No new-cut tongues of the bison, nor meat of the
stranded whale.

"*Thou* hast not toiled at the fishing when the sodden
trammels freeze,
Nor worked the war-boats outward through the rush
of the rock-staked seas,
Yet they bring thee fish and plunder—full meal and
an easy bed—
And all for the sake of thy pictures." And Ung held
down his head.

"*Thou* hast not stood to the Aurochs when the red
snow reeks of the fight;
Men have no time at the houghing to count his curls
aright.
And the heart of the hairy Mammoth, thou sayest,
they do not see,
Yet they save it whole from the beaches and broil the
best for thee.

THE STORY OF UNG

“ And now do they press to thy pictures, with opened
mouth and eye,
And a little gift in the doorway, and the praise no
gift can buy:
But—sure they have doubted thy pictures, and that
is a grievous stain—
Son that can see so clearly, return them their gifts
again!”

And Ung looked down at his deerskins—their broad
shell-tasselled bands—
And Ung drew downward his mitten and looked at
his naked hands;
And he gloved himself and departed, and he heard
his father, behind:
“ Son that can see so clearly, rejoice that thy tribe is
blind!”

Straight on the glittering ice-field, by the caves of the
lost Dordogne,
Ung, a maker of pictures, fell to his scribing on bone
Even to mammoth editions. Gaily he whistled and
sung,
Blessing his tribe for their blindness. *Heed ye the
Story of Ung!*

THE THREE-DECKER

"The three-volume novel is extinct."

FULL thirty foot she towered from waterline to rail.
It cost a watch to steer her, and a week to shorten
sail ;

But, spite all modern notions, I found her first and
best—

The only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest.

Fair held the breeze behind us—'twas warm with
lovers' prayers.

We'd stolen wills for ballast and a crew of missing
heirs.

They shipped as Able Bastards till the Wicked Nurse
confessed,

And they worked the old three-decker to the Islands
of the Blest.

By ways no gaze could follow, a course unspoiled of
Cook,

Per Fancy, fleetest in man, our titled berths we took

THE THREE-DECKER

With maids of matchless beauty and parentage
unguessed,
And a Church of England parson for the Islands of
the Blest.

We asked no social questions—we pumped no hidden
shame—

We never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger
came:

We left the Lord in Heaven, we left the fiends in Hell.
We weren't exactly Yussufs, but—Zuleika didn't tell.

No moral doubt assailed us, so when the port we
neared,

The villain had his flogging at the gangway, and we
cheered.

'Twas fiddle in the forc's'le—'twas garlands on the
mast,

For every one got married, and I went ashore at last.

I left 'em all in couples a-kissing on the decks.

I left the lovers loving and the parents signing cheques.

In endless English comfort by county-folk caressed,

I left the old three-decker at the Islands of the Blest!

That route is barred to steamers: you'll never lift again
Our purple-painted headlands or the lordly keeps of
Spain.

They're just beyond your skyline, howe'er so far you
cruise

In a ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of bucking
screws.

THE THREE-DECKER

Swing round your aching search-light—'twill show
no haven's peace.

Ay, blow your shrieking sirens to the deaf, gray-
bearded seas!

Boom out the dripping oil-bags to skin the deep's
unrest—

And you aren't one knot the nearer to the Islands of
the Blest!

But when you're threshing, crippled, with broken
bridge and rail,

At a drogue of dead convictions to hold you head to
gale,

Calm as the Flying Dutchman, from truck to taffrail
dressed,

You'll see the old three-decker for the Islands of the
Blest.

You'll see her tiering canvas in sheeted silver spread;
You'll hear the long-drawn thunder 'neath her leaping
figure-head;

While far, so far above you, her tall poop-lanterns shine
Unvexed by wind or weather like the candles round
a shrine!

Hull down—hull down and under—she dwindles to
a speck,

With noise of pleasant music and dancing on her deck.
All's well—all's well aboard her—she's left you far
behind,

With a scent of old-world roses through the fog that
ties you blind.

THE THREE-DECKER

Her crew are babes or madmen? Her port is all to
make?

You're manned by Truth and Science, and you steam
for steaming's sake?

Well, tinker up your engines—you know your busi-
ness best—

She's taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest!

AN AMERICAN

The American Spirit speaks :

“ IF the Led Striker call it a strike,
Or the papers call it a war,
They know not much what I am like,
Nor what he is, my Avatar.”

Through many roads, by me possessed,
He shambles forth in cosmic guise ;
He is the Jester and the Jest,
And he the Text himself applies.

The Celt is in his heart and hand,
The Gaul is in his brain and nerve ;
Where, cosmopolitanly planned,
He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

His easy unswept hearth he lends
From Labrador to Guadeloupe ;
Till, elbowed out by sloven friends,
He camps, at sufferance, on the stoop.

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,
Or panic-blinded stabs and slays :

AN AMERICAN

Blatant he bids the world bow down,
Or cringing begs a crust of praise;

Or, sombre-drunk, at mine and mart,
He dubs his dreary brethren Kings.
His hands are black with blood—his heart
Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

But, through the shift of mood and mood,
Mine ancient humour saves him whole—
The cynic devil in his blood
That bids him mock his hurrying soul;

That bids him flout the Law he makes,
That bids him make the Law he flouts,
Till, dazed by many doubts, he wakes
The drumming guns that—have no doubts;

That checks him foolish-hot and fond,
That chuckles through his deepest ire,
That gilds the slough of his despond
But dims the goal of his desire;

Inopportune, shrill-accented,
The acrid Asiatic mirth
That leaves him, careless 'mid his dead,
The scandal of the elder earth.

How shall he clear himself, how reach
Your bar or weighed defence prefer?
A brother hedged with alien speech
And lacking all interpreter.

AN AMERICAN

Which knowledge vexes him a space;
But while Reproof around him rings,
He turns a keen untroubled face
Home, to the instant need of things.

Enslaved, illogical, elate,
He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears
To shake the iron hand of Fate
Or match with Destiny for beers.

Lo, imperturbable he rules,
Unkempt, disreputable, vast—
And, in the teeth of all the schools,
I—I shall save him at the last!

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

I'VE paid for your sickest fancies ; I've humoured
your crackedest whim—

Dick, it's your daddy, dying ; you've got to listen to
him!

Good for a fortnight, am I? The doctor told you?
He lied.

I shall go under by morning, and— Put that nurse
outside.

'Never seen death yet, Dickie? Well, now is your
time to learn,

And you'll wish you held my record before it comes
to your turn.

Not counting the Line and the Foundry, the yards
and the village, too,

I've made myself and a million ; but I'm damned if I
made you.

Master at two-and-twenty, and married at twenty-
three—

Ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and forty freighters
at sea!

Fifty years between 'em, and every year of it fight,
And now I'm Sir Anthony Gloster, dying, a baronite :

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

For I lunched with his Royal 'Ighness—what was it
the papers a-had?

"Not least of our merchant-princes." Dickie, that's
me, your dad!

I didn't begin with askings. *I* took my job and *I*
stuck;

And *I* took the chances they wouldn't, an' now
they're calling it luck.

Lord, what boats *I*'ve handled—rotten and leaky and
old!

Ran 'em, or—opened the bilge-cock, precisely as *I*
was told.

Grub that 'ud bind you crazy, and crews that 'ud turn
you grey,

And a big fat lump of insurance to cover the risk on
the way.

The others they dursn't do it; they said they valued
their life

(They've served me since as skippers). *I* went, and *I*
took my wife.

Over the world *I* drove 'em, married at twenty-three,
And your mother saving the money and making a
man of me.

I was content to be master, but she said there was
better behind;

She took the chances *I* wouldn't, and *I* followed your
mother blind.

She egged me to borrow the money, an' she helped
me to clear the loan,

When we bought half shares in a cheap 'un and
hoisted a flag of our own.

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

Patching and coaling on credit, and living the Lord
knew how,
We started the Red Ox freighters—we've eight-and-
thirty now.
And those were the days of clippers, and the freights
were clipper-freights,
And we knew we were making our fortune, but she
died in Macassar Straits—
By the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union
Bank—
And we dropped her in fourteen fathom; I pricked it
off where she sank.
Owners we were, full owners, and the boat was
christened for her,
And she died in the *Mary Gloster*. My heart, how
young we were!
So I went on a spree round Java and well-nigh ran
her ashore,
But your mother came and warned me and I wouldn't
liquor no more:
Strict I stuck to my business, afraid to stop or I'd think,
Saving the money (she warned me), and letting the
other men drink.
And I met M'Cullough in London (I'd turned five
'undred then),
And 'tween us we started the Foundry—three forges
and twenty men:
Cheap repairs for the cheap 'uns. It paid, and the
business grew,
For I bought me a steam-lathe patent, and that was
a gold mine too.

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

"Cheaper to build 'em than buy 'em," I said, but
M'Cullough he shied,
And we wasted a year in talking before we moved to
the Clyde.
And the Lines were all beginning, and we all of us
started fair,
Building our engines like houses and staying the
boilers square.
But M'Cullough 'e wanted cabins with marble and
maple and all,
And Brussels an' Utrecht velvet, and baths and a
Social Hall,
And pipes for closets all over, and cutting the frames
too light,
But M'Cullough he died in the Sixties, and— Well,
I'm dying to-night. . . .
I knew—I knew what was coming, when we bid on
the *Byfleet's* keel—
They piddled and piffled with iron: I'd given my
orders for steel!
Steel and the first expansions. It paid, I tell you, it paid,
When we came with our nine-knot freighters and
collared the long-run trade!
And they asked me how I did it, and I gave 'em the
Scripture text,
"You keep your light so shining a little in front o' the
next!"
They copied all they could follow, but they couldn't
copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweating and stealing a year and a
half behind.

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

Then came the armour-contracts, but that was M'Cu-
lough's side ;
He was always best in the Foundry, but better, per-
haps, he died.
I went through his private papers; the notes was
plainer than print ;
And I'm no fool to finish if a man'll give me a hint.
(I remember his widow was angry.) So I saw what
the drawings meant,
And I started the six-inch rollers, and it paid me sixty
per cent—
Sixty per cent *with* failures, and more than twice we
could do,
And a quarter-million to credit, and I saved it all for
you!
I thought—it doesn't matter—you seemed to favour
your ma,
But you're nearer forty than thirty, and I know the
kind you are.
Harrer an' Trinity College! I ought to ha' sent you
to sea—
But I stood you an education, an' what have you
done for me?
The things I knew was proper you wouldn't thank me
to give,
And the things I knew was rotten you said was the
way to live.
For you muddled with books and pictures, an' china
an' etchin's an' fans,
And your rooms at college was beastly—more like a
whore's than a man's—

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

Till you married that thin-flanked woman, as white
and as stale as a bone,
An' she gave you your social nonsense; but where's
that kid o' your own?
I've seen your carriages blocking the half o' the
Cromwell Road,
But never the doctor's brougham to help the missus
unload.
(So there isn't even a grandchild, an' the Gloster
family's done.)
Not like your mother, she isn't. *She* carried her
freight each run.
But they died, the pore little beggars! At sea she
had 'em—they died.
Only you, an' you stood it; you haven't stood much
beside.
Weak, a liar, and idle, and mean as a collier's whelp
Nosing for scraps in the galley. No help—my son
was no help!
So he gets three 'undred thousand, in trust and the
interest paid.
I wouldn't give it you, Dickie—you see, I made it in
trade.
You're saved from soiling your fingers, and if you
have no child,
It all comes back to the business. Gad, won't your
wife be wild!
'Calls and calls in her carriage, her 'andkerchief up to
'er eye:
"Daddy! dear daddy's dyin'!" and doing her best to
cry.

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

Grateful? Oh, yes, I'm grateful, but keep her away from here.

Your mother 'ud never ha' stood 'er, and, anyhow, women are queer. . . .

There's women will say I've married a second time.

Not quite! But give pore Aggie a hundred, and tell her your lawyers'll fight.

She was the best o' the boiling—you'll meet her before it ends;

I'm in for a row with the mother—I'll leave you settle my friends:

For a man he must go with a woman, which women don't understand—

Or the sort that say they can see it they aren't the marrying brand.

But I wanted to speak o' your mother that's Lady Gloster still—

I'm going to up and see her, without it's hurting the will.

Here! Take your hand off the bell-pull. Five thousand's waiting for you,

If you'll only listen a minute, and do as I bid you do.

They'll try to prove me crazy, and, if you bungle, they can;

And I've only you to trust to! (O God, why ain't he a man?)

There's some waste money on marbles, the same as M'Cullough tried—

Marbles and mausoleums—but I call that sinful pride.

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

There's some ship bodies for burial—we've carried
'em, soldered and packed;
Down in their wills they wrote it, and nobody called
them cracked.

But me—I've too much money, and people might
. . . All my fault:

It come o' hoping for grandsons and buying that
Wokin' vault.

I'm sick o' the 'ole dam' business; I'm going back
where I came.

Dick, you're the son o' my body, and you'll take
charge o' the same!

I want to lie by your mother, ten thousand mile away,
And they'll want to send me to Woking; and that's
where you'll earn your pay.

I've thought it out on the quiet, the same as it ought
to be done—

Quiet, and decent, and proper—an' here's your
orders, my son.

You know the Line? You don't, though. You
write to the Board, and tell

Your father's death has upset you an' you're goin' to
cruise for a spell,

An' you'd like the *Mary Gloster*—I've held her ready
for this—

They'll put her in working order and you'll take her
out as she is.

Yes, it was money idle when I patched her and put
her aside

(Thank God, I can pay for my fancies!)—the boat
where your mother died,

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

By the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union
Bank,

We dropped her—I think I told you—and I pricked
it off where she sank—

['Tiny she looked on the grating—that oily, treachly
sea—]

'Hundred and eighteen East, remember, and South
just three.

Easy bearings to carry—three South—three to the
dot;

But I gave M'Andrew a copy in case of dying—or not.
And so you'll write to M'Andrew, he's Chief of the
Maori Line;

They'll give him leave, if you ask 'em and say it's
business o' mine.

I built three boats for the Maoris, an' very well
pleased they were,

An' I've known Mac since the Fifties, and Mac knew
me—and her.

After the first stroke warned me I sent him the
money to keep

Against the time you'd claim it, committin' your dad
to the deep;

For you are the son o' my body, and Mac was my
oldest friend,

I've never asked 'im to dinner, but he'll see it out to
the end.

Stiff-necked Glasgow beggar, I've heard he's prayed
for my soul,

But he couldn't lie if you paid him, and he'd starve
before he stole!

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

He'll take the *Mary* in ballast—you'll find her a lively ship;

And you'll take Sir Anthony Gloster, that goes on 'is wedding-trip,

Lashed in our old deck-cabin with all three port-holes wide,

The kick o' the screw beneath him and the round blue seas outside!

Sir Anthony Gloster's carriage—our 'ouse-flag flyin' free—

Ten thousand men on the pay-roll and forty freighters at sea!

He made himself and a million, but this world is a fleetin' show,

And he'll go to the wife of 'is bosom the same as he ought to go—

By the heel of the Paternosters—there isn't a chance to mistake—

And Mac'll pay you the money as soon as the bubbles break!

Five thousand for six weeks' cruising, the staunchest freighter afloat,

And Mac he'll give you your bonus the minute I'm out o' the boat!

He'll take you round to Macassar, and you'll come back alone;

He knows what I want o' the *Mary*. . . . I'll do what I please with my own.

Your mother 'ud call it wasteful, but I've seven-and-thirty more;

I'll come in my private carriage and bid it wait at the door. . . .

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

For my son 'e was never a credit: 'e muddled with
books and art,

And 'e lived on Sir Anthony's money and 'e broke
Sir Anthony's heart.

There isn't even a grandchild, and the Gloster family's
done—

The only one you left me, O mother, the only one!
Harrer and Trinity College—me slavin' early an'
late—

An' he thinks I'm dying crazy, and you're in Macas-
sar Strait!

Flesh o' my flesh, my dearie, for ever an' ever amen
That first stroke come for a warning; I ought to ha'
gone to you then,

But—cheap repairs for a cheap 'un—the doctors said
I'd do:

Mary, why didn't *you* warn me? I've allus heeded
to you,

Excep'—I know—about women; but you are a
spirit now;

An', wife, they was only women, and I was a man.
That's how.

An' a man 'e must go with a woman, as you could
not understand;

But I never talked 'em secrets. I paid 'em out o' hand.
Thank Gawd, I can pay for my fancies! Now what's
five thousand to me,

For a berth off the Paternosters in the haven where
would be?

I believe in the Resurrection, if I read my Bible plain.
But I wouldn't trust 'em at Wokin'; we're safer at sea
again.

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

For the heart it shall go with the treasure—go down
to the sea in ships.

I'm sick of the hired women—I'll kiss my girl on her
lips!

I'll be content with my fountain, I'll drink from my
own well,

And the wife of my youth shall charm me—an' the
rest can go to Hell!

(Dickie, *he* will, that's certain.) I'll lie in our standin'-
bed,

An' Mac'll take her in ballast—an' she trims best by
the head. . . .

Down by the head an' sinkin', her fires are drawn and
cold,

And the water's splashin' hollow on the skin of the
empty hold—

Churning an' choking and chuckling, quiet and
scummy and dark—

Full to her lower hatches and risin' steady. Hark!

That was the after-bulkhead. . . . She's flooded
from stem to stern. . . .

Never seen death yet, Dickie? . . . Well, now **is**
your time to learn!

SESTINA OF THE TRAMP-ROYAL

SPEAKIN' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all,
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.
Speakin' in general, I 'ave found them good
For such as cannot use one bed too long,
But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,
An' go observin' matters till they die.

What do it matter where or 'ow we die,
So long as we've our 'ealth to watch it all—
The different ways that different things are done,
An' men an' women lovin' in this world—
'Takin' our chances as they come along,
An' when they ain't, pretendin' they are good?

In cash or credit—no, it aren't no good;
You 'ave to 'ave the 'abit or you'd die,
Unless you lived your life but one day long,
Nor didn't prophesy nor fret at all,
But drew your tucker some'ow from the world,
An' never bothered what you might ha' done.

But, Gawd, what things are they I 'aven't done?
I've turned my 'and to most, an' turned it good,
In various situations round the world—

SESTINA OF THE TRAMP-ROYAL

For 'im that doth not work must surely die ;
But that's no reason man should labour all
'Is life on one same shift ; life's none so long.

Therefore, from job to job I've moved along.
Pay couldn't 'old me when my time was done,
For something in my 'ead upset me all,
Till I 'ad dropped whatever 'twas for good,
An', out at sea, be'eld the dock-lights die,
An' met my mate—the wind that tramps the world !

It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,
Which you can read and care for just so long,
But presently you feel that you will die
Unless you get the page you're readin' done,
An' turn another—likely not so good ;
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

Gawd bless this world ! Whatever she 'ath done—
Excep' when awful long—I've found it good.
So write, before I die, " 'E liked it all ! "

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

*When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!*

*The market-girls an' fishermen,
The shepherds an' the sailors, too,
They 'eard old songs turn up again,
But kep' it quiet—same as you!*

*They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed,
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,
But winked at 'Omer down the road,
An' 'e winked back—the same as us!*

“BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN”

I'M 'ere in a ticky ulster an' a broken billycock 'at,
A-layin' on to the sergeant I don't know a gun from
a bat;
My shirt's doin' duty for jacket, my sock's stickin' out
o' my boots,
An' I'm learnin' the damned old goose-step along o'
the new recruits!

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
Back to the Army again.
Don't look so 'ard, for I 'aven't no card,
I'm back to the Army again!

I done my six years' service. 'Er Majesty sez:
“ Good-day —
You'll please to come when you're rung for, an' 'ere's
your 'ole back-pay;
An' fourpence a day for baccy — an' bloomin'
gen'rous, too;
An' now you can make your fortune—the same as
your orf'cers do.”

“BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN”

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
Back to the Army again;
'Ow did I learn to do right-about turn?
I'm back to the Army again!

A man o' four-an'-twenty that 'asn't learned of a
trade—
Beside “ Reserve ” agin' him—'e'd better be never
made.
I tried my luck for a quarter, an' that was enough for
me,
An' I thought of 'Er Majesty's barricks, an' I thought
I'd go an' see.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
Back to the Army again;
'Tisn't my fault if I dress when I 'alt—
I'm back to the Army again!

The sergeant arst no questions, but 'e winked the
other eye,
'E sez to me, “ 'Shun!” an' I shunted, the same as in
days gone by;
For 'e saw the set o' my shoulders, an' I couldn't
'elp 'oldin' straight
When me an' the other rookies come under the bar-
rick-gate.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
Back to the Army again;
'Oo would ha' thought I could carry an' port?
I'm back to the Army again!

“BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN”

I took my bath, an' I wallered—for, Gawd, I needed it so!

I smelt the smell o' the barricks, I 'eard the bugles go.

I 'eard the feet on the gravel—the feet o' the men what drill—

An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart-strings, I sez to 'em,
“Peace, be still!”

Back to the Army again, sergeant,

Back to the Army again;

'Oo said I knew when the *Junner* was due?

I'm back to the Army again!

I carried my slops to the tailor; I sez to 'im, “None o' your lip!

You tight 'em over the shoulders, an' loose 'em over the 'ip,

For the set o' the tunic's 'orrid.” An' 'e sez to me,
“Strike me dead,

But I thought you was used to the business!” an' so 'e done what I said.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,

Back to the Army again.

Rather too free with my fancies? Wot—me?

I'm back to the Army again!

Next week I'll 'ave 'em fitted; I'll buy me a swagger-cane;

They'll let me free o' the barricks to walk on the Hoe again

“BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN”

In the name o' William Parsons, that used to be
Edward Clay,
An'—any pore beggar that wants it can draw my
'fourpence a day!

Back to the Army again, sergeant,
Back to the Army again:
Out o' the cold an' the rain, sergeant,
Out o' the cold an' the rain.

'Oo's there?
A man that's too good to be lost you,
A man that is 'andled an' made—
A man that will pay what 'e cost you
In learnin' the others their trade—parade!
You're droppin' the pick o' the Army
Because you don't 'elp 'em remain,
But drives 'em to cheat to get out o' the street
An' back to the Army again!

“BIRDS OF PREY” MARCH

MARCH! The mud is cakin' good about our trousies.
Front!—eyes front, an' watch the Colour-casin's drip.
Front! The faces of the women in the 'ouses
Ain't the kind o' things to take aboard the ship.

Cheer! An' we'll never march to victory.
Cheer! An' we'll never live to 'ear the cannon roar!
The Large Birds o' Prey
They will carry us away,
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!

Wheel! Oh, keep your touch; we're goin' round a
corner.
Time!—mark time, an' let the men be'ind us close.
Lord! the transport's full, an' 'alf our lot not on 'er—
Cheer, O cheer! We're going off where no one
knows.

March! The Devil's none so black as 'e is painted!
Cheer! We'll 'ave some fun before we're put away.
'Alt, an' 'and 'er out—a woman's gone and fainted!
Cheer! Get on—Gawd 'elp the married men to-
day!

"BIRDS OF PREY" MARCH

Hoi! Come up, you 'ungry beggars, to yer sorrow.
('Ear them say they want their tea, an' want it
quick!)

You won't have no mind for slingers, not to-morrow—
No; you'll put the 'tween-decks stove out, bein' sick!

'Alt! The married kit 'as all to go before us!
'Course it's blocked the bloomin' gangway up again!
Cheer, O cheer the 'Orse Guards watchin' tender o'er
us,
Keepin' us since eight this mornin' in the rain!

Stuck in 'eavy marchin'-order, sopped and wringin' —
Sick, before our time to watch 'er 'eave an' fall,
'Ere's your 'appy 'ome at last, an' stop your singin'.
'Alt! Fall in along the troop-deck! Silence all!

*Cheer! For we'll never live to see no bloomin' victory!
Cheer! An' we'll never live to 'ear the cannon roar!
(One cheer more!)*

*The jackal an' the kite
'Ave an 'ealthy appetite,
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more! ('Ip!
Urroar!)*

*The eagle an' the crow
They are waitin' ever so,
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more! ('Ip!
Urroar!)*

*Yes, the Large Birds o' Prey
They will carry us away,
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!*

“SOLDIER AN’ SAILOR TOO”

AS I was spittin’ into the Ditch aboard o’ the *Crocodile*,

I seed a man on a man-o’-war got up in the Reg’lars’ style.

’E was scrapin’ the paint from off of ’er plates, an’ I sez to ’im, “’Oo are you?”

Sez ’e, “I’m a Jolly — ’Er Majesty’s Jolly — soldier an’ sailor too!”

Now ’is work begins by Gawd knows when, and ’is work is never through;

’E isn’t one o’ the reg’lar Line, nor ’e isn’t one of the crew.

’E’s a kind of a giddy harumfrodite—soldier an’ sailor too!

An’ after I met ’im all over the world, a-doin’ all kinds of things,

Like landin’ ’isself with a Gatlin’ gun to talk to them ’eathen kings;

’E sleeps in an ’ammick instead of a cot, an’ ’e drills with the deck on a slew,

“SOLDIER AN’ SAILOR TOO”

An’ ’e sweats like a Jolly — ’Er Majesty’s Jolly —
soldier an’ sailor too!

For there isn’t a job on the top o’ the earth the beggar
don’t know, nor do—

You can leave ’im at night on a bald man’s ’ead, to
paddle ’is own canoe—

’E’s a sort of a bloomin’ cosmopolouse—soldier an’
sailor too.

We’ve fought ’em in trooper, we’ve fought ’em in
dock, and drunk with ’em in between,

When they called us the seasick scull’ry-maids, an’
we called ’em the Ass Marines;

But, when we was down for a double fatigue, from
Woolwich to Bernardmyo,

We sent for the Jollies—’Er Majesty’s Jollies—soldier
an’ sailor too!

They think for ’emselves, an’ they steal for ’emselves,
and they never ask what’s to do,

But they’re camped an’ fed an’ they’re up an’ fed
before our bugle’s blew.

Ho! they ain’t no limpin’ procrastitutes—soldier an’
sailor too.

You may say we are fond of an ’arness-cut, or ’ootin’
in barrick-yards,

Or startin’ a Board School mutiny along o’ the Onion
Guards;

But once in a while we can finish in style for the ends
of the earth to view,

“SOLDIER AN’ SAILOR TOO”

The same as the Jollies—’Er Majesty’s Jollies—
soldier an’ sailor too!

They come of our lot, they was brothers to us; they
was beggars we’d met an’ knew;

Yes, barrin’ an inch in the chest an’ the arm, they was
doubles o’ me an’ you;

For they weren’t no special chrysanthemums—soldier
an’ sailor too!

To take your chance in the thick of a rush, with firing
all about,

Is nothing so bad when you’ve cover to ’and, an’
leave an’ likin’ to shout;

But to stand an’ be still to the *Birken’ead* drill is a
damn tough bullet to chew,

An’ they done it, the Jollies—’Er Majesty’s Jollies—
soldier an’ sailor too!

Their work was done when it ’adn’t begun; they was
younger nor me an’ you;

Their choice it was plain between drownin’ in ’eaps
an’ bein’ mopped by the screw,

So they stood an’ was still to the *Birken’ead* drill,
soldier an’ sailor too!

We’re most of us liars, we’re ’arf of us thieves, an’
the rest are as rank as can be,

But once in a while we can finish in style (which I
’ope it won’t ’appen to me).

But it makes you think better o’ you an’ your friends,
an’ the work you may ’ave to do,

“SOLDIER AN’ SAILOR TOO”

When you think o’ the sinkin’ *Victorier’s* Jollies—
soldier an’ sailor too!

Now there isn’t no room for to say ye don’t know—
they ’ave proved it plain and true—

That whether it’s Widow, or whether it’s ship, Vic-
torier’s work is to do,

An’ they done it, the Jollies—’Er Majesty’s Jollies—
soldier an’ sailor too!

SAPPERS

WHEN the Waters were dried an' the Earth did
appear,

(" It's all one," says the Sapper),
The Lord He created the Engineer,
Her Majesty's Royal Engineer,
With the rank and pay of a Sapper!

When the Flood come along for an extra monsoon,
'Twas Noah constructed the first pontoon
To the plans of Her Majesty's, etc.

But after fatigue in the wet an' the sun,
Old Noah got drunk, which he wouldn't ha' done
If he'd trained with, etc.

When the Tower o' Babel had mixed up men's *bat*,
Some clever civilian was managing that,
An' none of, etc.

When the Jews had a fight at the foot of a hill,
Young Joshua ordered the sun to stand still,
For he was a Captain of Engineers, etc.

SAPPERS

When the Children of Israel made bricks without
 straw,
They were learnin' the regular work of our Corps,
 The work of, etc.

For ever since then, if a war they would wage,
Behold us a-shinin' on history's page—
 First page for, etc.

We lay down their sidings an' help 'em entrain,
An' we sweep up their mess through the bloomin'
 campaign,
 In the style of, etc.

They send us in front with a fuse an' a mine
To blow up the gates that are rushed by the Line,
 But bent by, etc.

They send us behind with a pick an' a spade,
To dig for the guns of a bullock-brigade
 Which has asked for, etc.

We work under escort in trousers and shirt,
An' the heathen they plug us tail-up in the dirt,
 Annoying, etc.

We blast out the rock an' we shovel the mud,
We make 'em good roads an' —they roll down the
 khud,
 Reporting, etc.

SAPPERS

We make 'em their bridges, their wells, an' their huts,
An' the telegraph-wire the enemy cuts,
An' it's blamed on, etc.

An' when we return, an' from war we would cease,
They grudge us adornin' the billets of peace,
Which are kept for, etc.

We build 'em nice barracks—they swear they are
bad,
That our Colonels are Methodist, married or mad,
Insultin', etc.

They haven't no manners nor gratitude too,
For the more that we help 'em, the less will they do,
But mock at, etc.

Now the Line's but a man with a gun in his hand,
An' Cavalry's only what horses can stand,
When helped by, etc.

Artillery moves by the leave o' the ground,
But *we* are the men that do something all round,
For *we* are, etc.

I have stated it plain, an' my argument's thus
("It's all one," says the Sapper),
There's only one Corps which is perfect—that's **us**;
An' they call us Her Majesty's Engineers,
Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,
With the rank and pay of a Sapper!

THAT DAY

IT got beyond all orders an' it got beyond all 'ope;
It got to shammin' wounded an' retirin' from the
'alt.

'Ole companies was lookin' for the nearest road to
slope;

It were just a bloomin' knock-out—an' our fault!

*Now there ain't no chorus 'ere to give,
Nor there ain't no band to play;
An' I wish I was dead 'fore I done what I did,
Or seen what I seed that day!*

We was sick o' bein' punished, an' we let 'em know it,
too;

An' a company-commander up an' 'it us with a
sword,

An' some one shouted "'Ook it!" an' it come to *sove-
ki-poo*,

An' we chucked our rifles from us—O my Gawd!

THAT DAY

There was thirty dead an' wounded on the ground we
wouldn't keep—

No, there wasn't more than twenty when the front
begun to go;

But, Christ! along the line o' flight they cut us up
like sheep,

An' that was all we gained by doin' so.

I 'eard the knives be'ind me, but I dursn't face my
man,

Nor I don't know where I went to, 'cause I didn't
'alt to see,

Till I 'eard a beggar squealin' out for quarter as 'e
ran,

An' I thought I knew the voice an' —it was me!

We was 'idin' under bedsteads more than 'arf a march
away;

We was lyin' up like rabbits all about the country-
side;

An' the major cursed 'is Maker 'cause 'e lived to see
that day,

An' the colonel broke 'is sword acrost, an' cried.

We was rotten 'fore we started—we was never
disciplined;

We made it out a favour if an order was obeyed;

Yes, every little drummer 'ad 'is rights an' wrongs to
mind,

So we had to pay for teachin'—an' we paid!

THAT DAY

The papers 'id it 'andsome, but you know the Army
knows;

We was put to groomin' camels till the regiments
withdrew,

An' they gave us each a medal for subduin' England's
foes,

An' I 'ope you like my song—because it's true!

An' there ain't no chorus 'ere to give,

Nor there ain't no band to play;

But I wish I was dead 'fore I done what I did,

Or seen what I seed that day!

“THE MEN THAT FOUGHT AT MINDEN”

A SONG OF INSTRUCTION

THE men that fought at Minden, they was rookies in
their time—

So was them that fought at Waterloo!
All the 'ole command, yuss, from Minden to
Maiwand,
They was once dam' sweeps like you!

*Then do not be discouraged, 'Eaven is your 'elper,
We'll learn you not to forget;
An' you mustn't swear an' curse, or you'll only catch
it worse,
For we'll make you soldiers yet!*

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad stocks
beneath their chins,
Six inch 'igh an' more;
But fatigue it was their pride, and they *would* not be
denied
To clean the cook-'ouse floor.

“THE MEN THAT

The men that fought at Minden, they had anarchistic
bombs

Served to 'em by name of 'and-grenades;
But they got it in the eye (same as you will by-an'-by)
When they clubbed their field-parades.

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad buttons up
an' down,

Two-an'-twenty dozen of 'em told;
But they didn't grouse an' shirk at an hour's extry work,
They kept 'em bright as gold.

The men that fought at Minden, they was armed with
musketoons,

Also, they was drilled by 'alberdiers;
I don't know what they were, but the sergeants took
good care
They washed be'ind their ears.

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad ever cash in
'and

Which they did not bank nor save,
But spent it gay an' free on their betters—such as me—
For the good advice I gave.

The men that fought at Minden, they was civil—
yuss, they was—

Never didn't talk o' rights an' wrongs,
But they got it with the toe (same as you will get
it—so!)—
For interrupting songs.

FOUGHT AT MINDEN "

The men that fought at Minden, they was several
other things

Which I don't remember clear;

But *that's* the reason why, now the six-year men are
dry,

The rooks will stand the beer!

Then do not be discouraged, 'Eaven is your 'elper,

We'll learn you not to forget;

*An' you mustn't swear an' curse, or you'll only catch
it worse,*

And we'll make you soldiers yet!

Soldiers yet, if you've got it in you—

All for the sake of the Core;

Soldiers yet, if we 'ave to skin you—

Run an' get the beer, Johnny Raw—Johnny Raw!

Ho! run an' get the beer, Johnny Raw!

CHOLERA CAMP

WE'VE got the cholerer in camp—it's worse than
forty fights;
We're dyin' in the wilderness the same as Isrulites;
It's before us, an' be'ind us, an' we cannot get away,
An' the doctor's just reported we've ten more to-day,

*Oh, strike your camp an' go, the Bugle's callin',
The Rains are fallin'—
The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe
below;
The Band's a-doin' all she knows to cheer us;
The Chaplain's gone and prayed to Gawd to 'ear
us—
To 'ear us—
O Lord, for it's a-killin' of us so!*

Since August, when it started, it's been stickin' to
our tail,
Though they've 'ad us out by marches an' they've 'ad
us back by rail;
But it runs as fast as troop-trains, and we cannot
get away;
An' the sick-list to the Colonel makes ten more to-day.

CHOLERA CAMP

There ain't no fun in women nor there ain't no bite to
drink;

It's much too wet for shootin', we can only march
and think;

An' at evenin', down the *nullahs*, we can 'ear the
jackals say,

"Get up, you rotten beggars, you've ten more to-
day!"

'Twould make a monkey cough to see our way o'
doin' things—

Lieutenants takin' companies an' captains takin' wings,
An' Lances actin' Sergeants—eight file to obey—
For we've lots o' quick promotion on ten deaths a day!

Our Colonel's white an' twitterly—'e gets no sleep
nor food,

But mucks about in 'orspital where nothing does no
good.

'E sends us 'eaps o' comforts, all bought from 'is
pay—

But there aren't much comfort 'andy on ten deaths a
day.

Our Chaplain's got a banjo, an' a skinny mule 'e
rides,

An' the stuff 'e says an' sings us, Lord, it makes us
split our sides!

With 'is black coat-tails a-bobbin' to *Ta-ra-ra Boom-
der-ay!*

'E's the proper kind o' *padre* for ten deaths a day.

CHOLERA CAMP

An' Father Victor 'elps 'im with our Roman Catho-
licks—

He knows an 'eap of Irish songs an' rummy conjurin'
tricks;

An' the two they works together when it comes to
play or pray;

So we keep the ball a-rollin' on ten deaths a day.

We've got the cholerer in camp—we've got it 'ot an'
sweet;

It ain't no Christmas dinner, but it's 'elped an' we
must eat.

We've gone beyond the funkin', 'cause we've found it
doesn't pay,

An' we're rockin' round the Districk on ten deaths a
day!

*Then strike your camp an' go, the Rains are fallin',
The Bugle's callin'!*

*The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe
below!*

*An' them that do not like it they can lump it,
An' them that cannot stand it they can jump it;
We've got to die somewhere—some way—some'ow—
We might as well begin to do it now!*

*Then, Number One, let down the tent-pole slow,
Knock out the pegs an' 'old the corners—so!*

Fold in the flies, furl up the ropes, an' stow!

Oh, strike—oh, strike your camp an' go!

(Gawd 'elp us!)

THE LADIES

I'VE taken my fun where I've found it;
I've rogued an' I've ranged in my time;
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet'earts,
An' four o' the lot was prime.
One was an 'arf-caste widow,
One was a woman at Prome,
One was the wife of a *jemadar-sais*,¹
An' one is a girl at 'ome.

*Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies,
For, takin' 'em all along,
You never can say till you've tried 'em,
An' then you are like to be wrong.
There's times when you'll think that you
mightn't,
There's times when you'll know that you
might;
But the things you will learn from the Yellow
an' Brown,
They'll 'elp you a lot with the White!*

¹ Head-groom.

THE LADIES

I was a young un at 'Oogli,
Shy as a girl to begin;
Aggie de Castrer she made me,
An' Aggie was clever as sin;
Older than me, but my first un—
More like a mother she were—
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,
An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then I was ordered to Burma,
Actin' in charge o' Bazar,
An' I got me a tiddy live 'eathen
Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.
Funny an' yellow an' faithful—
Doll in a teacup she were,
But we lived on the square, like a true-married
pair,
An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then we was shifted to Neemuch
(Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,
The wife of a nigger at Mhow;
'Taught me the gipsy-folks' *bolees*,¹
Kind o' volcano she were,
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished
she was white,
And I learned about women from 'er!

¹ Slang.

THE LADIES

Then I come 'ome in the trooper,
 'Long of a kid o' sixteen—
Girl from a convent at Meerut,
 The straightest I ever 'ave seen.
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,
 She didn't know what it were;
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too
 much,
But—I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
 An' now I must pay for my fun,
For the more you 'ave known o' the others
 The less will you settle to one;
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',
 An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;
So be warned by my lot (which I know you
 will not),
An' learn about women from me!

*What did the Colonel's Lady think?
 Nobody never knew.
Somebody asked the Sergeant's wife,
 An' she told 'em true!
When you get to a man in the case,
 They're like as a row of pins—
For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O' Grady
 Are sisters under their skins!*

BILL 'AWKINS

"'AS anybody seen Bill 'Awkins?"

"Now 'ow in the devil would I know?"

"'E's taken my girl out walkin',
An' I've got to tell 'im so—
Gawd—bless—'im!
I've got to tell 'im so."

"D'yer know what 'e's like, Bill 'Awkins?"

"Now what in the devil would I care?"

"'E's the livin', breathin' image of an organ-
grinder's monkey,
With a pound of grease in 'is 'air—
Gawd—bless—'im!
An' a pound o' grease in 'is 'air."

"An' s'pose you met Bill 'Awkins,
Now what in the devil 'ud ye do?"

"I'd open 'is cheek to 'is chin-strap buckle,
An' bung up 'is both eyes, too—
Gawd—bless—'im!
An' bung up 'is both eyes, too!"

BILL 'AWKINS

"Look 'ere, where 'e comes, Bill 'Awkins!

Now what in the devil will you say?"

"It isn't fit an' proper to be fightin' on a Sunday,

So I'll pass 'im the time o' day—

Gawd—bless—'im!

I'll pass 'im the time o' day!"

THE MOTHER-LODGE

THERE was Rundle, Station Master,
An' Beazeley of the Rail,
An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,
An' Donkin' o' the Jail;
An' Blake, Conductor-Sargent,
Our Master twice was 'e,
With 'im that kept the Europe-shop,
Old Framjee Eduljee.

Outside—"Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!"

Inside—"Brother." an' it doesn't do no 'arm.

*We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out
there!*

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,
An' Saul the Aden Jew,
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman
Of the Survey Office too;
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,
An' Amir Singh the Sikh,
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,
The Roman Catholick!

THE MOTHER-LODGE

We 'adn't good regalia,
An' our Lodge was old an' bare,
But we knew the Ancient Landmarks,
An' we kep' 'em to a hair;
An' lookin' on it backwards
It often strikes me thus,
There ain't such things as infidels,
Excep', per'aps, it's us.

For monthly, after Labour,
We'd all sit down and smoke
(We dursn't give no banquits,
Lest a Brother's caste were broke),
An' man on man got talkin'
Religion an' the rest,
An' every man comparin'
Of the God 'e knew the best.

So man on man got talkin',
An' not a Brother stirred
Till mornin' waked the parrots
An' that dam' brain-fever-bird;
We'd say 'twas 'ighly curious,
An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,
With Mo'ammed, God, an' Shiva
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment service
This rovin' foot 'ath pressed,
An' bore fraternal greetin's
To the Lodges east an' west,

THE MOTHER-LODGE

Accordin' as commanded
From Kohat to Singapore,
But I wish that I might see them
In my Mother-Lodge once more!

I wish that I might see them,
My Brethren black an' brown,
With the trichies smellin' pleasant
An' the *hog-darn*¹ passin' down;
An' the old khansamah² snorin'
On the bottle-khana³ floor,
Like a Master in good standing
With my Mother-Lodge once more!

Outside—"Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!"

Inside—"Brother," an' it doesn't do no 'arm.

*We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out
there!*

¹ Cigar-lighter.

² Butler.

³ Pantry.

“FOLLOW ME 'OME”

THERE was no one like 'im, 'Orse or Foot,
Nor any o' the Guns I knew;
An' because it was so, why, o' course 'e went an'
died,
Which is just what the best men do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin',
Follow me—follow me 'ome!

'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long,
She paws the 'ole night through,
An' she won't take 'er feed 'cause o' waitin' for 'is
step,
Which is just what a beast would do.

'Is girl she goes with a bombardier
Before 'er month is through;
An' the banns are up in church, for she's got the
beggar hooked,
Which is just what a girl would do.

“FOLLOW ME 'OME”

We fought 'bout a dog—last week it were—
No more than a round or two;
But I strook 'im cruel 'ard, an' I wish I 'adn't now,
Which is just what a man can't do.

'E was all that I 'ad in the way of a friend,
An' I've 'ad to find one new;
But I'd give my pay an' stripe for to get the beggar
back,
Which it's just too late to do.

*So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the fifes a-crawlin'!
Follow me—follow me 'ome!*

*Take 'im away! 'E's gone where the best men
go.
Take 'im away! An' the gun-wheels turnin'
slow.
Take 'im away! There's more from the place
'e come.
Take 'im away, with the limber an' the drum.*

*For it's “Three rounds blank” an' follow me,
An' it's “Thirteen rank” an' follow me;
Oh, passin' the love o' women,
Follow me—follow me 'ome!*

THE SERGEANT'S WEDDIN'

'E WAS warned agin' 'er—
That's what made 'im look;
She was warned agin' 'im—
That is why she took.
'Wouldn't 'ear no reason,
'Went an' done it blind;
We know all about 'em,
They've got all to find!

*Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin'—
Give 'em one cheer more!
Grey gun-'orses in the lando,
An' a rogue is married to, etc.*

What's the use o' tellin'
'Arf the lot she's been?
'E's a bloomin' robber,
An' 'e keeps canteen.
'Ow did 'e get 'is buggy?
Gawd, you needn't ask!
'Made 'is forty gallon
Out of every cask!

THE SERGEANT'S WEDDIN'

Watch 'im, with 'is 'air cut,
Count us flin' by—
Won't the Colonel praise 'is
Pop—u—lar—i—ty!
We 'ave scores to settle—
Scores for more than beer;
She's the girl to pay 'em—
That is why we're 'ere!

See the chaplain thinkin'?
See the women smile?
Twig the married winkin'
As they take the aisle?
Keep your side-arms quiet,
Dressin' by the Band.
Ho! You 'oly beggars,
Cough be'ind your 'and!

Now it's done an' over,
'Ear the organ squeak,
"*'Voice that breathed o'er Eden*"—
Ain't she got the cheek!
White an' laylock ribbons,
Think yourself so fine!
I'd pray Gawd to take yer
'Fore I made yer mine!

Escort to the kerridge,
Wish 'im luck, the brute!
Chuck the slippers after—
[Pity 'tain't a boot!]

THE SERGEANT'S WEDDIN'

Bowin' like a lady,
Blushin' like a lad—
'Oo would say to see 'em
Both is rotten bad?

*Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin'—
Give 'em one cheer more!
Grey gun-'orses in the lando,
An' a rogue is married to, etc.*

THE JACKET

THROUGH the Plagues of Egyp' we was chasin' Arabi,
Gettin' down an' shovin' in the sun;
An' you might 'ave called us dirty, an' you might ha'
called us dry,
An' you might 'ave 'eard us talkin' at the gun.
But the Captain 'ad 'is jacket, an' the jacket it was
new—

('Orse Gunners, listen to my song!)
An' the wettin' of the jacket is the proper thing to do,
Nor we didn't keep 'im waitin' very long.

One day they gave us orders for to shell a sand redoubt,
Loadin' down the axle-arms with case;
But the Captain knew 'is dooty, an' he took the
crackers out
An' he put some proper liquor in its place.
An' the Captain saw the shrapnel, which is six-an'-
thirty clear.

('Orse Gunners, listen to my song!)
"Will you draw the weight," sez 'e, "or will you
draw the beer?"

An' we didn't keep 'im waitin' very long.

For the Captain, etc.

THE JACKET

Then we trotted gentle, not to break the bloomin' glass,
Though the Arabites 'ad all their ranges marked;
But we dursn't 'ardly gallop, for the most was bottled
Bass,

An' we'd dreamed of it since we was disembarked:
So we fired economic with the shells we 'ad in 'and,
('Orse Gunners, listen to my song!)
But the beggars under cover 'ad the impidence to stand,
An' we couldn't keep 'em waitin' very long.

And the Captain, etc.

So we finished 'arf the liquor (an' the Captain took
champagne),

An' the Arabites was shootin' all the while;
An' we left our wounded 'appy with the empties on
the plain,

An' we used the bloomin' guns for pro-jec-tile!
We limbered up an' galloped—there were nothin'
else to do—

('Orse Gunners, listen to my song!)

An' the Battery came a-boundin' like a boundin'
kangaroo,

But they didn't watch us comin' very long.

As the Captain, etc.

We was goin' most extended—we was drivin' very
fine,

An' the Arabites were loosin' 'igh an' wide,
Till the Captain took the glassy with a rattlin' right
incline,

An' we dropped upon their 'eads the other side.

THE JACKET

Then we give 'em quarter—such as 'adn't up and cut,
('Orse Gunners, listen to my song!)

An' the Captain stood a limberful of fizzy—somethin'
Brutt,

But we didn't leave it fizzing very long.

For the Captain, etc.

We might ha' been court-martialled, but it all come
out all right

When they signalled us to join the main command.

There was every round expended, there was every
gunner tight,

An' the Captain waved a corkscrew in 'is 'and.

But the Captain 'ad 'is jacket, etc.

THE 'EATHEN

THE 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an'
stone ;
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own ;
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful: 'e leaves 'em all about,
An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen
out.

*All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,
All along of abby-nay,¹ kul,² an' hazar-ho,³
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so !*

The young recruit is 'aughty — 'e draf's from Gawd
knows where ;
They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is mattress
square ;
'E calls it bloomin' nonsense — 'e doesn't know no
more —
An' then up comes 'is Company an' kicks 'im round
the floor !

¹ Not now.

² To-morrow.

³ Wait a bit.

THE 'EATHEN

The young recruit is 'ammered—'e takes it very 'ard;
'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters—'e sulks about the yard;
'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" 'e'll swing for by-an'-by,
An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes
orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly—'e thinks o' suicide;
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't got 'is pride;
But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,
Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

*Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less;
Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho,
Learns to keep 'is rifle an' 'isself jus' so!*

The young recruit is 'appy—'e throws a chest to suit;
You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is
boot;
'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every word 'e
slings,
An' 'e shows an 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips for bars
an' rings.

The cruel-tyrant-sergeants they watch 'im 'arf a year;
They watch 'im with 'is comrades, they watch 'im
with 'is beer;
They watch 'im with the women at the regimental
dance,
And the cruel-tyrant-sergeants send 'is name along
for "Lance."

THE 'EATHEN

An' now 'e's 'arf o' nothin', an' all a private yet,
'Is room they up an' rags 'im to see what they will
get;
They rags 'im low an' cunnin', each dirty trick they
can,
But 'e learns to sweat 'is temper an' 'e learns to sweat
'is man.

An', last, a Colour-Sergeant, as such to be obeyed,
'E schools 'is men at cricket, 'e tells 'em on parade;
They sees 'em quick an' 'andy, uncommon set an'
smart,
An' so 'e talks to oficers which 'ave the Core at 'eart.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin' plain;
'E learns to save a dummy, an' shove 'im straight
again;
'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave to
shirk;
An' 'e learns to make men like 'im so they'll learn to
like their work.

An' when it comes to marchin' he'll see their socks
are right,
An' when it comes to action 'e shows 'em 'ow to
sight;
'E knows their ways of thinkin' and just what's in
their mind;
'E knows when they are takin' on an' when they've
fell be'ind.

THE 'EATHEN

'E knows each talkin' corpril that leads a squad
astray ;
'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way ;
'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,
An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap
'em in.

An' now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the
dust,
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar
must ;
So, like a man in irons which isn't glad to go,
They moves 'em off by companies uncommon stiff an'
slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't remember
much
Excep' the not retreatin', the step an' keepin' touch.
It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck an'
spread an' 'op,
But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em they'd be all about the
shop!

An' now it's "'Oo goes backward?" an' now it's
"'Oo comes on?"
And now it's "Get the doolies," an' now the captain's
gone ;
An' now it's bloody murder, but all the while they
'ear
'Is voice, the same as barrick drill, a-shepherdin' the
rear.

THE 'EATHEN

'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split,
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em till he feels
 'em take the bit;
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge
 that wins the day!

*The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an'
 stone;*

*'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;
The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,
But the backbone of the Army is the non-commis-
 sioned man!*

*Keep away from dirtiness—keep away from mess.
Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-less!
Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho;
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!*

THE SHUT-EYE SENTRY

SEZ the Junior Orderly Sergeant
To the Senior Orderly Man:
"Our Orderly Orf'cer's *hokee-mut*,
You 'elp 'im all you can.
For the wine was old and the night is cold,
An' the best we may go wrong,
So, 'fore 'e gits to the sentry-box,
You pass the word along."

*So it was "Rounds! What Rounds?" at two of a
frosty night,
'E's 'oldin' on by the sergeant's sash, but, sentry,
shut your eye.
An' it was "Pass! All's well!" Oh, ain't 'e drippin'
tight!
'E'll need an affidavit pretty badly by-an'-by.*

The moon was white on the barracks,
The road was white an' wide,
An' the Orderly Orf'cer took it all,
An' the ten-foot ditch beside.

THE SHUT-EYE SENTRY

An' the corporal pulled an' the sergeant pushed,
An' the three they danced along,
But I'd shut my eyes in the sentry-box,
So I didn't see nothin' wrong.

Though it was " Rounds ! What Rounds ? " O corporal, 'old 'im up !

'E's usin' 'is cap as it shouldn't be used, but, sentry shut your eye.

An' it was " Pass ! All's well ! " Ho, shun the foam in' cup !

'E'll need, etc.

'Twas after four in the mornin' ;

We 'ad to stop the fun,

An' we sent 'im 'ome on a bullock-cart,

With 'is belt an' stock undone ;

But we sluiced 'im down an' we washed 'im out,

An' a first-class job we made,

When we saved 'im, smart as a bombardier,

For six-o'clock parade.

It 'ad been " Rounds ! What Rounds ? " Oh, shove 'im straight again !

'E's usin' 'is sword for a bicycle, but, sentry, shut your eye.

An' it was " Pass ! All's well ! " 'E's called me " Darlin' Jane " !

'E'll need, etc.

THE SHUT-EYE SENTRY

The drill was long an' 'eavy,
The sky was 'ot an' blue,
An' 'is eye was wild an' 'is 'air was wet,
But 'is sergeant pulled 'im through.
Our men was good old trusties—
They'd done it on their 'ead;
But you ought to 'ave 'eard 'em markin' time
To 'ide the things 'e said!

*For it was "Right flank—wheel!" for "'Alt, an'
stand at ease!"*
An' "Left extend!" for "Centre close!" O
marker, shut your eye!
An' it was, "'Ere, sir, 'ere! before the Colonel sees!"
So he needed affidavits pretty badly by-an'-by.

There was two-an'-thirty sergeants,
There was corp'rals forty-one,
There was just nine 'undred rank an' file
To swear to a touch o' sun.
There was me 'e'd kissed in the sentry-box,
As I 'ave not told in my song,
But I took my oath, which were Bible truth,
I 'adn't seen nothin' wrong.

There's them that's 'ot an' 'aughty,
There's them that's cold an' 'ard,
But there comes a night when the best gets tight,
And then turns out the Guard.

THE SHUT-EYE SENTRY

I've seen them 'ide their liquor
In every kind o' way,
But most depends on makin' friends
With Privit Thomas A.!

*When it is "Rounds! What Rounds?" 'E's
breathin' through 'is nose.*

*'E's reelin', rollin', roarin' tight, but, sentry, shut
your eye.*

*An' it is "Pass! All's well!" An' that's the way
it goes:*

*We'll 'elp 'im for 'is mother, an' 'e'll 'elp us
by-an'-by!*

“MARY, PITY WOMEN!”

YOU call yourself a man,
For all you used to swear,
An' leave me, as you can,
My certain shame to bear?
I 'ear! You do not care—
You done the worst you know.
I 'ate you, grinnin' there. . . .
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

*Nice while it lasted, an' now it is over—
Tear out your 'eart an' good-bye to your lover!
What's the use o' grievin', when the mother that bore
you
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you?*

It aren't no false alarm,
The finish to your fun;
You—you 'ave brung the 'arm,
An' I'm the ruined one;
An' now you'll off an' run
With some new fool in tow.
Your 'eart? You 'aven't none. . . .
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

“MARY, PITY WOMEN!”

*When a man is tired there is naught will bind 'im;
All 'e solemn promised 'e will shove be'ind 'im.
What's the good o' prayin' for The Wrath to strike 'im
(Mary, pity women!), when the rest are like 'im?*

What 'ope for me or—it?
What's left for us to do?
I've walked with men a bit,
But this—but this is you.
So 'elp me Christ, it's true!
Where can I 'ide or go?
You coward through and through! . . .
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

*All the more you give 'em the less are they for givin'—
Love lies dead, an' you cannot kiss 'im livin'.
Down the road 'e led you there is no returnin'
(Mary, pity women!), but you're late in learnin'!*

You'd like to treat me fair?
You can't, because we're pore?
We'd starve? What do I care!
We might, but *this* is shore!
I want the name—no more—
The name, an' lines to show,
An' not to be an 'ore. . . .
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

*What's the good o' pleadin', when the mother that bore you
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you?
Sleep on 'is promises an' wake to your sorrow
(Mary, pity women!), for we sail to-morrow!*

FOR TO ADMIRE

THE Injian Ocean sets an' smiles
So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;
There aren't a wave for miles an' miles
Excep' the jiggle from the screw.
The ship is swep', the day is done,
The bugle's gone for smoke and play;
An' black agin' the settin' sun
The Lascar sings, "*Hum deckty hai!*"¹

*For to admire an' for to see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!*

I see the sergeants pitchin' quoits,
I 'ear the women laugh an' talk,
I spy upon the quarter-deck
The ofricers an' lydies walk.
I thinks about the things that was,
An' leans an' looks acrost the sea,
Till spite of all the crowded ship
There's no one lef' alive but me.

¹ "I'm looking out."

FOR TO ADMIRE

The things that was which I 'ave seen,
In barrick, camp, an' action too,
I tells them over by myself,
An' sometimes wonders if they're true;
For they was odd—most awful odd—
But all the same now they are o'er,
There must be 'eaps o' plenty such,
An' if I wait I'll see some more.

Oh, I 'ave come upon the books,
An' frequent broke a barrick rule,
An' stood beside an' watched myself
Be'avin' like a bloomin' fool.
I paid my price for findin' out,
Nor never grutched the price I paid,
But sat in Clink without my boots,
Admirin' 'ow the world was made.

Be'old a crowd upon the beam,
An' 'umped above the sea appears
Old Aden, like a barrick-stove
That no one's lit for years an' years!
I passed by that when I began,
An' I go 'ome the road I came,
A time-expired soldier-man
With six years' service to 'is name.

My girl she said, "Oh, stay with me!"
My mother 'eld me to 'er breast.
They've never written none, an' so
They must 'ave gone with all the rest—

FOR TO ADMIRE

With all the rest which I 'ave seen
An' found an' known an' met along.
I cannot say the things I feel,
And so I sing my evenin' song:

*For to admire an' for to 'see,
For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried!*

L'ENVOI

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes
are twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest
critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down
for an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to
work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall
sit in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes
of comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,
Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be
tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the
Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall
work for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his
separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of
Things as They Are!

THE FIVE NATIONS

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THE FIVE NATIONS

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DEDICATION

*Before a midnight breaks in storm,
Or herded sea in wrath,
Ye know what wavering gusts inform
The greater tempest's path;
Till the loosed wind
Drive all from mind,
Except Distress, which, so will prophets cry,
O'ercame them, houseless, from the unhinting sky.*

*Ere rivers league against the land
In piracy of flood,
Ye know what waters slip and stand
Where seldom water stood.
Yet who will note,
Till fields afloat,
And washen carcass and the returning well,
Trumpet what these poor heralds strove to tell?*

*Ye know who use the Crystal Ball
(To peer by stealth on Doom),
The Shade that, shaping first of all,
Prepares an empty room.
Then doth It pass
Like breath from glass,
But, on the extorted vision bowed intent,
No man considers why It came or went.*

*Before the years reborn behold
Themselves with stranger eye,
And the sport-making Gods of old,
Like Samson slaying, die,
Many shall hear
The all-pregnant sphere
Bow to the birth and sweat, but—speech denied—
Sit dumb or—dealt in part—fall weak and wide.*

*Yet instant to fore-shadowed need
The eternal balance swings;
That winged men the Fates may breed
So soon as Fate hath wings.
These shall possess
Our littleness,
And in the imperial task (as worthy) lay
Up our lives' all to piece one giant day.*

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

WHO hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water
unbounded—

The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of
the comber wind-hounded?

The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foam-
less, enormous, and growing—

Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed
hurricane blowing—

His Sea is no showing the same—his Sea and the
same 'neath each showing—

His Sea as she slackens or thrills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
desire their Hills!

Who hath desired the Sea?—the immense and con-
temptuous surges?

The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-
stabbing bowsprit emerges?

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

The orderly clouds of the Trades, and the ridged,
 roaring sapphire thereunder—

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the head-sail's
 low-volleying thunder—

His Sea in no wonder the same—his Sea and the same
 through each wonder:

 His Sea as she rages or stills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
 desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her menaces swift as
 her mercies,

The in-rolling walls of the fog and the silver-winged
 breeze that disperses?

The unstable mined berg going South and the calvings
 and groans that declare it;

White water half-guessed overside and the moon
 breaking timely to bare it;

His Sea as his fathers have dared—his Sea as his
 children shall dare it—

 His Sea as she serves him or kills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
 desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness
 rather

Than forecourts of kings, and her outermost pits than
 the streets where men gather

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

Inland, among dust, under trees—inland where the
slayer may slay him

Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom
whereon he must lay him—

His Sea at the first that betrayed—at the last that
shall never betray him—

His Sea that his being fulfils ?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen
desire their Hills.

THE BELL BUOY

THEY christened my brother of old—

And a saintly name he bears—

They gave him his place to hold

At the head of the belfry-stairs,

Where the minster-towers stand

And the breeding kestrels cry.

Would I change with my brother a league inland?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

In the flush of the hot June prime,

O'er smooth flood-tides afire,

I hear him hurry the chime

To the bidding of checked Desire;

Till the sweated ringers tire

And the wild bob-majors die.

Could I wait for my turn in the godly choir?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

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THE BELL BUOY

When the smoking scud is blown,

When the greasy wind-rack lowers,

Apart and at peace and alone,

He counts the changeless hours.

He wars with darkling Powers

(I war with a darkling sea);

Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not he!

There was never a priest to pray,

There was never a hand to toll,

When they made me guard of the bay,

And moored me over the shoal.

I rock, I reel, and I roll—

My four great hammers ply—

Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

The landward marks have failed,

The fog-bank glides unguessed,

The seaward lights are veiled,

The spent deep feigns her rest:

But my ear is laid to her breast,

I lift to the swell—I cry!

Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

THE BELL BUOY

At the careless end of night

I thrill to the nearing screw,

I turn in the nearing light

And I call to the drowsy crew;

And the mud boils foul and blue

As the blind bow backs away.

Will they give me their thanks if they clear the
banks?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not they!

The beach-pools cake and skim,

The bursting spray-heads freeze,

I gather on crown and rim

The grey, grained ice of the seas,

Where, sheathed from bitt to trees,

The plunging colliers lie.

Would I barter my place for the Church's grace?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

Through the blur of the whirling snow,

Or the black of the inky sleet,

The lanterns gather and grow,

And I look for the homeward fleet.

Rattle of block and sheet—

“Ready about—stand by!”

Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the quay?

(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

THE BELL-BUOY

I dip and I surge and I swing
 In the rip of the racing tide,
By the gates of doom I sing,
 On the horns of death I ride.
 A ship-length overside,
Between the course and the sand,
 Fretted and bound I bide
 Peril whereof I cry.
 Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

CRUISERS

AS our mother the Frigate, bepainted and fine,
Made play for her bully the Ship of the Line;
So we, her bold daughters by iron and fire,
Accost and decoy to our masters' desire.

Now pray you consider what toils we endure,
Night-walking wet sea-lanes, a guard and a lure;
Since half of our trade is that same pretty sort
As mettlesome wenches do practise in port.

For this is our office: to spy and make room,
As hiding yet guiding the foe to their doom;
Surrounding, confounding, to bait and betray
And tempt them to battle the sea's width away.

The pot-bellied merchant foreboding no wrong
With headlight and sidelight he lieth along,
Till, lightless and lightfoot and lurking, leap we
To force him discover his business by sea.

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CRUISERS

And when we have wakened the lust of a foe,
To draw him by flight toward our bullies we go,
Till, 'ware of strange smoke stealing nearer, he flies—
Or our bullies close in for to make him good prize.

So, when we have spied on the path of their host,
One flieth to carry that word to the coast;
And, lest by false doubling they turn and go free,
One lieth behind them to follow and see.

Anon we return, being gathered again,
Across the sad valleys all drabbled with rain—
Across the grey ridges all crispèd and curled—
To join the long dance round the curve of the world.

The bitter salt spindrift: the sun-glare likewise:
The moon-track a-quiver bewilders our eyes,
Where, linking and lifting, our sisters we hail
'Twixt wrench of cross-surges or plunge of head-gale.

As maidens awaiting the bride to come forth
Make play with light jestings and wit of no worth,
So, widdershins circling the bride-bed of death,
Each fleereth her neighbour and signeth and saith:—

“What see ye? Their signals, or levin afar?

“What hear ye? God's thunder, or guns of our war?

CRUISERS

"What mark ye? Their smoke, or the cloud-rack
outblown?

"What chase ye? Their lights, or the Day-star low
down?"

So, times past all number deceived by false shows,
Deceiving we cumber the road of our foes,
For this is our virtue: to track and betray;
Preparing great battles the sea's width away.

*Now peace is at end and our peoples take heart,
For the laws are clean gone that restrained our art;
Up and down the near headlands and against the far
wind*

We are loosed (O be swift!) to the work of our kind!

THE DESTROYERS

*The strength of twice three thousand horse
That seek the single goal ;
The line that holds the rending course,
The hate that swings the whole :
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,
At gaze and gone again—
The Brides of Death that wait the groom—
The Choosers of the Slain !*

Offshore where sea and skyline blend
In rain, the daylight dies ;
The sullen, shouldering swells attend
Night and our sacrifice.
Adown the stricken capes no flare—
No mark on spit or bar,—
Girdled and desperate we dare
The blindfold game of war.

THE DESTROYERS

Nearer the up-flung beams that spell
The council of our foes;
Clearer the barking guns that tell
Their scattered flank to close.
Sheer to the trap they crowd their way
From ports for this unbarred.
Quiet, and count our laden prey,
The convoy and her guard!

On shoal with scarce a foot below,
Where rock and islet throng,
Hidden and hushed we watch them throw
Their anxious lights along.
Not here, not here your danger lies—
(Stare hard, O hooded eyne!)
Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise
The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore—to break the rest ye seek,
The Narrow Seas to clear—
Hark to the Syren's whimpering shriek—
The driven death is here!
Look to your van a league away,—
What midnight terror stays
The bulk that checks against the spray
Her crackling tops ablaze?

THE DESTROYERS

Hit, and hard hit! The blow went home,
The muffled, knocking stroke—
The steam that overruns the foam—
The foam that thins to smoke—
The smoke that cloaks the deep aboil—
The deep that chokes her throes
Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
The lukewarm whirlpools close!

A shadow down the sickened wave
Long since her slayer fled:
But hear their chattering quick-fires rave
Astern, abeam, ahead!
Panic that shells the drifting spar—
Loud waste with none to check—
Mad fear that rakes a scornful star
Or sweeps a consort's deck!

Now, while their silly smoke hangs thick,
Now ere their wits they find,
Lay in and lance them to the quick—
Our gallied whales are blind!
Good luck to those that see the end,
Good-bye to those that drown—
For each his chance as chance shall send—
And God for all! *Shut down!*

THE DESTROYERS

The strength of twice three thousand horse

That serve the one command ;

The hand that heaves the headlong force,

The hate that backs the hand :

The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,

The mine that splits the main ;

The white-hot wake, the 'wildering speed—

The Choosers of the Slain !

WHITE HORSES

Where run your colts at pasture?

Where hide your mares to breed?

'Mid bergs about the Ice-cap

Or wove Sargasso weed;

By chartless reef and channel,

Or crafty coastwise bars,

But most the ocean-meadows

All purple to the stars!

Who holds the rein upon you?

The latest gale let free.

What meat is in your mangers?

The glut of all the sea.

'Twixt tide and tide's returning

Great store of newly dead,—

The bones of those that faced us,

And the hearts of those that fled.

WHITE HORSES

Afar, offshore and single,
Some stallion, rearing swift,
Neighs hungry for new fodder,
And calls us to the drift.
Then down the cloven ridges—
A million hooves unshod—
Break forth the mad White Horses
To seek their meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water
Our furious vanguard strains—
Through mist of mighty tramplings
Roll up the fore-blown manes—
A hundred leagues to leeward,
Ere yet the deep is stirred,
The groaning rollers carry
The coming of the herd!

*Whose hand may grip your nostrils—
Your forelock who may hold?*
E'en they that use the broads with us
The riders bred and bold,
That spy upon our matings,
That rope us where we run—
They know the strong White Horses
From father unto son.

WHITE HORSES

We breathe about their cradles,
We race their babes ashore,
We snuff against their thresholds,
We nuzzle at their door;
By day with stamping squadrons,
By night in whinnying droves,
Creep up the wise White Horses,
To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling?
No wit of man may save.
They hear the loosed White Horse
Above their father's grave;
And, kin of those we crippled,
And, sons of those we slew,
Spur down the wild white riders
To school the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,
Oh jealous steeds and strong?
Save we that throw their weaklings,
Is none dare work them wrong;
While thick around the homestead
Our snow-backed leaders graze—
A guard behind their plunder,
And a veil before their ways.

WHITE HORSES

With march and countermarchings—

With weight of wheeling hosts—

Stray mob or bands embattled—

We ring the chosen coasts:

And, careless of our clamour

That bids the stranger fly,

At peace within our pickets

The wild white riders lie.

.

Trust ye the curdled hollows—

Trust ye the neighing wind—

Trust ye the moaning ground-swell—

Our herds are close behind!

To bray your foeman's armies—

To chill and snap his sword—

Trust ye the wild White Horses,

The Horses of the Lord!

THE SECOND VOYAGE

WE'VE sent our little Cupids all ashore—

They were frightened, they were tired, they were
cold;

Our sails of silk and purple go to store,

And we've cut away our mast of beaten gold

(Foul weather!)

Oh 'tis hemp and singing pine for to stand against the
brine,

But Love he is the master as of old!

The sea has shorn our galleries away,

The salt has soiled our gilding past remede;

Our paint is flaked and blistered by the spray,

Our sides are half a fathom furred in weed

(Foul weather!)

And the doves of Venus fled and the petrels came
instead,

But Love he was our master at our need!

THE SECOND VOYAGE

'Was Youth would keep no vigil at the bow,
'Was Pleasure at the helm too drunk to steer—
We've shipped three able quartermasters now,
Men call them Custom, Reverence, and Fear
(Foul weather!)

They are old and scarred and plain, but we'll run no
risk again
From any Port o' Paphos mutineer!

We seek no more the tempest for delight,
We skirt no more the indraught and the shoal—
We ask no more of any day or night
Than to come with least adventure to our goal
(Foul weather!)

What we find we needs must brook, but we do not go
to look,
Nor tempt the Lord our God that saved us whole!

Yet, caring so, not overly we care
To brace and trim for every foolish blast,
If the squall be pleased to sweep us unaware,
He may bellow off to leeward like the last
(Foul weather!)

We will blame it on the deep (for the watch must
have their sleep),
And Love can come and wake us when 'tis past.

THE SECOND VOYAGE

Oh launch them down with music from the beach,

Oh warp them out with garlands from the quays—

Most resolute—a damsel unto each—

New prows that seek the old Hesperides !

(Foul weather !)

Though we know the voyage is vain, yet we see our
path again

In the saffroned bridesails scenting all the seas !

(Foul weather !)

THE DYKES

WE have no heart for the fishing, we have no hand
for the oar—

All that our fathers taught us of old pleases us now
no more;

All that our own hearts bid us believe we doubt
where we do not deny—

There is no proof in the bread we eat or rest in the
toil we ply.

Look you, our foreshore stretches far through sea-
gate, dyke, and groin—

Made land all, that our fathers made, where the flats
and the fairway join.

They forced the sea a sea-league back. They died,
and their work stood fast.

We were born to peace in the lee of the dykes, but
the time of our peace is past.

THE DYKES

Far off, the full tide clammers and slips, mouthing and
testing all,

Nipping the flanks of the water-gates, baying along
the wall;

Turning the shingle, returning the shingle, changing
the set of the sand . . .

We are too far from the beach, men say, to know how
the outworks stand.

So we come down, uneasy, to look, uneasily pacing
the beach.

These are the dykes our fathers made: we have never
known a breach.

Time and again has the gale blown by and we were
not afraid;

Now we come only to look at the dykes—at the dykes
our fathers made.

O'er the marsh where the homesteads cower apart,
the harried sunlight flies,

Shifts and considers, wanes and recovers, scatters and
sickens and dies—

An evil ember bedded in ash—a spark blown west by
the wind . . .

We are surrendered to-night and the sea—the gale
and the tide behind!

THE DYKES

At the bridge of the lower saltings the cattle gather
and blare,
Roused by the feet of running men, dazed by the lantern glare.
Unbar and let them away for their lives—the levels
drown as they stand,
Where the flood-wash forces the sluices aback and the
ditches deliver inland.

Ninefold deep to the top of the dykes the galloping
breakers stride,
And their overcarried spray is a sea—a sea on the
landward side.
Coming, like stallions they paw with their hooves,
going they snatch with their teeth,
Till the bents and the furze and the sand are dragged
out, and the old-time wattles beneath!

Bid men gather fuel for fire, the tar and the oil and
the tow—
Flame we shall need, not smoke, in the dark if the
riddled sea-banks go.
Bid the ringers watch in the tower (who knows what
the dawn shall prove?)
Each with his rope between his feet and the trembling
bells above.

THE DYKES

Now we can only wait till the day, wait and apportion
our shame!

These are the dykes our fathers left, but we would
not look to the same.

Time and again were we warned of the dykes, time
and again we delayed:

Now, it may fall, we have slain our sons as our fathers
we have betrayed.

.

Walking along the wreck of the dykes, watching the
work of the seas,

These were the dykes our fathers made to our great
profit and ease;

But the peace is gone and the profit is gone, and the
old sure day withdrawn . . .

That our own houses show as strange when we come
back in the dawn!

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

THE God of Fair Beginnings
Hath prospered here my hand—
The cargoes of my lading,
And the keels of my command.
For out of many ventures
That sailed with hope as high,
My own have made the better trade,
And Admiral am I!

To me my King's much honour,
To me my people's love—
To me the pride of Princes
And power all pride above;
To me the shouting cities,
To me the mob's refrain:—
"Who knows not noble Valdez,
Hath never heard of Spain."

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

But I remember comrades—
Old playmates on new seas—
Whenas we traded orpiment
Among the savages—
A thousand leagues to south'ard
And thirty years removed—
They knew not noble Valdez,
But me they knew and loved.

Then they that found good liquor,
They drank it not alone,
And they that found fair plunder,
They told us every one,
Behind our chosen islands
Or secret shoals between,
When, walty from far voyage,
We gathered to careen.

There burned our breaming-fagots
All pale along the shore:
There rose our worn pavilions—
A sail above an oar:
As flashed each yearning anchor
Through mellow seas afire,
So swift our careless captains
Rowed each to his desire!

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

Where lay our loosened harness?

Where turned our naked feet?

Whose tavern 'mid the palm-trees?

What quenchings of what heat?

Oh fountain in the desert!

Oh cistern in the waste!

Oh bread we ate in secret!

Oh cup we spilled in haste!

The youth new-taught of longing,

The widow curbed and wan—

The goodwife proud at season,

And the maid aware of man;

All souls unslaked, consuming,

Defrauded in delays,

Desire not more than quittance

Than I those forfeit days!

I dreamed to wait my pleasure

Unchanged my spring would bide:

Wherefore, to wait my pleasure,

I put my spring aside

Till, first in face of Fortune,

And last in mazed disdain,

I made Diego Valdez

High Admiral of Spain.

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

Then walked no wind 'neath Heaven
Nor surge that did not aid—
I dared extreme occasion,
Nor ever one betrayed.
They wrought a deeper treason—
(Led seas that served my needs!)
They sold Diego Valdez
To bondage of great deeds.

The tempest flung me seaward,
And pinned and bade me hold
The course I might not alter—
And men esteemed me bold!
The calms embayed my quarry,
The fog-wreath sealed his eyes;
The dawn-wind brought my topsails—
And men esteemed me wise!

Yet 'spite my tyrant triumphs
Bewildered, dispossessed—
My dream held I before me—
My vision of my rest;
But, crowned by Fleet and People,
And bound by King and Pope—
Stands here Diego Valdez
To rob me of my hope!

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

No prayer of mine shall move him,
No word of his set free
The Lord of Sixty Pennants
And the Steward of the Sea.
His will can loose ten thousand
To seek their loves again—
But not Diego Valdez,
High Admiral of Spain.

There walks no wind 'neath Heaven
Nor wave that shall restore
The old careening riot
And the clamorous, crowded shore—
The fountain in the desert,
The cistern in the waste,
The bread we ate in secret,
The cup we spilled in haste!

Now call I to my Captains—
For council fly the sign,
Now leap their zealous galleys
Twelve-oared across the brine.
To me the straiter prison,
To me the heavier chain—
To me Diego Valdez,
High Admiral of Spain!

THE BROKEN MEN

FOR things we never mention,
For Art misunderstood—
For excellent intention
That did not turn to good;
From ancient tales' renewing,
From clouds we would not clear—
Beyond the Law's pursuing
We fled, and settled here.

We took no tearful leaving,
We bade no long good-byes;
Men talked of crime and thieving,
Men wrote of fraud and lies.
To save our injured feelings
'Twas time and time to go—
Behind was dock and Dartmoor,
Ahead lay Callao!

THE BROKEN MEN

The widow and the orphan
That pray for ten per cent.,
They clapped their trailers on us
To spy the road we went.
They watched the foreign sailings
(They scan the shipping still),
And that's your Christian people
Returning good for ill!

God bless the thoughtful islands
Where never warrants come!
God bless the just Republics
That give a man a home,
That ask no foolish questions,
But set him on his feet;
And save his wife and daughters
From the workhouse and the street!

On church and square and market
The noonday silence falls;
You'll hear the drowsy mutter
Of the fountain in our halls.
Asleep amid the yuccas
The city takes her ease—
Till twilight brings the land-wind
To our clicking jealousies.

THE BROKEN MEN

Day long the diamond weather,
The high, unaltered blue—
The smell of goats and incense
And the mule-bells tinkling through.
Day long the warden ocean
That keeps us from our kin,
And once a month our levee
When the English mail comes in.

You'll find us up and waiting
To treat you at the bar;
You'll find us less exclusive
Than the average English are.
We'll meet you with our carriage,
Too glad to show you round,
But—we do not lunch on steamers,
For they are English ground.

We sail o' nights to England
And join our smiling Boards;
Our wives go in with Viscounts
And our daughters dance with Lords.
But behind our princely doings,
And behind each coup we make,
We feel there's Something Waiting,
And—we meet It when we wake.

THE BROKEN MEN

Ah God! One sniff of England—
To greet our flesh and blood—
To hear the hansoms slurring
Once more through London mud!
Our towns of wasted honour—
Our streets of lost delight!
How stands the old Lord Warden?
Are Dover's cliffs still white?

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the
Hunting Winds are loose—

Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the
whisper of the Trues,

Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath
watched the black-tail mating?

Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?
Who hath worked the chosen water where the
ouananiche is waiting,

Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here!

On the other side the world he's overdue.

'Send your road is clear before you when the old

Spring-fret comes o'er you

And the Red Gods call for you!

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THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow
round the bow,

And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose
waits the cow,

And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.
Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath
heard the birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the night?
Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's
feet are turning

To the camps of proved desire and known delight!

Let him go—go, etc.

I

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know
that racing stream

With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man
may bask and dream

To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels
and traces,

To a silent smoky Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock with the starlight
on our faces,

For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go—go, etc.

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

II

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are
steep and short,

Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers
ride?

Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward
of your port

On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?

It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to
bale her—

Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.

He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and
sail and sail her,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

III

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-
dealers trade—

Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?

Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-
scented glade

When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap
through?

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

It is there that I am going with my camphor, net,
and boxes,

To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-
foxes,

For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

IV

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you
know that windy rift

Where the baffling mountain eddies chop and
change?

Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on
frozen drift,

While the head of heads is feeding out of range?
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and
the snow lie,

With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of
Ovis Poli,
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the
Smokes of Council rise—

Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they
choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack
their last supplies:

Now our Young Men go to dance before the
Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall
light them to that shrine?

Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor
and sign—

Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath
'neath the Line—

And to each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a
lover,

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train—

Where the high grass hides the horseman or the
glaring flats discover—

Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-
boat brings the rover—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift . . . Quick!
ah, heave the camp-kit over!

For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

And we go—go—go away from here!

On the other side the world we're overdue!

'Send the road is clear before you when the old

Spring-fret comes o'er you

And the Red Gods call for you

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

YEARLY, with tent and rifle, our careless white men
go

By the pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vale
below.

Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men in—
Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow
to chin.

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless—toothless, broken of
speech,

Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale
to each;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:

“ Make ye no truce with Adam-zad—the Bear that
walks like a man!

“ There was a flint in my musket—pricked and
primed was the pan,

When I went hunting Adam-zad—the Bear that
stands like a man.

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THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on
the snow,

When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago!

“ I knew his times and his seasons, as he knew mine,
that fed

By night in the ripened maize-field and robbed my
house of bread;

I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew mine,
that crept

At dawn to the crowded goat-pens and plundered
while I slept.

“ Up from his stony playground—down from his
well-digged lair—

Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the Bear;
Groaning, grunting, and roaring, heavy with stolen
meals,

Two long marches to northward, and I was at his heels!

“ Two full marches to northward, at the fall of the
second night,

I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all panting from
his flight.

There was a charge in the musket—pricked and
primed was the pan—

My finger crooked on the trigger—when he reared
up like a man.

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

“Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in
prayer,
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the Bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch’s
swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the mon-
strous, pleading thing.

“Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire
then . . .
I have looked no more on women—I have walked
no more with men.
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands
that pray—
From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my
face away!

“Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow—
Faceless I fell before his feet, fifty summers ago.
I heard him grunt and chuckle—I heard him pass to
his den,
He left me blind to the darkened years and the little
mercy of men.

“Now ye go down in the morning with guns of the
newer style,
That load (I have felt) in the middle and range (I
have heard) a mile?

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast and
true,

But—pay, and I lift my bandage and show what the
Bear can do!”

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and with-
ered and grey —

Matun, the old blind beggar, he gives good worth
for his pay.)

“ Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press
him hard—

Not for his ragings and roarings flinch ye from
Adam-zad.

“ But (pay, and I put back the bandage) this is the
time to fear,

When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near
and near;

When he stands up as pleading, in wavering, man-
brute guise,

When he veils the hate and cunning of the little,
swinish eyes;

“ When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like
hands in prayer,

That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of
the Bear!”

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at the
door,

Maan, the old blind beggar, he tells it over and o'er;
Fumbling and feeling the rifle, warming his hands at
the flame,

Hearing our careless white men talk of the morrow's
game;

Over and over the story, ending as he began:—

*"There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that
looks like a man!"*

THE OLD MEN

*This is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the
end —*

*That we outlive the impatient years and the much too
patient friend :*

*And because we know we have breath in our mouth
and think we have thought in our head,*

*We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are
really dead.*

We shall not acknowledge that old stars fade or alien
planets arise

(That the sere bush buds or the desert blooms or the
ancient well-head dries),

Or any new compass wherewith new men adventure
'neath new skies.

We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our youth
to bind on our children's hands ;

We shall call to the water below the bridges to re-
turn and replenish our lands ;

We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses)
and scholarly plough the sands.

THE OLD MEN

We shall lie down in the eye of the sun for lack of a
light on our way —

We shall rise up when the day is done and chirrup,
“ Behold, it is day ! ”

We shall abide till the battle is won ere we amble
into the fray.

We shall peck out and discuss and dissect, and evert
and extrude to our mind,

The flaccid tissues of long-dead issues offensive to
God and mankind—

(Precisely like vultures over an ox that the Army
has left behind).

We shall make walk preposterous ghosts of the glo-
ries we once created—

(Immodestly smearing from muddled palettes amaz-
ing pigments mismated)

And our friends will weep when we ask them with
boasts if our natural force be abated.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out: but we
shall subsist on the smell of it,

And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and
suck our gums and think well of it.

Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work,
and that is the perfectest Hell of it!

THE OLD MEN

*This is our lot if we live so long and listen to those
who love us—*

*That we are shunned by the people about and shamed
by the Powers above us.*

*Wherefore be free of your harness betimes ; but being
free be assured,*

*That he who hath not endured to the death, from his
birth he hath never endured!*

THE EXPLORER

"THERE'S no sense in going further—it's the edge
of cultivation,"

So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and
sowed my crop—

Built my barns and strung my fences in the little
border station

Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run
out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable
changes

On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated
—so:

"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look
behind the Ranges—

"Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and wait-
ing for you. Go!"

THE EXPLORER

So I went, worn out of patience; 'never told my
 nearest neighbours—
Stole away with pack and ponies—left 'em drinking
 in the town;
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to
 help my labours
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and
 leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning
 flanks and dodging shoulders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of
 grass;
Till I camped above the tree-line—drifted snow and
 naked boulders—
Felt free air astir to windward—knew I'd stumbled
 on the Pass.

'Thought to name it for the finder: but that night
 the Norther found me—
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies: so I called
 the camp Despair
(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my
 Whisper waked to hound me:—
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder.
 Go you there!"

THE EXPLORER

Then I knew, the while I doubted—knew His Hand
was certain o'er me.

Still—it might be self-delusion—scores of better men
had died—

I could reach the township living, but . . . He
knows what terrors tore me . . .

But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the
other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers
turned to aloes,

And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming
stream ran by ;

But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the
water drained to shallows—

And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth, and
blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires ; I remember sitting by
them ;

I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the
smoke ;

I remember they were fancy—for I threw a stone to
try 'em.

“Something lost behind the Ranges,” was the only
word they spoke.

THE EXPLORER

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew
it

When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I
saw.

Very full of dreams that desert: but my two legs
took me through it . . .

And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all
black and raw.

But at last the country altered—White man's country
past disputing—

Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills
behind—

There I found me food and water, and I lay a week
recruiting,

Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I
entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey—chose my trees
and blazed and ringed 'em—

Week by week I pried and sampled—week by week
my findings grew.

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he
found a kingdom!

But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the
worth of two!

THE EXPLORER

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-
poised snow-slide shivers—
Down and through the big fat marshes that the
virgin ore-bed stains,
Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined
rivers,
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable
plains!

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades
between 'em;
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand
head an hour;
Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-
ripe woods that screen 'em—
Saw the plant to feed a people—up and waiting for
the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit—all the clever
chaps that followed—
Came, a dozen men together—never knew my desert
fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water-
holes I'd hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be
called the Pioneers!

THE EXPLORER

They will find my sites of townships—not the cities
that I set there.

They will rediscover rivers—not my rivers heard at
night.

By my own old marks and bearings they will show
me how to get there,

By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my
feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one
single acre?

Have I kept one single nugget—(barring samples)?
No, not I.

Because my price was paid me ten times over by my
Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and
occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-
transit sure and steady

(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and
iron at your doors.

God took care to hide that country till He judged
His people ready,

Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found
it, and it's yours!

THE EXPLORER

Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your "edge
of cultivation"

And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the
range to see.

God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present
to our nation.

Anybody might have found it but—His Whisper
came to Me!

THE WAGE-SLAVES

OH glorious are the guarded heights
Where guardian souls abide—
Self-exiled from our gross delights—
Above, beyond, outside:
An ampler arc their spirit swings—
Commands a juster view—
We have their word for all these things,
Nor doubt their words are true.

Yet we the bondslaves of our day,
Whom dirt and danger press—
Co-heirs of insolence, delay,
And leagued unfaithfulness—
Such is our need must seek indeed
And, having found, engage
The men who merely do the work
For which they draw the wage.

THE WAGE-SLAVES

From forge and farm and mine and bench,
Deck, altar, outpost lone—
Mill, school, battalion, counter, trench,
Rail, senate, sheepfold, throne—
Creation's cry goes up on high
From age to cheated age:
"Send us the men who do the work
For which they draw the wage."

Words cannot help nor wit achieve,
Nor e'en the all-gifted fool,
Too weak to enter, bide, or leave
The lists he cannot rule.
Beneath the sun we count on none
Our evil to assuage,
Except the men that do the work
For which they draw the wage.

When through the Gates of Stress and Strain
Comes forth the vast Event—
The simple, sheer, sufficing, sane
Result of labour spent—
They that have wrought the end unthought
Be neither saint nor sage,
But men who merely did the work
For which they drew the wage.

THE WAGE-SLAVES

Wherefore to these the Fates shall bend
 (And all old idle things—)

Wherefore on these shall Power attend
 Beyond the grasp of kings:
Each in his place, by right, not grace,
 Shall rule his heritage—

The men who simply do the work
 For which they draw the wage.

Not such as scorn the loitering street,
 Or waste, to earn its praise,
Their noontide's unreturning heat
 About their morning ways:
But such as dower each mortgaged hour
 Alike with clean courage—

Even the men who do the work
 For which they draw the wage—
Men like to Gods that do the work
 For which they draw the wage—
Begin—continue—close the work
 For which they draw the wage!

THE BURIAL

C. J. RHODES, buried in the Matoppos, April 10, 1902

WHEN that great Kings return to clay,
Or Emperors in their pride,
Grief of a day shall fill a day,
Because its creature died.
But we—we reckon not with those
Whom the mere Fates ordain,
This Power that wrought on us and goes
Back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
Cities in place of speech.
So huge the all-mastering thought that
drove—
So brief the term allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
His faith before the crowd.

THE BURIAL

It is his will that he look forth
Across the world he won—
The granite of the ancient North—
Great spaces washed with sun.
There shall he patient make his seat
(As when the Death he dared),
And there await a people's feet
In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined Empires draw
To council 'neath his skies,
The immense and brooding Spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead,
His soul shall be her soul!

GENERAL JOUBERT

(Died March 27, 1900)

WITH those that bred, with those that loosed the
strife,

He had no part whose hands were clear of gain;
But subtle, strong, and stubborn, gave his life
To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people, sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one;
Telling old battles over without hate—
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

He may not meet the onswEEP of our van
In the doomed city when we close the score.
Yet o'er his grave—his grave that holds a man—
Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once
more!

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THE PALACE

WHEN I was a King and a Mason—a Master proven
and skilled—

I cleared me ground for a palace such as a King
should build.

I decreed and dug down to my levels. Presently,
under the silt,

I came on the wreck of a palace such as a King had
built.

There was no worth in the fashion—there was no wit
in the plan—

Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined footings
ran—

Masonry, brute, mishandled, but carven on every
stone:

*"After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have
known."*

THE PALACE

Swift to my use in my trenches, where my well-
planned ground-works grew,
I tumbled his quoins and his ashlar, and cut and
reset them anew.
Lime I milled of the marbles; burned it, slacked it,
and spread;
Taking and leaving at pleasure the gifts of the
humble dead.

Yet I despised not nor gloried; yet, as we wrenched
them apart,
I read in the razed foundations the heart of that
builder's heart.
As he had risen and pleaded, so did I understand
The form of the dream he had followed in the face of
the thing he had planned.

.

When I was a King and a Mason—in the open noon
of my pride,
They sent me a Word from the Darkness—They
whispered and put me aside.
They said—"The end is forbidden." They said—
"Thy use is fulfilled,
"And thy palace shall stand as that other's—the
spoil of a King who shall build."

THE PALACE

I called my men from my trenches, my quarries, my
wharves, and my shears.

All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the
faithless years.

Only I cut on the timber, only I carved on the
stone:

*After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have
known!*

SUSSEX

GOD gave all men all earth to love,
But since our hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all; •

That as He watched Creation's birth,
So we, in godlike mood,
May of our love create our earth
And see that it is good.

So one shall Baltic pines content,
As one some Surrey glade,
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament
Before Levuka's trade.

Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

SUSSEX

No tender-hearted garden crowns,
No bosomed woods adorn
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,
But gnarled and writhen thorn—
Fair slopes where chasing shadows skim,
And through the gaps revealed
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,
Half-wild and wholly tame,
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge
As when the Romans came.
What sign of those that fought and died.
At shift of sword and sword?
The barrow and the camp abide,
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west
All heavy-winged with brine,
Here lies above the folded crest
The Channel's leaden line;
And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,
And here, each warning each,
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring
Along the hidden beach.

SUSSEX

We have no waters to delight
Our broad and brookless vales—
Only the dewpond on the height
Unfed, that never fails,
Whereby no tattered herbage tells
Which way the season flies—
Only our close-bit thyme that smells
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong unhampered days
The tinkling silence thrills;
Or little, lost, Down churches praise
The Lord who made the hills:
But here the Old Gods guard their round,
And, in her secret heart,
The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,
With equal soul I'd see
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,
Yet none more fair than she.
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,
And I will choose instead
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,
Black Down and Beachy Head.

SUSSEX

I will go out against the sun
Where the rolled scarp retires,
And the Long Man of Wilmington
Looks naked toward the shires;
And east till doubling Rother crawls
To find the fickle tide,
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws
And the deep ghylls that breed
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold
No more than "Sussex weed";
Or south where windy Piddinghoe's
Begilded dolphin veers,
And black beside wide-bankèd Ouse
Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give
Till the sure magic strike,
And Memory, Use, and Love make live
Us and our fields alike—
That deeper than our speech and thought,
Beyond our reason's sway,
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

SUSSEX

*God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!*

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN

WHEN the darkened Fifties dip to the North,
And frost and the fog divide the air,
And the day is dead at his breaking-forth,
Sirs, it is bitter beneath the Bear!

Far to Southward they wheel and glance,
The million molten spears of morn—
The spears of our deliverance
That shine on the house where we were born.

Flying-fish about our bows,
Flying sea-fires in our wake:
This is the road to our Father's House,
Whither we go for our soul's sake!

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN

We have forfeited our birthright,
We have forsaken all things meet;
We have forgotten the look of light,
We have forgotten the scent of heat.

They that walk with shaded brows,
Year by year in a shining land,
They be men of our Father's House,
They shall receive us and understand.

We shall go back by boltless doors,
To the life unaltered our childhood knew—
To the naked feet on the cool, dark floors,
And the high-ceiled rooms that the Trade blows
through:

To the trumpet-flowers and the moon beyond,
And the tree-toad's chorus drowning all—
And the lisp of the split banana-frond
That talked us to sleep when we were small.

The wayside magic, the threshold spells,
Shall soon undo what the North has done—
Because of the sights and the sounds and the smells
That ran with our youth in the eye of the sun!

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN

And Earth accepting shall ask no vows,
Nor the Sea our love nor our lover the Sky.
When we return to our Father's House
Only the English shall wonder why!

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

"And there is a Japanese idol at Kamakura."

OH ye who tread the Narrow Way
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,
Be gentle when the "heathen" pray
To Buddha at Kamakura!

To him the Way, the Law, Apart,
Whom Maya held beneath her heart,
Ananda's Lord the Bodhisat,
The Buddha of Kamakura.

For though he neither burns nor sees,
Nor hears ye thank your Deities,
Ye have not sinned with such as these,
His children at Kamakura;

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

Yet spare us still the Western joke
When joss-sticks turn to scented smoke
The little sins of little folk
That worship at Kamakura—

The grey-robed, gay-sashed butterflies
That flit beneath the Master's eyes—
He is beyond the Mysteries
But loves them at Kamakura.

And whoso will, from Pride released,
Contemning neither creed nor priest,
May feel the soul of all the East
About him at Kamakura.

Yea, every tale Ananda heard,
Of birth as fish or beast or bird,
While yet in lives the Master stirred,
The warm wind brings Kamakura.

Till drowsy eyelids seem to see
A-flower 'neath her golden *htee*
The Shwe-Dagon flare easterly
From Burmah to Kamakura.

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

And down the loaded air there comes
The thunder of Thibetan drums,
And droned—" *Om mane padme oms* "—
A world's width from Kamakura.

Yet Brahmans rule Benares still,
Buddh-Gaya's ruins pit the hill,
And beef-fed zealots threaten ill
To Buddha and Kamakura.

A tourist-show, a legend told,
A rusting bulk of bronze and gold,
So much, and scarce so much, ye hold
The meaning of Kamakura?

But when the morning prayer is prayed,
Think, ere ye pass to strife and trade,
Is God in human image made
No nearer than Kamakura?

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

TAKE up the White Man's burden—

Send forth the best ye breed—

Go bind your sons to exile

To serve your captives' need;

To wait in heavy harness,

On fluttered folk and wild—

Your new-caught, sullen peoples,

Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden—

In patience to abide,

To veil the threat of terror

And check the show of pride;

By open speech and simple,

An hundred times made plain,

To seek another's profit,

And work another's gain.

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THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Take up the White Man's burden—

The savage wars of peace—

Fill full the mouth of Famine

And bid the sickness cease.

And when your goal is nearest

The end for others sought,

Watch Sloth and heathen Folly

Bring all your hope to naught.

Take up the White Man's burden—

No tawdry rule of kings,

But toil of serf and sweeper—

The tale of common things.

The ports ye shall not enter,

The roads ye shall not tread,

Go make them with your living,

And mark them with your dead.

Take up the White Man's burden—

And reap his old reward:

The blame of those ye better,

The hate of those ye guard—

The cry of hosts ye humour

(Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—

“Why brought ye us from bondage,

Our loved Egyptian night?”

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

Take up the White Man's burden—

Ye dare not stoop to less—

Nor call too loud on Freedom

To cloak your weariness;

By all ye cry or whisper,

By all ye leave or do,

The silent, sullen peoples

Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—

Have done with childish days—

The lightly proffered laurel,

The easy, ungrudged praise.

Comes now, to search your manhood

Through all the thankless years,

Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,

The judgment of your peers!

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

“ . . . Consider that the meritorious services of the Sergeant Instructors attached to the Egyptian Army have been inadequately acknowledged. . . . To the excellence of their work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H. H. the Khedive.”

Extract from letter.

SAID England unto Pharaoh, “ I must make a man
of you,

That will stand upon his feet and play the game ;
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought
to do,”

And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname.

It was not a Duke nor Earl, nor yet a Viscount—

It was not a big brass General that came ;
But a man in khaki kit who could handle men a
bit,

With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatis-
name.

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PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

Said England unto Pharaoh, "Though at present
singing small,

You shall hum a proper tune before it ends,"
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant
once for all,

And left 'em in the desert making friends.

It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral;

It was not a public-house of common fame;

But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on
either hand,

And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "You've had miracles
before,

When Aaron struck your rivers into blood;
But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you
something more,

He's a charm for making riflemen from mud."

It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptics;

It was odds and ends and leavings of the
same,

Translated by a stick (which is really half the
trick),

And Pharaoh harked to Sergeant Whatis-
name.

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

(There were years that no one talked of; there were
times of horrid doubt—

There was faith and hope and whacking and
despair—

While the Sergeant gave the Cautions and he combed
old Pharaoh out,

And England didn't seem to know nor care.

That is England's awful way o' doing business—

She would serve her God or Gordon just the
same—

For she thinks her Empire still is the Strand and
Holborn Hill,

And she didn't think of Sergeant Whatis-
name.)

Said England to the Sergeant, "You can let my
people go!"

(England used 'em cheap and nasty from the start),
And they entered 'em in battle on a most astonished
foe—

But the Sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's
heart.

That was broke, along of all the plagues of
Egypt,

Three thousand years before the Sergeant
came—

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

And he mended it again in a little more than
ten,

So Pharaoh fought like Sergeant Whatis-
name!

It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty
from the first),

There was heat and dust and coolie-work and sun,
There were vipers, flies, and sandstorms, there was
cholera and thirst,

But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.

Down the desert, down the railway, down the
river,

Like Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the land
of his desire,

And his Moses, it was Sergeant Whatisname!

We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our daily
bread,

Which we have to buy from those that hate us
most,

And we must not raise the money where the Ser-
geant raised the dead,

And it's wrong and bad and dangerous to boast.

PHARAOH AND THE SERGEANT

But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,
And he's not allowed to forward any claim—
Though he drilled a black man white, though he
made a mummy fight,
He will still continue Sergeant Whatisname—
Private, Corporal, Colour-Sergeant, and In-
structor—
But the everlasting miracle's the same!

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

(CANADIAN PREFERENTIAL TARIFF, 1897)

A NATION spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
"Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

"Neither with laughter nor weeping,
Fear or the child's amaze—
Soberly under the White Man's law
My white men go their ways.
Not for the Gentiles' clamour—
Insult or threat of blows—
Bow we the knee to Baal,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

“ My speech is clean and single,
I talk of common things—
Words of the wharf and the market-place
And the ware the merchant brings;
Favour to those I favour,
But a stumbling-block to my foes.
Many there be that hate us,”
Said our Lady of the Snows.

“ I called my chiefs to council
In the din of a troubled year;
For the sake of a sign ye would not see.
And a word ye would not hear.
This is our message and answer;
This is the path we chose:
For we be also a people,”
Said our Lady of the Snows.

“ Carry the word to my sisters—
To the Queens of the East and the South.
I have proven faith in the Heritage
By more than the word of the mouth.
They that are wise may follow
Ere the world's war-trumpet blows:
But I—I am first in the battle,”
Said our Lady of the Snows.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

A Nation spoke to a Nation,

A Throne sent word to a Throne:

" Daughter am I in my mother's house,

But mistress in my own !

The gates are mine to open, —

As the gates are mine to close,

And I abide by my mother's house,"

Said our Lady of the Snows.

“ET DONA FERENTES”

IN extended observation of the ways and works of
man,
From the Four-mile Radius roughly to the plains of
Hindustan :
I have drunk with mixed assemblies, seen the racial
ruction rise,
And the men of half creation damning half creation's
eyes.

I have watched them in their tantrums, all that
pentecostal crew,
French, Italian, Arab, Spaniard, Dutch and Greek,
and Russ and Jew,
Celt and savage, buff and ochre, cream and yellow,
mauve and white,
But it never really mattered till the English grew
polite ;

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“ET DONA FERENTES”

Till the men with polished toppers, till the men in
long frock-coats,
Till the men that do not duel, till the men who fight
with votes,
Till the breed that take their pleasures as Saint
Laurence took his grid,
Began to “beg your pardon” and—the knowing
croupier hid.

Then the bandsmen with their fiddles, and the girls
that bring the beer,
Felt the psychologic moment, left the lit casino clear;
But the uninstructed alien, from the Teuton to the
Gaul,
Was entrapped, once more, my country, by that
suave, deceptive drawl.

.

As it was in ancient Suez or 'neath wilder, milder
skies,
I “observe with apprehension” when the racial ruc-
tions rise;
And with keener apprehension, if I read the times
aright,
Hear the old casino order: “Watch your man, but
be polite.

“ET DONA FERENTES”

“Keep your temper. Never answer (*that* was why they spat and swore).

Don't hit first, but move together (there's no hurry) to the door.

Back to back, and facing outward while the linguist tells 'em how—

‘Nous sommes allong à notre batteau, nous ne voulons pas un row.’”

So the hard, pent rage ate inward, till some idiot went too far . . .

“Let 'em have it!” and they had it, and the same was serious war.

Fist, umbrella, cane, decanter, lamp and beer-mug, chair and boot—

Till behind the fleeing legions rose the long, hoarse yell for loot.

Then the oil-cloth with its numbers, as a banner fluttered free;

Then the grand piano cantered, on three castors, down the quay;

White, and breathing through their nostrils, silent, systematic, swift—

They removed, effaced, abolished all that man could heave or lift.

“ET DONA FERENTES”

Oh, my country, bless the training that from cot to
castle runs—

The pitfall of the stranger but the bulwark of thy
sons—

Measured speech and ordered action, sluggish soul
and unperturbed,

Till we wake our Island-Devil—nowise cool for being
curbed!

When the heir of all the ages “has the honour to
remain,”

When he will not hear an insult, though men make
it ne’er so plain,

When his lips are schooled to meekness, when his
back is bowed to blows—

Well the keen *aas-vogels* know it—well the waiting
jackal knows.

Build on the flanks of Etna where the sullen smoke-
puffs float—

Or bathe in tropic waters where the lean fin dogs the
boat—

Cock the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen
dynamite—

But oh, beware my country, when my country grows
polite!

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

*Being a translation of the song that was made by a Moham-
medan schoolmaster of Bengal Infantry (some time on service
at Suakim) when he heard that the Sirdar was taking money
from the English to build a Madrissa for Hubshees—or a
college for the Sudanese, 1898.*

OH Hubshee, carry your shoes in your hand and
bow your head on your breast!

This is the message of Kitchener who did not break
you in jest.

It was permitted to him to fulfil the long-appointed
years,

Reaching the end ordained of old over your dead
Emirs.

He stamped only before your walls, and the Tomb
ye knew was dust:

He gathered up under his armpits all the swords of
your trust:

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KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

He set a guard on your granaries, securing the weak
from the strong:

He said:—"Go work the water-wheels that were
abolished so long."

He said:—"Go safely, being abased. I have
accomplished my vow."

That was the mercy of Kitchener. Cometh his
madness now!

He does not desire as ye desire, nor devise as ye
devise:

He is preparing a second host—an army to make you
wise.

Not at the mouth of his clean-lipped guns shall ye
learn his name again,

But letter by letter, from Kaf to Kaf, at the mouth
of his chosen men.

He has gone back to his own city, not seeking
presents or bribes,

But openly asking the English for money to buy you
Hakims and scribes.

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no
right to live,

He begs for money to bring you learning—and all
the English give.

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are
their hearts inclined :

For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of
all mankind !

They do not consider the Meaning of Things ; they
consult not creed nor clan.

Behold, they clap the slave on the back, and behold,
he ariseth a man !

They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before
their cannon cool,

They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the
living to school.

How is this reason (which is their reason) to judge a
scholar's worth,

By casting a ball at three straight sticks and
defending the same with a fourth ?

But this they do (which is doubtless a spell) and
other matters more strange,

Until, by the operation of years, the hearts of their
scholars change :

Till these make come and go great boats or engines
upon the rail

(But always the English watch near by to prop them
when they fail) ;

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

Till these make laws of their own choice and Judges
of their own blood;
And all the mad English obey the Judges and say
that the Law is good.

Certainly they were mad from of old: but I think
one new thing,
That the magic whereby they work their magic—
wherefrom their fortunes spring—
May be that they show all peoples their magic and
ask no price in return.
Wherefore, since ye are bond to that magic, oh
Hubshee, make haste and learn!

Certainly also is Kitchener mad. But one sure thing
I know—
If he who broke you be minded to teach you, to his
Madrissa go!
Go, and carry your shoes in your hand and bow
your head on your breast,
For he who did not slay you in sport, he will not
teach you in jest.

THE YOUNG QUEEN

(THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA, INAUGURATED
NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1901)

HER hand was still on her sword-hilt, the spur was
still on her heel,
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted
steel;
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold,
and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen
rode to be crowned.

She came to the Old Queen's presence, in the Hall
of Our Thousand Years—
In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers
among their peers:

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THE YOUNG QUEEN

Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the
head,

Crying:—"Crown me, my Mother!" And the Old
Queen stood and said:—

"How can I crown thee further? I know whose
standard flies

Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the
coral barriers rise.

Blood of our foes on thy bridle, and speech of our
friends in thy mouth—

How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the
Sovereign South?

"Let the Five Free Nations witness!" But the
Young Queen answered swift:—

"It shall be crown of Our crowning to hold Our
crown for a gift.

In the days when Our folk were feeble thy sword
made sure Our lands:

Wherefore We come in power to take Our crown at
thy hands."

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the
jealous circlet prest,

Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with
the gold of the West,

THE YOUNG QUEEN

Lit with her land's own opals, levin-hearted, alive,
And the five-starred cross above them, for sign of
the Nations Five.

So it was done in the Presence—in the Hall of Our
Thousand Years,

In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no
peer but their peers;
And the Young Queen out of the Southland kneeled
down at the Old Queen's knee,
And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent
years to be.

And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness where
the jewelled head drooped low:—

“Daughter no more but Sister, and doubly Daughter
so—

Mother of many princes—and child of the child I
bore,

What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not
wished before?

“Shall I give thee delight in dominion—mere pride
of thy setting forth?

Nay, we be women together—we know what that
lust is worth.

THE YOUNG QUEEN

Peace in thy utmost borders, and strength on a road
untrod?

These are dealt or diminished at the secret will of
God.

"I have swayed troublous councils, I am wise in
terrible things;

Father and son and grandson, I have known the
heart of the Kings.

Shall I give thee my sleepless wisdom, or the gift all
wisdom above?

Ay, we be women together—I give thee thy people's
love:

"Tempered, august, abiding, reluctant of prayers or
vows,

Eager in face of peril as thine for thy mother's house.
God requite thee, my Sister, through the wonderful
years to be,

And make thy people to love thee as thou hast loved
me!"

RIMMON

DULY with knees that feign to quake—
 Bent head and shaded brow,—
Yet once again, for my father's sake,
 In Rimmon's House I bow.

The curtains part, and the trumpet blares,
 And the eunuchs howl aloud ;
And the gilt, swag-bellied idol glares
 Insolent over the crowd.

*" This is Rimmon, Lord of the Earth—
 " Fear Him and bow the knee ! "*
And I watch my comrades hide their mirth
 That rode to the wars with me.

For we remember the sun and the sand
 And the rocks whereon we trod,
Ere we came to a scorched and a scornful land
 That did not know our God ;

RIMMON

As we remember the sacrifice
Dead men an hundred laid—
Slain while they served His mysteries
And that He would not aid.

Not though we gashed ourselves and wept,
For the high-priest bade us wait;
Saying He went on a journey or slept,
Or was drunk or had taken a mate.

*(Praise ye Rimmon, King of Kings,
Who ruleth Earth and Sky!*
And again I bow as the censer swings
And the God Enthroned goes by.)

Ay, we remember His sacred ark
And the virtuous men that knelt
To the dark and the hush behind the dark
Wherein we dreamed He dwelt;

Until we entered to hale Him out,
And found no more than an old
Uncleanly image girded about
The loins with scarlet and gold.

RIMMON

Him we o'erset with the butts of our spears—

Him and His vast designs—

To be the scorn of our muleteers

And the jest of our halted lines.

By the picket-pins that the dogs defile,

In the dung and the dust He lay,

Till the priests ran and chattered awhile

And wiped Him and took Him away.

Hushing the matter before it was known,

They returned to our fathers afar,

And hastily set Him afresh on His throne

Because He had won us the war.

Wherefore with knees that feign to quake—

Bent head and shaded brow—

To this great dog, for my father's sake,

In Rimmon's House I bow.

THE OLD ISSUE

(October 9, 1899)

*"Here is nothing new nor aught unproven," say the
Trumpets,*

*"Many feet have worn it and the road is old
indeed.*

*"It is the King—the King we schooled aforetime!"
(Trumpets in the marshes—in the eyot at Runnymede!)*

*"Here is neither haste, nor hate, nor anger," peal the
Trumpets,*

"Pardon for his penitence or pity for his fall.

*"It is the King!"—inexorable Trumpets—
(Trumpets round the scaffold at the dawning by
Whitehall!)*

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THE OLD ISSUE

*"He hath veiled the crown and hid the sceptre," warn
the Trumpets,*

*"He hath changed the fashion of the lies that cloak
his will.*

*"Hard die the Kings—ah hard—dooms hard!"
declare the Trumpets,*

*Trumpets at the gang-plank where the brawling
troop-decks fill!*

*Ancient and Unteachable, abide—abide the Trumpets!
Once again the Trumpets, for the shuddering
ground-swell brings*

*Clamour over ocean of the harsh pursuing Trumpets—
Trumpets of the Vanguard that have sworn no
truce with Kings!*

All we have of freedom, all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us long and long ago.

Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw—
Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the
Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and grey-geese
wing

Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the
King.

THE OLD ISSUE

Till our fathers 'stablished, after bloody years,
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—
Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be
lost.

Over all things certain, this is sure indeed,
Suffer not the old King: for we know the breed.

Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure,
Whining "He is weak and far"; crying "Time shall
cure."

(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins,
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's loins.)

Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with peace.
Suffer not the old King here or overseas!

They that beg us barter—wait his yielding mood—
Pledge the years we hold in trust—pawn our
brother's blood—

Howso' great their clamour, whatso'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name!

Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn.
It is written what shall fall if the King return.

THE OLD ISSUE

He shall mark our goings, question whence we came,
Set his guards about us, as in Freedom's name.

He shall take a tribute, toll of all our ware;
He shall change our gold for arms—arms we may
not bear.

He shall break his Judges if they cross his word;
He shall rule above the Law calling on the Lord.

He shall peep and mutter; and the night shall bring
Watchers 'neath our window, lest we mock the
King—

Hate and all division; hosts of hurrying spies;
Money poured in secret, carrion breeding flies.

Strangers of his council, hirelings of his pay,
These shall deal our Justice: sell—deny—delay.

We shall drink dishonour, we shall eat abuse
For the Land we look to—for the Tongue we use.

We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,
While his hired captains jeer us in the street.

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teachings run.

THE OLD ISSUE

Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old;

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain—
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.

*Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue—
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.*

*Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid:
Step for step and word for word—so the old Kings
did!*

*Step by step and word by word: who is ruled may
read.*

Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed—

*All the right they promise—all the wrong they bring.
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this King!*

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

“and will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge.”

District Orders—Lines of Communication.

SUDDEN the desert changes,
The raw glare softens and clings,
Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges
Stand up like the thrones of kings—

Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, amazing—aglow
’Twixt the skyline’s belting beryl
And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ash-of-roses,
Cinnamon, umber, and dun.

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BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge;
The whistle shrills to the picket
We are changing guard on the bridge.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the empty metals shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

We slip through the broken panel
Of fence by the ganger's shed;
We drop to the waterless channel
And the lean track overhead;

We stumble on refuse of rations,
The beef and the biscuit-tins;
We take our appointed stations,
And the endless night begins.

We hear the Hottentot herders
As the sheep click past to the fold—
And the click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold—

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

Voices of jackals calling
And, loud in the hush between,
A morsel of dry earth falling
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches,
And the hosts of heaven rise
Framed through the iron arches—
Banded and barred by the ties,

Till we feel the far track humming,
And we see her headlight plain,
And we gather and wait her coming—
The wonderful north-bound train.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the white car-windows shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

Quick, ere the gift escape us!
Out of the darkness we reach
For a handful of week-old papers
And a mouthful of human speech.

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

And the monstrous heaven rejoices,
And the earth allows again
Meetings, greetings, and voices
Of women talking with men.

So we return to our places,
As out on the bridge she rolls;
And the darkness covers our faces,
And the darkness re-enters our souls.

More than a little lonely
Where the lessening tail-lights shine.
No—not combatants—only
Details guarding the line!

THE LESSON

(1899-1902)

*Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,
We have had no end of a lesson : it will do us no end
of good.*

Not on a single issue, or in one direction or twain,
But conclusively, comprehensively, and several times
and again,
Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher than
Gilderoy's kite.
We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us
jolly well right!

This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor yet in
the shade of a tent,
But swingingly, over eleven degrees of a bare brown
continent.

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THE LESSON

From Lamberts to Delagoa Bay, and from Pieters-
burg to Sutherland,
Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned—with a full-
ness accorded no other land.

It was our fault, and our very great fault, and *not*
the judgment of Heaven.
We made an Army in our own image, on an island
nine by seven,
Which faithfully mirrored its makers' ideals, equip-
ment, and mental attitude—
And so we got our lesson: and we ought to accept
it with gratitude.

We have spent two hundred million pounds to prove
the fact once more,
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two
and two make four:
And horses have four legs, and men have two legs,
and two into four goes twice,
And nothing over except our lesson—and very cheap
at the price.

For remember (this our children shall know: we are
too near for that knowledge)
Not our mere astonished camps, but Council and Creed
and College—

THE LESSON

All the obese, unchallenged old things that stifle and
overlie us—

Have felt the effects of the lesson we got—an
advantage no money could buy us!

Then let us develop this marvellous asset which we
alone command,

And which, it may subsequently transpire, will be
worth as much as the Rand:

Let us approach this pivotal fact in a humble yet
hopeful mood—

We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no
end of good!

It was our fault, and our very great fault—and now
we must turn it to use;

We have forty million reasons for failure, but not a
single excuse!

So the more we work and the less we talk the better
results we shall get—

We have had an Imperial lesson; it may make us an
Empire yet!

THE FILES

(THE SUB-EDITOR SPEAKS)

FILES—

The Files—

Office Files!

Oblige me by referring to the files.

Every question man can raise,

Every phrase of every phase

Of that question is on record in the files—

(Threshed out threadbare—fought and finished in the
files).

Ere the Universe at large

Was our new-tipped arrows' targe—

Ere we rediscovered Mammon and his wiles—

Faenza, gentle reader, spent her—five-and-twentieth
leader

(You will find him, and some others, in the files).

Warn all future Robert Brownings and Carlyles,

It will interest them to hunt among the files,

THE FILES

Where unvisited, a-cold,
Lie the crowded years of old
In that Kensal-Green of greatness called the files—
(In our newspaPère-la-Chaise the office files),
Where the dead men lay them down
Meekly sure of long renown,
And above them, sere and swift,
Packs the daily deepening drift
Of the all-recording, all-effacing files—
The obliterating, automatic files.
Count the mighty men who slung
Ink, Evangel, Sword, or Tongue
When Reform and you were young—
Made their boasts and spake according in the files—
(Hear the ghosts that wake applauding in the files!)
Trace each all-forgot career
From long primer through brevier
Unto Death, a para minion in the files
(Para minion—solid—bottom of the files)
Some successful Kings and Queens adorn the files,
They were great, their views were leaded,
And their deaths were triple-headed,
So they catch the eye in running through the files
(Show as blazes in the mazes of the files);
For their “paramours and priests,”
And their gross, jack-booted feasts,
And their epoch-marking actions see the files.

THE FILES

Was it Bomba fled the blue Sicilian isles?
Was it Saffi a professor
Once of Oxford, wrought redress or
Garibaldi?—Who remembers
Forty-odd-year old Septembers?—
Only sextons paid to dig among the files
(Such as I am, born and bred among the files).
You must hack through much deposit
Ere you know for sure who was it
Came to burial with such honour in the files
(Only seven seasons back beneath the files).
“Very great our loss and grievous—
“So our best and brightest leave us,
“And it ends the Age of Giants,” say the files;
All the '60—'70—'80—'90 files
(The open-minded, opportunist files—
The easy “O King, live for ever” files).
It is good to read a little in the files;
'Tis a sure and sovereign balm
Unto philosophic calm,
Yea, and philosophic doubt when Life beguiles.
When you know Success is Greatness,
When you marvel at your lateness
In apprehending facts so plain to Smiles
(Self-helpful, wholly strenuous Samuel Smiles),
When your Imp of Blind Desire
Bids you set the Thames afire,

THE FILES

You'll remember men have done so—in the files.
You'll have seen those flames transpire—in the files
(More than once that flood has run so—in the files).
When the Conchimarian horns
Of the reboantic Norns
Usher gentlemen and ladies
With new lights on Heaven and Hades,
Guaranteeing to Eternity
All yesterday's modernity;
When Brocken-spectres made by
Some one's breath on ink parade by,
Very earnest and tremendous,
Let not shows of shows offend us.
When of everything we like we
Shout ecstatic:—" *Quod ubique*,
Quod ab omnibus means *semper*!"
Oh, my brother, keep your temper!
Light your pipe and take a look along the files!
You've a better chance to guess
At the meaning of Success
(Which is Greatness—*vide* press)
When you've seen it in perspective in the files.

THE REFORMER

*Not in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his Nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.*

Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sleek, sufficing Circumstance—
Whose Gospel was the apparelled thought,
Whose Gods were Luxury and Chance—

Sees, on the threshold of his days,
The old life shrivel like a scroll,
And to unheralded dismays
Submits his body and his soul;

The fatted shows wherein he stood
Foregoing, and the idiot pride,
That he may prove with his own blood
All that his easy sires denied—

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THE REFORMER

Ultimate issues, primal springs,
Demands, abasements, penalties—
The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen, that touch our peace.

For, though ensnaring ritual dim
His vision through the after-years,
Yet virtue shall go out of him:
Example profiting his peers.

With great things charged he shall not hold
Aloof till great occasion rise,
But serve, full-harnessed, as of old
The days that are the destinies.

He shall forswear and put away
The idols of his sheltered house;
And to Necessity shall pay,
Unflinching tribute of his vows.

He shall not plead another's act,
Nor bind him in another's oath
To weigh the Word above the Fact,
Or make or take excuse for sloth.

THE REFORMER

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long-ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion, and fulfil
The cleaner life, the sterner code.

*Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall learn !*

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

WHO recalls the twilight and the ranged tents in
order

(Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal evening
air?)

And the clink of iron teacups and the piteous, noble
laughter,

And the faces of the Sisters with the dust upon
their hair?

(Now and not hereafter, while the breath is in our
nostrils,

Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go
by—

Let us now remember many honourable women,

Such as bade us turn again when we were like to
die.)

Who recalls the morning and the thunder through
the foothills,

(Tufts of fleecy shrapnel strung along the empty
plains?)

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

And the sun-scarred Red-Cross coaches creeping
 guarded to the culvert,
And the faces of the Sisters looking gravely from
 the trains?

(When the days were torment and the nights were
 clouded terror,
When the Powers of Darkness had dominion on
 our souls—
When we fled consuming through the Seven Hells of
 fever,
These put out their hands to us and healed and
 made us whole.)

Who recalls the midnight by the bridge's wrecked
 abutment
(Autumn rain that rattled like a Maxim on the
 tin?)
And the lightning-dazzled levels and the streaming,
 straining wagons,
And the faces of the Sisters as they bore the
 wounded in?

(Till the pain was merciful and stunned us into
 silence—
When each nerve cried out on God that made the
 misused clay;

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

When the Body triumphed and the last poor shame
departed—

These abode our agonies and wiped the sweat
away.)

Who recalls the noontide and the funerals through
the market

(Blanket-hidden bodies, flagless, followed by the
flies?)

And the footsore firing-party, and the dust and
stench and staleness,

And the faces of the Sisters and the glory in their
eyes?

(Bold behind the battle, in the open camp
all-hallowed,

Patient, wise, and mirthful in the ringed and
reeking town,

These endured unresting till they rested from their
labours—

Little wasted bodies, ah, so light to lower down!)

Yet their graves are scattered and their names are
clean forgotten,

Earth shall not remember, but the Waiting Angel
knows

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

Them that died at Uitvlugt when the plague was on
the city—

Her that fell at Simon's Town in service on our
foes.

*Wherefore we they ransomed, while the breath is in
our nostrils,*

*Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go
by—*

*Praise with love and worship many honourable
women,*

*Those that gave their lives for us when we were
like to die !*

THE ISLANDERS

*No doubt but ye are the People—your throne is above
the King's.*

*Whoso speaks in your presence must say acceptable
things :*

*Bowing the head in worship, bending the knee in
fear—*

*Bringing the word well smoothen—such as a King
should hear.*

Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your
leaden seas,

Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie down at
ease ;

Till ye said of Strife, " What is it ? " of the Sword,
" It is far from our ken " ;

Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a
toy of your armed men.

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THE ISLANDERS

Ye stopped your ears to the warning—ye would
neither look nor heed—

Ye set your leisure before their toil and your lusts
above their need.

Because of your witless learning and your beasts of
warren and chase,

Ye grudged your sons to their service and your fields
for their camping-place.

Ye forced them glean in the highways the straw for
the bricks they brought;

Ye forced them follow in byways the craft that ye
never taught.

Ye hindered and hampered and crippled; ye thrust
out of sight and away

Those that would serve you for honour and those
that served you for pay.

Then were the judgments loosened; then was your
shame revealed,

At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the field.

Yet ye were saved by a remnant (and your land's
long-suffering Star),

When your strong men cheered in their millions
while your striplings went to the war.

Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled,
unmeet—

Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked them
raw from the street.

THE ISLANDERS

And what did ye look they should compass? War-
craft learned in a breath,
Knowledge unto occasion at the first far view of
Death?
So! And ye train your horses and the dogs ye feed
and prize?
How are the beasts more worthy than the souls your
sacrifice?
But ye said, "Their valour shall show them"; but
ye said, "The end is close."
And ye sent them comfits and pictures to help them
harry your foes,
And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye
flaunted your iron pride,
Ere—ye fawned on the Younger Nations for the men
who could shoot and ride!
Then ye returned to your trinkets; then ye contented
your souls .
With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the muddled
oafs at the goals.
Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
Ye saw that the land lay fenceless, and ye let the
months go by
Waiting some easy wonder: hoping some saving
sign—
Idle—openly idle—in the lee of the forespent
Line.

THE ISLANDERS

Idle—except for your boasting—and what is your
boasting worth

If ye grudge a year of service to the lordliest life on
earth?

Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set,
Life so long untroubled, that ye who inherit forget
It was not made with the mountains, it is not one
with the deep.

Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not gods, must
keep.

Men, not children, servants or kinsfolk called from afar,
But each man born in the Island broke to the matter
of war.

Soberly and by custom taken and trained for the
same;

Each man born in the Island entered at youth to the
game—

As it were almost cricket, not to be mastered in haste,
But after trial and labour, by temperance, living
chaste.

As it were almost cricket—as it were even your play,
Weighed and pondered and worshipped, and
practised day and day.

So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the restless
lightnings wake

In the womb of the blotting war-cloud, and the
pallid nations quake.

THE ISLANDERS

So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul shall
 leap

Forthright, accoutred, accepting—alert from the
 wells of sleep.

So at the threat ye shall summon—so at the need ye
 shall send

Men, not children or servants, tempered and taught
 to the end ;

Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
Humble because of knowledge, mighty by
 sacrifice.

But ye say, " It will mar our comfort." Ye say, " It
 will minish our trade."

Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn
 how a gun is laid ?

For the low, red glare to southward when the raided
 coast-towns burn ?

(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to
 learn.)

Will ye pitch some white pavilion, and lustily even
 the odds,

With nets and hoops and mallets, with rackets and
 bats and rods ?

Will the rabbit war with your foemen—the red deer
 horn them for hire ?

Your kept cock-pheasant keep you ?—he is master of
 many a shire.

THE ISLANDERS

Arid, aloof, incurious, unthinking, unthanking,
gelt,

Will ye loose your schools to flout them till their
browbeat columns melt?

Will ye pray them or preach them, or print them, or
ballot them back from your shore?

Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them
strike no more?

Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers? (Because ye
were idle both?

Pride by insolence chastened? Indolence purged by
sloth?)

No doubt but ye are the People; who shall make
you afraid?

Also your gods are many; no doubt but your gods
shall aid.

Idols of greasy altars built for the body's
ease;

Proud little brazen Baals and talking fetishes;

Teraphs of sept and party and wise wood-pavement
gods—

These shall come down to the battle and snatch you
from under the rods?

From the gusty, flickering gun-roll with viewless
salvoes rent,

And the pitted hail of the bullets that tell not whence
they were sent.

THE ISLANDERS

When ye are ringed as with iron, when ye are
scourged as with whips,
When the meat is yet in your belly, and the boast is
yet on your lips;
When ye go forth at morning and the noon beholds
you broke,
Ere ye lie down at even, your remnant, under the
yoke.

*No doubt but ye are the People—absolute, strong, and
wise ;*

*Whatever your heart has desired ye have not withheld
from your eyes.*

*On your own heads, in your own hands, the sin and
the saving lies !*

THE PEACE OF DIVES

THE Word came down to Dives in Torment where
he lay :

“ Our World is full of wickedness, My Children main
and slay,

“ And the Saint and Seer and Prophet

“ Can make no better of it

“ Than to sanctify and prophesy and pray.

“ Rise up, rise up, thou Dives, and take again thy
gold,

“ And thy women and thy housen as they were to
thee of old.

“ It may be grace hath found thee

“ In the furnace where We bound thee,

“ And that thou shalt bring the peace My Son
foretold.”

THE PEACE OF DIVES

Then merrily rose Dives and leaped from out his fire,
And walked abroad with diligence to do the Lord's
 desire ;

 And anon the battle ceased,
 And the captives were released,
And Earth had rest from Goshen to Gadire.

The Word came down to Satan that raged and
 roared alone,
Mid the shouting of the peoples by the cannon
 overthrown
 (But the Prophets, Saints, and Seers
 Set each other by the ears,
For each would claim the marvel as his own):

“ Rise up, rise up, thou Satan, upon the Earth to go,
“ And prove the peace of Dives if it be good or no:
 “ For all that he hath planned
 “ We deliver to thy hand,
“ As thy skill shall serve to break it or bring low.”

Then mightily rose Satan, and about the Earth he hied,
And breathed on Kings in idleness and Princes drunk
 with pride ;
 But for all the wrong he breathed
 There was never sword unsheathed,
And the fires he lighted flickered out and died.

THE PEACE OF DIVES

Then terribly rose Satan, and he darkened Earth afar,
Till he came on cunning Dives where the money-
changers are;

And he saw men pledge their gear
For the gold that buys the spear,
And the helmet and the habergeon of war.

Yea to Dives came the Persian and the Syrian and
the Mede—

And their hearts were nothing altered, nor their
cunning nor their greed—

And they pledged their flocks and farms
For the king-compelling arms,
And Dives lent according to their need.

Then Satan said to Dives:—"Return again with me,
"Who hast broken His Commandment in the day

He set thee free,

"Who grindest for thy greed,

"Man's belly-pinch and need;

"And the blood of Man to filthy usury!"

Then softly answered Dives where the money-
changers sit:—

"My refuge is Our Master, O My Master in the Pit;

"But behold all Earth is laid

"In the peace which I have made,

"And behold I wait on thee to trouble it!"

THE PEACE OF DIVES

Then angrily turned Satan, and about the Seas he
fled,

To shake the new-sown peoples with insult, doubt,
and dread ;

But for all the sleight he used

There was never squadron loosed,

And the brands he flung flew dying and fell dead.

Yet to Dives came Atlantis and the Captains of the
West—

And their hates were nothing weakened nor their
anger nor unrest—

And they pawned their utmost trade

For the dry, decreeing blade ;

And Dives lent and took of them their best.

Then Satan said to Dives :—" Declare thou by The
Name,

" The secret of thy subtlety that turneth mine to
shame.

" It is known through all the Hells

" How my peoples mocked my spells,

" And my faithless Kings denied me ere I came."

Then answered cunning Dives :—" Do not gold and
hate abide

" At the heart of every Magic, yea, and senseless
fear beside ?

THE PEACE OF DIVES

“With gold and fear and hate

“I have harnessed state to state,

“And with hate and fear and gold their hates are
tied.

“For hate men seek a weapon, for fear they seek a
shield—

“Keener blades and broader targes than their frantic
neighbours wield—

“For gold I arm their hands,

“And for gold I buy their lands,

“And for gold I sell their enemies the yield.

“Their nearest foes may purchase, or their furthest
friends may lease,

“One by one from Ancient Accad to the Islands of
the Seas.

“And their covenants they make

“For the naked iron's sake,

“But I—I trap them armoured into peace.

“The flocks that Egypt pledged me to Assyria I
drave,

“And Pharaoh hath the increase of the herds that
Sargon gave.

“Not for Ashdod overthrown

“Will the Kings destroy their own,

“Or their peoples wake the strife they feign to brave.

THE PEACE OF DIVES

- “Is not Calno like Carchemish? For the steeds of
their desire
- “They have sold me seven harvests that I sell to
Crowning Tyre;
- “And the Tyrian sweeps the plains
- “With a thousand hired wains,
- “And the Cities keep the peace and—share the hire.
- “Hast thou seen the pride of Moab? For the
swords about his path,
- “His bond is to Philistia, in half of all he hath;
- “And he dare not draw the sword
- “Till Gaza give the word,
- “And he show release from Askalon and Gath.
- “Wilt thou call again thy peoples, wilt thou craze
anew thy Kings?
- “Lo! my lightnings pass before thee, and their
whistling servant brings,
- “Ere the drowsy street hath stirred—
- “Every masked and midnight word,
- “And the nations break their fast upon these things.
- “So I make a jest of Wonder, and a mock of Time
and Space,
- “The roofless Seas an hostel, and the Earth a market-
place,

THE PEACE OF DIVES

“Where the anxious traders know

“Each is surety for his foe,

“And none may thrive without his fellows’ grace.

“Now this is all my subtlety and this is all my wit,

“God give thee good enlightenment, My Master in
the Pit.

“But behold all Earth is laid

“In the peace which I have made,

“And behold I wait on thee to trouble it!”

SOUTH AFRICA

LIVED a woman wonderful,
 (May the Lord amend her!)
Neither simple, kind, nor true,
But her Pagan beauty drew
Christian gentlemen a few
 Hotly to attend her.

*Christian gentlemen a few
 From Berwick unto Dover ;
For she was South Africa,
And she was South Africa,
She was our South Africa,
 Africa all over !*

Half her land was dead with drouth,
 Half was red with battle ;
She was fenced with fire and sword,
Plague on pestilence outpoured,
Locusts on the greening sward
 And murrain on the cattle !

SOUTH AFRICA

*True, ah true, and overtrue ;
That is why we love her !
For she is South Africa,
And she is South Africa,
She is our South Africa,
Africa all over !*

Bitter hard her lovers toiled,
Scandalous their payment,—
Food forgot on trains derailed;
Cattle-dung where fuel failed;
Water where the mules had staled;
And sackcloth for their raiment!

So she filled their mouths with dust
And their bones with fever;
Greeted them with cruel lies;
Treated them despiteful-wise;
Meted them calamities
Till they vowed to leave her.

They took ship and they took sail,
Raging, from her borders,—
In a little, none the less,
They forgot their sore duress,
They forgave her waywardness
And returned for orders!

SOUTH AFRICA

They esteemed her favour more
Than a Throne's foundation.
For the glory of her face
Bade farewell to breed and race—
Yea, and made their burial-place
Altar of a Nation!

Wherefore, being bought by blood
And by blood restorèd
To the arms that nearly lost,
She, because of all she cost,
Stands, a very woman, most
Perfect and adorèd!

*On your feet, and let them know
This is why we love her!
For she is South Africa,
She is our South Africa,
Is our own South Africa,
Africa all over!*

THE SETTLER

HERE, where my fresh-turned furrows run,
And the deep soil glistens red,
I will repair the wrong that was done
To the living and the dead.
Here, where the senseless bullet fell,
And the barren shrapnel burst,
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well,
Against the heat and the thirst.

Here, in a large and a sunlit land,
Where no wrong bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbour's hand,
And together we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach
And the black waste of it all,
Giving and taking counsel each
Over the cattle-kraal.

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THE SETTLER

Here will we join against our foes—

The hailstroke and the storm,

And the red and rustling cloud that blows

The locust's mile-deep swarm;

Frost and murrain and floods let loose

Shall launch us side by side

In the holy wars that have no truce

'Twixt seed and harvest-tide.

Earth, where we rode to slay or be slain,

Our love shall redeem unto life;

We will gather and lead to her lips again

The waters of ancient strife,

From the far and fiercely guarded streams

And the pools where we lay in wait,

Till the corn cover our evil dreams

And the young corn our hate.

And when we bring old fights to mind,

We will not remember the sin—

If there be blood on his head of my kind

Or blood on my head of his kin—

For the ungrazed upland, the untilled lea

Cry, and the fields forlorn:

“The dead must bury their dead, but ye—

Ye serve an host unborn.”

THE SETTLER

Bless then, our God, the new-yoked plough
And the good beasts that draw,
And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brow
According to Thy Law.
After us cometh a multitude—
Prosper the work of our hands,
That we may feed with our land's food
The folk of all our lands!

Here, in the waves and the troughs of the plains,
Where the healing stillness lies,
And the vast, benignant sky restrains
And the long days make wise—
Bless to our use the rain and the sun
And the blind seed in its bed,
That we may repair the wrong that was done
To the living and the dead!

SERVICE SONGS

*"Tommy" you was when it began,
But now that it is o'er
You shall be called The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore.*

*Batt'ry, brigade, flank, centre, van,
—Defaulter, Army corps—
From first to last The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore.*

*From 'Alifax to 'Industan,
—From York to Singapore—
'Orse, foot, an' guns, The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore!*

CHANT—PAGAN

ENGLISH IRREGULAR : '99-'02

ME that 'ave been what I've been,
Me that 'ave gone where I've gone,
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen—
 'Ow can I ever take on
With awful old England again,
An' 'ouses both sides of the street,
And 'edges two sides of the lane,
And the parson an' "gentry" between,
An' touchin' my 'at when we meet—
 Me that 'ave been what I've been?

Me that 'ave watched 'arf a world
'Eave up all shiny with dew,
Kopje on kop to the sun,
An' as soon as the mist let 'em through

CHANT—PAGAN

Our 'elios winkin' like fun—

Three sides of a ninety-mile square,

Over valleys as big as a shire—

Are ye there? Are ye there? Are ye there?

An' then the blind drum of our fire . . .

An' I'm rollin' 'is lawns for the Squire,

Me!

Me that 'ave rode through the dark

Forty mile often on end,

Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,

With only the stars for my mark

An' only the night for my friend,

An' things runnin' off as you pass,

An' things jumpin' up in the grass,

An' the silence, the shine an' the size

Of the 'igh, inexpressible skies. . . .

I am takin' some letters almost

As much as a mile, to the post,

An' "mind you come back with the change!"

Me!

Me that saw Barberton took

When we dropped through the clouds on their 'ead,

An' they 'ove the guns over an' fled—

Me that was through Di'mond 'Ill,

An' Pieters an' Springs an' Belfast—

CHANT—PAGAN

From Dundee to Vereeniging all!
Me that stuck out to the last
(An' five bloomin' bars on my chest)—
I am doin' my Sunday-school best,
By the 'elp of the Squire an' 'is wife
(Not to mention the 'ousemaid an' cook),
To come in an' 'ands up an' be still,
An' honestly work for my bread,
My livin' in that state of life
To which it shall please God to call

Me!

Me that 'ave followed my trade
In the place where the lightnin's are made,
'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon;
Me that lay down an' got up
Three years an' the sky for my roof—
That 'ave ridden my 'unger an' thirst
Six thousand raw mile on the 'oof,
With the Vaal and the Orange for cup,
An' the Brandwater Basin for dish,—
Oh! it's 'ard to be'ave as they wish
(Too 'ard, an' a little too soon),
I'll 'ave to think over it first—

Me!

I will arise an' get 'ence;—
I will trek South and make sure

CHANT—PAGAN

If it's only my fancy or not
That the sunshine of England is pale,
And the breezes of England are stale,
An' there's somethin' gone small with the lot;
For *I* know of a sun an' a wind,
An' some plains and a mountain be'ind,
An' some graves by a barb-wire fence;
An' a Dutchman I've fought 'oo might give
Me a job were I ever inclined,
To look in an' offsaddle an' live
Where there's neither a road nor a tree—
But only my Maker an' me,
And I think it will kill me or cure,
So I think I will go there an' see.

M. I.

(MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE LINE)

I WISH my mother could see me now, with a
fence-post under my arm,
And a knife and a spoon in my putties that I found
on a Boer farm,
Atop of a sore-backed Argentine, with a thirst that
you couldn't buy:
I used to be in the Yorkshires once
(Sussex, Lincolns, and Rifles once),
Hampshires, Glosters, and Scottish once! (*ad lib.*)
But now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as—that is the name you
must call
If you want officers' servants, pickets an' 'orse-guards
an' all—

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M. I.

Details for buryin'-parties, company-cooks or
supply—

Turn out the chronic Ikonas! Roll up the ——¹

M. I.!

My 'ands are spotty with veldt-sores, my shirt is a
button an' frill,

An' the things I've used my bay'nit for would make
a tinker ill!

An' I don't know whose dam' column I'm in, nor
where we're trekkin' nor why.

I've trekked from the Vaal to the Orange once—

From the Vaal to the greasy Pongolo once—

(Or else it was called the Zambesi once)—

For now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the push you
require

For outposts all night under freezin', an' rear-guard
all day under fire.

Anything 'ot or unwholesome? Anything dusty or
dry?

Borrow a bunch of Ikonas! Trot out the ——
M. I.!

¹ Number according to taste and service of audience.

M. I.

Our Sergeant-Major's a subaltern, our Captain's a
Fusilier—

Our Adjutant's "late of Somebody's 'Orse," an' a
Melbourne auctioneer;

But you couldn't spot us at 'arf a mile from the
crackest caval-ry.

They used to talk about Lancers once,

Hussars, Dragoons, an' Lancers once,

'Elmets, pistols, an' carbines once,

But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the orphans
they blame

For beggin' the loan of an 'ead-stall an' makin' a
mount to the same:

'Can't even look at an 'orselines but some one goes
bellerin' "Hi!

"'Ere comes a burglin' Ikona!" Footsack you
—— M. I.!

We're trekkin' our twenty miles a day an' bein'
loved by the Dutch,

But we don't hold on by the mane no more, nor lose
our stirrups—much;

M. I.

An' we scout with a senior man in charge where the
 'oly white flags fly.

We used to think they were friendly once,
Didn't take any precautions once
(Once, my ducky, an' only once!)

But now we are M. I.!

That is what we are known as—we are the beggars
 that got

Three days "to learn equitation," an' six months o'
 bloomin' well trot!

Cow-guns, an' cattle, an' convoys—an' Mister De
 Wet on the fly—

We are the rollin' Ikonas! We are the —— M. I.!

The new fat regiments come from home, imaginin'
 vain V. C.'s

(The same as our talky-fighty men which are often
 Number Threes¹),

But our words o' command are "Scatter" an'
 "Close" an' "Let your wounded lie."

We used to rescue 'em noble once,—
Givin' the range as we raised 'em once,
Gettin' 'em killed as we saved 'em once—

But now we are M. I.

¹ Horse-holders when in action, and therefore generally under cover.

M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the lanterns
you view

After a fight round the kopjes, lookin' for men that
we knew;

Whistlin' an' callin' together, 'altin' to catch the
reply:—

“'Elp me! O 'elp me, Ikonas!” This way, the ——
M. I.!

I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin'
news on my own,

When I ride like a General up to the scrub and ride
back like Tod Sloan,

Remarkable close to my 'orse's neck to let the shots
go by.

We used to fancy it risky once
(Called it a reconnaissance once),

Under the charge of an orf'cer once,
But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—that is the song you
must say

When you want men to be Mausered at one and a
penny a day;

M. I.

We are no five-bob colonials—we are the 'ome-made
supply,
Ask for the London Ikonas! Ring up the ——
M. I.!

I wish myself could talk to myself as I left 'im a year
ago;
I could tell 'im a lot that would save 'im a lot on the
things that 'e ought to know!
When I think o' that ignorant barrack-bird, it almost
makes me cry.
I used to belong in an Army once
(Gawd! what a rum little Army once),
Red little, dead little Army once!
But now I am M. I.!

That is what we are known as—we are the men that
have been
Over a year at the business, smelt it an' felt it an'
seen.
We 'ave got 'old of the needful—*you* will be told by
and bye;
Wait till you've 'eard the Ikonas, spoke to the old
M. I.!

M. I.

*Mount—march, Ikonas ! Stand to your 'orses again !
Mop off the frost on the saddles, mop up the miles on
the plain.*

*Out go the stars in the dawnin', up goes our dust to
the sky,*

Walk—trot, Ikonas ! Trek jou,¹ the old M. I. !

¹ Get ahead.

COLUMNS

(MOBILE COLUMNS OF THE LATER WAR)

OUT o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

'Oo is it 'eads to the Detail Supply?

(A section, a pompom, an' six 'undred men).

'Ere comes the clerk with 'is lantern an' keys

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

"Surplus of everything—draw what you please

"For the section, the pompom, an' six 'undred men."

"What are our orders an' where do we lay?"

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

"You came after dark—you will leave before day,

"You section, you pompom, an' six 'undred men!"

COLUMNS

Down the tin street, 'alf awake an' unfed,
'Ark to 'em blessin' the Gen'ral in bed!

Now by the church an' the outspan they wind—
Over the ridge an' it's all lef' be'ind

For the section, etc.

Soon they will camp as the dawn 's growin' grey,
Roll up for coffee an' sleep while they may—

The section, etc.

Read their 'ome letters, their papers an' such,
For they'll move after dark to astonish the Dutch

With a section, etc.

'Untin' for shade as the long hours pass,
Blankets on rifles or burrows in grass,

Lies the section, etc.

Dossin' or beatin' a shirt in the sun,
Watchin' chameleons or cleanin' a gun,

Waits the section, etc.

With nothin' but stillness as far as you please,
An' the silly mirage stringin' islands an' seas

Round the section, etc.

COLUMNS

So they strips off their hide an' they grills in their
bones,

Till the shadows crawl out from beneath the pore
stones

Towards the section, etc.

An' the Mauser-bird stops an' the jackals begin,
An' the 'orse-guard comes up an' the Gunners 'ook
in

*As a 'int to the pompom an' six 'undred
men. . . .*

Off through the dark with the stars to rely on—
(Alpha Centauri an' somethin' Orion)

Moves the section, etc.

Same bloomin' 'ole which the ant-bear 'as broke,
Same bloomin' stumble an' same bloomin' joke

Down the section, etc.

Same "which is right?" where the cart-tracks
divide,

Same "give it up" from the same clever guide

To the section, etc.

COLUMNS

Same tumble-down on the same 'idden farm,
Same white-eyed Kaffir 'oo gives the alarm
Of the section, etc.

Same shootin' wild at the end o' the night,
Same flyin' tackle an' same messy fight
By the section, etc.

Same ugly 'iccup an' same 'orrid squeal,
When it's too dark to see an' it's too late to feel
In the section, etc.

(Same batch of prisoners, 'airy an' still,
Watchin' their comrades bolt over the 'ill
From the section, etc.)

Same chilly glare in the eye of the sun
As 'e gets up displeasured to see what was done
By the section, etc.

Same splash o' pink on the stoep or the kraal,
An' the same quiet face which 'as finished with all
In the section, the pompom, an' six 'undred men.

COLUMNS

Out o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry

(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)

'Oo is it 'eads to the Detail Supply?

(A section, a pompom, an' six 'undred men)

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

“ . . . On the —th instant a mixed detachment of colonials left —— for Cape Town, there to rejoin their respective home-ward-bound contingents, after fifteen months' service in the field. They were escorted to the station by the regular troops in garrison and the bulk of Colonel ——'s column, which has just come in to refit, preparatory to further operations. The leave-taking was of the most cordial character, the men cheering each other continuously.”—*Any Newspaper*.

WE'VE rode and fought and ate and drunk as rations
come to hand,
Together for a year and more around this stinkin'
land:
Now you are goin' home again, but we must see it
through,
We needn't tell we liked you well. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

You 'ad no special call to come, and so you doubled
out,
And learned us how to camp and cook an' steal a
horse and scout:
Whatever game we fancied most, you joyful played
it too,
And rather better on the whole. Good-bye—good
luck to you!

There isn't much we 'aven't shared, since Kruger
cut an' run,
The same old work, the same old skoff, the same old
dust and sun;
The same old chance that laid us out, or winked an'
let us through;
The same old Life, the same old Death. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

Our blood 'as truly mixed with yours—all down the
Red Cross train,
We've bit the same thermometer in Bloeming-
typhoidtein.
We've 'ad the same old temp'rature—the same
relapses too,
The same old saw-backed fever-chart. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

But 'twasn't merely this an' that (which all the world
may know),

'Twas how you talked an' looked at things which
made us like you so.

All independent, queer an' odd, but most amazin'
new,

My word! you shook us up to rights. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

Think o' the stories round the fire, the tales along
the trek—

O' Calgary an' Wellin'ton, an' Sydney and Quebec;
Of mine an' farm, an' ranch an' run, an' moose an'
cariboo,

An' parrots peckin' lambs to death! Good-bye—
good luck to you!

We've seen you 'ome by word o' mouth, we've
watched your rivers shine,

We've 'eard your bloomin' forests blow of eucalip'
an' pine;

Your young, gay countries north an' south, we feel
we own 'em too,

For they was made by rank an' file. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

We'll never read the papers now without inquiren'
first

For word from all those friendly dorps where you
was born an' nursed.

Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal—Port Darwin—
Timaru,

They're only just across the road! Good-bye—
good luck to you!

Good-bye!—So long! Don't lose yourselves—nor
us, nor all kind friends,

But tell the girls your side the drift we're comin'—
when it ends!

Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You've taught us
somethin' new:

The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-bye—
good luck to you!

TWO KOPJES

(MADE YEOMANRY)

ONLY two African kopjes,
 Only the cart-tracks that wind
Empty and open between 'em,
 Only the Transvaal behind ·
Only an Aldershot column
 Marching to conquer the land . . .
Only a sudden and solemn
 Visit, unarmed, to the Rand.

Then scorn not the African kopje,
 The kopje that smiles in the heat,
The wholly unoccupied kopje,
 The home of Cornelius and Piet.
You can never be sure of your kopje,
 But of this be you blooming well sure,
A kopje is always a kopje,
 And a Boojer is always a Boer!

TWO KOPJES

Only two African kopjes,
 Only the vultures above,
Only baboons—at the bottom,
 Only some buck on the move;
Only a Kensington draper
 Only pretendin' to scout . . .
Only bad news for the paper,
 Only another knock-out.

Then mock not the African kopje,
 And rub not your flank on its side,
The silent and simmering kopje,
 The kopje beloved by the guide.
You can never be, etc.

Only two African kopjes,
 Only the dust of their wheels,
Only a bolted commando,
 Only our guns at their heels . . .
Only a little barb-wire,
 Only a natural fort,
Only "by sections retire,"
 Only "regret to report"!

TWO KOPJES

Then mock not the African kopje,
 Especially when it is twins,
One sharp and one table-topped kopje,
 For that's where the trouble begins.
You can never be, etc.

Only two African kopjes
 Baited the same as before—
Only we've had it so often,
 Only we're taking no more . . .
Only a wave to our troopers,
 Only our flanks swinging past,
Only a dozen voorloopers,
 Only *we*'ve learned it at last!

Then mock not the African kopje,
 But take off your hat to the same,
The patient, impartial old kopje,
 The kopje that taught us the game!
For all that we knew in the Columns,
 And all they've forgot on the Staff,
We learned at the fight o' Two Kopjes,
 Which lasted two years an' a half.

TWO KOPJES

*O mock not the African kopje,
Not even when peace has been signed—
The kopje that isn't a kopje—
The kopje that copies its kind.
You can never be sure of your kopje,
But of this be you blooming well sure,
That a kopje is always a kopje,
And a Boojer is always a Boer!*

THE INSTRUCTOR

(CORPORALS)

AT times when under cover I 'ave said,
To keep my spirits up an' raise a laugh,
'Earin' 'im pass so busy over-'ead—
Old Nickel Neck, 'oo isn't on the Staff—
"There's one above is greater than us all."

Before 'im I 'ave seen my Colonel fall,
An' watched 'im write my Captain's epitaph,
So that a long way off it could be read—
He 'as the knack o' makin' men feel small—
Old Whistle Tip, 'oo isn't on the Staff.

There is no sense in fleein' (I 'ave fled),
Better go on an' do the belly-crawl,
An' 'ope 'e'll 'it some other man instead
Of you 'e seems to 'unt so speshual—
Fitzy van Spitz, 'oo isn't on the Staff.

THE INSTRUCTOR

An' thus in mem'ry's gratis biograph,
Now that the show is over, I recall
The peevish voice an' 'oary mushroom 'ead
Of 'im we owned was greater than us all,
'Oo give instruction to the quick an' the dead—
The Shudderin' Beggar not upon the Staff.

BOOTS

(INFANTRY COLUMNS OF THE EARLIER WAR)

WE'RE foot—slog—slog—slog—sloggin' over
Africa!

Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—
(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Seven—six—eleven—five—nine-an'-twenty mile
to-day—

Four—eleven—seventeen—thirty-two the day
before—

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

BOOTS

Don't—don't—don't—don't—look at what's in front
of you

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again);

Men—men—men—men—men go mad with watchin'
'em,

An' there's no discharge in the war!

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something
different—

Oh—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic!

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

Count—count—count—count—the bullets in the
bandoliers;

If—your—eyes—drop—they will get atop o' you

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again)—

There's no discharge in the war!

We—can—stick—out—'unger, thirst, an' weariness,

But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of 'em—

Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again,

An' there's no discharge in the war!

BOOTS

'Tain't—so—bad—by—day because o' company,
But night—brings—long—strings o' forty thousand
million

Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again.

There's no discharge in the war!

I—'ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify
It—is—not—fire—devils dark or anything
But boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down again,
An' there's no discharge in the war!

THE MARRIED MAN

(RESERVIST OF THE LINE)

THE bachelor 'e fights for one
As joyful as can be;
But the married man don't call it fun,
Because 'e fights for three—
For 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(An' Two an' One makes Three)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea!

The bachelor pokes up 'is head
To see if you are gone;
But the married man lies down instead,
An' waits till the sights come on.
For 'Im an' 'Er an' a hit
(Direct or ricochee)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

THE MARRIED MAN

The bachelor will miss you clear
To fight another day;
But the married man, 'e says "No fear!"
'E wants you out of the way
Of 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(An' 'is road to 'is farm or the sea),
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

The bachelor 'e fights 'is fight
An' stretches out an' snores;
But the married man sits up all night—
For 'e don't like out o' doors:
'E'll strain an' listen an' peer
An' give the first alarm—
For the sake o' the breathin' 'e's used to 'ear
An' the 'ead on the thick of 'is arm.

The bachelor may risk 'is 'ide
To 'elp you when you're downed;
But the married man will wait beside
Till the ambulance comes round.
'E'll take your 'ome address
An' all you've time to say,
Or if 'e sees there's 'ope, 'e'll press
Your art'ry 'alf the day—

THE MARRIED MAN

For 'Im an' 'Er an' It
 (An' One from Three leaves Two),
For 'e knows you wanted to finish your bit,
 An' 'e knows 'oo's wantin' you.
Yes, 'Im an' 'Er an' It
 (Our 'oly One in Three),
We're all of us anxious to finish our bit,
 An' we want to get 'ome to our tea!

Yes, It an' 'Er an' 'Im,
 Which often makes me think
The married man must sink or swim
 An'—'e can't afford to sink!
Oh 'Im an' It an' 'Er
 Since Adam an' Eve began,
So I'd rather fight with the bachelor
 An' be nursed by the married man!

LICHTENBERG

(N. S. W. CONTINGENT)

SMELLS are surer than sounds or sights
To make your heart-strings crack—
They start those awful voices o' nights
That whisper, "Old man, come back."
That must be why the big things pass
And the little things remain,
Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain.

There was some silly fire on the flank
And the small wet drizzling down—
There were the sold-out shops and the bank
And the wet, wide-open town;
And we were doing escort-duty
To somebody's baggage-train,
And I smelt wattle by Lichtenberg—
Riding in, in the rain.

LICHTENBERG

It was all Australia to me—
All I had found or missed:
Every face I was crazy to see,
And every woman I'd kissed:
All that I shouldn't ha' done, God knows!
(As He knows I'll do it again),
That smell of wattle round Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain!

I saw Sydney the same as ever,
The picnics and brass-bands;
And the little homestead on Hunter River
And my new vines joining hands.
It all came over me in one act
Quick as a shot through the brain—
With the smell of the wattle round Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain!

I have forgotten a hundred fights,
But one I shall not forget—
With the raindrops bunging up my sights
And my eyes bunged up with wet;
And through the crack and the stink of the cordite
(Ah Christ! My country again!)
The smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain!

STELLENBOSH

(COMPOSITE COLUMNS)

THE General 'eard the firin' on the flank

An' 'e sent a mounted man to bring 'im back,
The silly, pushin' person's name an' rank,

'Oo'd dared to answer Brother Boer's attack.
For there might 'ave been a serious engagement,

An' 'e might 'ave wasted 'alf a dozen men;
So 'e ordered 'im to stop 'is operations round the
kopjes,

An' 'e told 'im off before the Staff at ten!

An' it all goes into the laundry,
But it never comes out in the wash,
'Ow we're sugared about by the old men
('Eavy-sterned amateur old men!)
That 'amper an' 'inder an' scold men
For fear o' Stellenbosh!

STELLENBOSH

The General 'ad "produced a great effect,"
The General 'ad the country cleared—almost;
The General "'ad no reason to expect,"
And the Boers 'ad us bloomin' well on toast!
For we might 'ave crossed the drift before the
twilight,
Instead o' sittin' down an' takin' root;
But we was not allowed, so the Boojsers scooped the
crowd,
To the last survivin' bandolier an' boot.

The General saw the farm'ouse in 'is rear,
With its stoep so nicely shaded from the sun;
Sez 'e, "I'll pitch my tabernacle 'ere,"
An' 'e kept us muckin' round till 'e 'ad done.
For 'e might 'ave caught the confluent pneumonia
From sleepin' in his gaiters in the dew;
So 'e took a book an' dozed while the other columns
closed
And ——'s commando out an' trickled through!

The General saw the mountain-range ahead,
With their 'elios showin' saucy on the 'eight,
So 'e 'eld us to the level ground instead,
An' telegraphed the Boojsers wouldn't fight.

STELLENBOSH

For 'e might 'ave gone an' sprayed 'em with a
pompom,

Or 'e might 'ave slung a squadron out to see—
But 'e wasn't takin' chances in them 'igh an' 'ostile
kranzes—

He was markin' time to earn a K.C.B.

The General got 'is decorations thick

(The men that backed 'is lies could not complain),
The Staff 'ad D.S.O.'s till we was sick,
An' the soldier—'ad the work to do again!

For 'e might 'ave known the District was a 'otbed,
Instead of 'andin' over, upside-down,

To a man 'oo 'ad to fight 'alf a year to put it right,
While the General went an' slandered 'im in town!

An' it all went into the laundry,

But it never came out in the wash.

We were sugared about by the old men

(Panicky, perishin' old men)

That 'amper an' 'inder an' scold men

For fear o' Stellenbosh!

HALF-BALLAD OF WATERVAL

WHEN by the labour of my 'ands
I've 'elped to pack a transport tight
With prisoners for foreign lands,
I ain't transported with delight.
I know it's only just an' right,
But yet it somehow sickens me,
For I 'ave learned at Waterval
The meanin' of captivity.

Be'ind the pegged barb-wire strands,
Beneath the tall electric light,
We used to walk in bare-'ead bands,
Explainin' 'ow we lost our fight.
An' that is what they'll do to-night
Upon the steamer out at sea,
If I 'ave learned at Waterval
The meanin' of captivity.

HALF-BALLAD OF WATERVAL

They'll never know the shame that brands—

Black shame no livin' down makes white,

The mockin' from the sentry-stands,

The women's laugh, the gaoler's spite.

We are too bloomin' much polite,

But that is 'ow I'd 'ave us be . . .

Since I 'ave learned at Waterval

The meanin' of captivity.

They'll get those draggin' days all right,

Spent as a foreigner commands,

An' 'orrsors of the locked-up night,

With 'Ell's own thinkin' on their 'ands.

I'd give the gold o' twenty Rands

(If it was mine) to set 'em free . . .

For I 'ave learned at Waterval

The meanin' of captivity!

PIET

(REGULAR OF THE LINE)

I DO not love my Empire's foes,
Nor call 'em angels; still,
What *is* the sense of 'atin' those
'Oom you are paid to kill?
So, barrin' all that foreign lot
Which only joined for spite,
Myself, I'd just as soon as not
Respect the man I fight.

Ah there, Piet!—'is trousers' to 'is knees,
'Is coat-tails lyin' level in the bullet-
sprinkled breeze;
'E does not lose 'is rifle an' 'e does not lose
'is seat,
I've known a lot o' people ride a dam' sight
worse than Piet!

PIET

I've 'eard 'im cryin' from the ground
Like Abel's blood of old,
An' skirmished out to look, an' found
The beggar nearly cold;
I've waited on till 'e was dead
(Which couldn't 'elp 'im much),
But many grateful things 'e's said
To me for doin' such.

Ah there, Piet! whose time 'as come to die,
'Is carcase past rebellion, but 'is eyes
inquirin' why.
Though dressed in stolen uniform with
badge o' rank complete,
I've known a lot o' fellers go a dam'
sight worse than Piet.

An' when there wasn't aught to do
But camp and cattle-guards,
I've fought with 'im the 'ole day through
At fifteen 'undred yards;
Long afternoons o' lyin' still,
An' 'earin' as you lay
The bullets swish from 'ill to 'ill
Like scythes among the 'ay.

Ah there, Piet! —be'ind 'is stony kop,
With 'is Boer bread an' biltong, an' 'is flask
of awful Dop;

PIET

'Is Mauser for amusement an' 'is pony for
retreat,
I've known a lot o' fellers shoot a dam' sight
worse than Piet.

He's shoved 'is rifle 'neath my nose
Before I'd time to think,
An' borrowed all my Sunday clo'es
An' sent me 'ome in pink;
An' I 'ave crept (Lord, 'ow I've crept!)
On 'ands an' knees I've gone,
And spooored and floored and caught and kept
An' sent him to Ceylon!
Ah there, Piet!—you've sold me many a
pup,
When week on week alternate it was you
an' me "'ands up!"
But though I never made *you* walk man-
naked in the 'eat,
I've known a lot of fellers stalk a dam' sight
worse than Piet.

From Plewman's to Marabastad,
From Ookiep to De Aar,
Me an' my trusty friend 'ave 'ad,
As you might say, a war;
But seein' what both parties done
Before 'e owned defeat,

PIET

I ain't more proud of 'ayin' won,
Than I am pleased with Piet.

Ah there, Piet!—picked up be'ind the
drive!

The wonder wasn't 'ow 'e fought, but 'ow
'e kep' alive,

With nothin' in 'is belly, on 'is back, or to
'is feet—

I've known a lot o' men behave a dam'
sight worse than Piet.

No more I'll 'ear 'is rifle crack

Along the block'ouse fence—

The beggar's on the peaceful tack,
Regardless of expense.

For countin' what 'e eats an' draws,

An' gifts an' loans as well,

'E's gettin' 'alf the Earth, because

'E didn't give us 'Ell!

Ah there, Piet! with your brand-new
English plough,

Your gratis tents an' cattle, an' your most
ungrateful frow.

You've made the British taxpayer rebuild
your country-seat—

I've known some pet battalions charge a
dam' sight less than Piet.

“WILFUL-MISSING”

THERE is a world outside the one you know,
To which for curiousness 'Ell can't compare—
It is the place where “wilful-missings” go,
As we can testify, for we are there.

You may 'ave read a bullet laid us low,
That we was gathered in “with reverent care”
And buried proper. But it was not so,
As we can testify, for we are there.

They can't be certain—faces alter so
After the old aasvogel's 'ad 'is share;
The uniform's the mark by which they go—
And—ain't it odd?—the one we best can spare.

We might 'ave seen our chance to cut the show—
Name, number, record, an' begin elsewhere—
Leavin' some not too late-lamented foe
One tunera!—private—British—for 'is share.

“WILFUL-MISSING”

We may 'ave took it yonder in the Low
Bush-veldt that sends men stragglin' unaware
Among the Kaffirs, till their columns go,
An' they are left past call or count or care.

We might 'ave been your lovers long ago,
'Usbands or children—comfort or despair.
Our death (an' burial) settles all we owe,
An' why we done it is our own affair.

Marry again, and we will not say no,
Nor come to bastardize the kids you bear:
Wait on in 'ope—you've all your life below
Before you'll ever 'ear us on the stair.

There is no need to give our reasons, though
Gawd knows we all 'ad reasons which were fair;
But other people might not judge 'em so,
And now it doesn't matter what they were.

What man can size or weigh another's woe?
There are some things too bitter 'ard to bear.
Suffice it we 'ave finished—Domino!

As we can testify, for we are there, •
In the side-world where “wilful-missings” go.

UBIQUE

THERE is a word you often see, pronounce it as you may —

“You bike,” “you bykwe,” “ubbikwe”—alludin’ to R. A.

It serves ‘Orse, Field, an’ Garrison as motto for a crest,

An’ when you’ve found out all it means I’ll tell you ‘alf the rest.

Ubique means the long-range Krupp be’ind the low-range ‘ill—

Ubique means you’ll pick it up an’ while you do stand still.

Ubique means you’ve caught the flash an’ timed it by the sound.

Ubique means five gunners’ ‘ash before you’ve loosed a round.

UBIQUE

Ubique means Blue Fuse, an' make the 'ole to sink
the trail.

Ubique means stand up an' take the Mauser's 'alf-
mile 'ail.

Ubique means the crazy team not God nor man can
'old.

Ubique means that 'orse's scream which turns your
innards cold!

Ubique means " Bank, 'Olborn, Bank—a penny all
the way "—

The soothin', jingle-bump-an'-clank from day to
peaceful day.

Ubique means " They've caught De Wet, an' now
we shan't be long."

Ubique means " I much regret, the beggar's goin'
strong!"

Ubique means the tearin' drift where, breech-blocks
jammed with mud,

The khaki muzzles duck an' lift across the khaki
flood.

Ubique means the dancin' plain that changes rocks
to Boers.

Ubique means mirage again an' shellin' all
outdoors.

UBIQUE

Ubique means "Entrain at once for Grootdefeat-
fontein"!

Ubique means "Off-load your guns"—at midnight
in the rain!

Ubique means "More mounted men. Return all
guns to store."

Ubique means the R. A. M. R. Infantillery Corps!

Ubique means that warnin' grunt the perished
linesman knows,

When o'er 'is strung an' sufferin' front the shrapnel
sprays 'is foes;

An' as their firin' dies away the 'usky whisper runs
From lips that 'aven't drunk all day: "The Guns!
Thank Gawd, the Guns!"

Extreme, depressed, point-blank or short, end-first
or any 'ow,

From Colesberg Kop to Quagga's Poort—from
Ninety-Nine till now—

By what I've 'eard the others tell an' I in spots 'ave
seen,

There's nothin' this side 'Eaven or 'Ell Ubique
doesn't mean!

THE RETURN

(ALL ARMS)

PEACE is declared, an' I return
To 'Ackneystadt, but not the same;
Things 'ave transpired which made me learn
The size and meanin' of the game.
I did no more than others did,
I don't know where the change began;
I started as a average kid,
I finished as a thinkin' man.

*If England was what England seems
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! But she
ain't!*

THE RETURN

Before my gappin' mouth could speak
I 'eard it in my comrade's tone;
I saw it on my neighbour's cheek
Before I felt it flush my own.
An' last it come to me—not pride,
Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
(If such a term may be applied),
The makin's of a bloomin' soul.

Rivers at night that cluck an' jeer,
Plains which the moonshine turns to sea,
Mountains that never let you near,
An' stars to all eternity;
An' the quick-breathin' dark that fills
The 'ollows of the wilderness,
When the wind worries through the 'ills—
These may 'ave taught me more or less.

Towns without people, ten times took,
An' ten times left an' burned at last;
An' starvin' dogs that come to look
For owners when a column passed;
An' quiet, 'omesick talks between
Men, met by night, you never knew
Until—'is face—by shellfire seen—
Once—an' struck off. They taught me too.

THE RETURN

The day's lay-out—the mornin' sun
 Beneath your 'at-brim as you sight;
The dinner-'ush from noon till one,
 An' the full roar that lasts till night;
An' the pore dead that look so old
 An' was so young an hour ago,
An' legs tied down before they're cold—
 These are the things which make you know.

Also Time runnin' into years—
 A thousand Places left be'ind—
An' Men from both two 'emispheres
 Discussin' things of every kind;
So much more near than I 'ad known,
 So much more great than I 'ad guessed—
An' me, like all the rest, alone—
 But reachin' out to all the rest!

So 'ath it come to me—not pride,
 Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
(If such a term may be applied),
 The makin's of a bloomin' soul.
But now, discharged, I fall away
 To do with little things again. . . .
Gawd, 'oo knows all I cannot say,
 Look after me in Thamesfontein!

THE RETURN

*If England was what England seems
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er! But she
ain't!*

RECESSIONAL

(1897)

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:

RECESSIONAL

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !

Amen

THE YEARS BETWEEN
AND
POEMS FROM HISTORY

DEDICATION

TO THE SEVEN WATCHMEN

*Seven watchmen sitting in a tower,
Watching what had come upon mankind,
Showed the Man the Glory and the Power,
And bade him shape the Kingdom to his mind.
"All things on Earth your will shall win you."
(Twas so their counsel ran)
"But the Kingdom—the Kingdom is within you,"
Said the Man's own mind to the Man.
For time, and some time—
As it was in the bitter years before
So it shall be in the over-sweetened hour—
That a man's mind is wont to tell him more
Than Seven Watchmen sitting in a tower.*

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AND

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THE YEARS BETWEEN

THE ROWERS

1902

(When Germany proposed that England should help her in a naval demonstration to collect debts from Venezuela.)

THE banked oars fell an hundred strong,
And backed and threshed and ground,
But bitter was the rowers' song
As they brought the war-boat round.

They had no heart for the rally and roar
That makes the whale-bath smoke—
When the great blades cleave and hold and leave
As one on the racing stroke.

They sang:—‘What reckoning do you keep,
And steer her by what star,
If we come unscathed from the Southern deep
To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?

‘Last night you swore our voyage was done,
But seaward still we go.
And you tell us now of a secret vow
You have made with an open foe!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

‘That we must lie off a lightless coast
And haul and back and veer,
At the will of the breed that have wronged us most
For a year and a year and a year!

‘There was never a shame in Christendie
They laid not to our door—
And you say we must take the winter sea
And sail with them once more?

‘Look South! The gale is scarce o’erpast
That stripped and laid us down,
When we stood forth but they stood fast
And prayed to see us drown.

‘Our dead they mocked are scarcely cold,
Our wounds are bleeding yet—
And you tell us now that our strength is sold
To help them press for a debt!

‘Neath all the flags of all mankind
That use upon the seas,
Was there no other fleet to find
That you strike hands with these?

THE ROWERS

“Of evil times that men can choose
On evil fate to fall,
What brooding Judgment let you loose
To pick the worst of all?

‘In sight of peace—from the Narrow Seas
O’er half the world to run—
With a cheated crew, to league anew
With the Goth and the shameless Hun!’

THE VETERANS

(Written for the gathering of survivors of the Indian Mutiny, Albert Hall, 1907.)

TO-DAY, across our fathers' graves,
The astonished years reveal
The remnant of that desperate host
Which cleansed our East with steel.

Hail and farewell! We greet you here,
With tears that none will scorn—
O Keepers of the House of old,
Or ever we were born!

One service more we dare to ask—
Pray for us, heroes, pray,
That when Fate lays on us our task
We do not shame the Day!

THE DECLARATION OF LONDON

JUNE 29, 1911

(‘On the re-assembling of Parliament after the Coronation, the Government have no intention of allowing their followers to vote according to their convictions on the Declaration of London, but insist on a strictly party vote.’—*Daily Papers*.)

WE were all one heart and one race
When the Abbey trumpets blew.
For a moment’s breathing-space
We had forgotten you.
Now you return to your honoured place
Panting to shame us anew.

We have walked with the Ages dead—
With our Past alive and ablaze.
And you bid us pawn our honour for bread,
This day of all the days!
And you cannot wait till our guests are sped,
Or last week’s wreath decays?

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The light is still in our eyes
Of Faith and Gentlehood,
Of Service and Sacrifice;
And it does not match our mood,
To turn so soon to your treacheries
That starve our land of her food.

Our ears still carry the sound
Of our once Imperial seas,
Exultant after our King was crowned,
Beneath the sun and the breeze.
It is too early to have them bound
Or sold at your decrees.

Wait till the memory goes,
Wait till the visions fade,
We may betray in time, God knows,
But we would not have it said,
When you make report to our scornful foes,
That we kissed as we betrayed!

ULSTER

1912

(‘Their webs shall not become garments, neither shall they cover themselves with their works: their works are works of iniquity and the act of violence is in their hands.’—*Isaiah* lix. 6.)

THE dark eleventh hour
Draws on and sees us sold
To every evil power
We fought against of old.
Rebellion, rapine, hate,
Oppression, wrong and greed
Are loosed to rule our fate,
By England’s act and deed.

The Faith in which we stand,
The laws we made and guard,
Our honour, lives, and land
Are given for reward
To Murder done by night,
To Treason taught by day,
To folly, sloth, and spite,
And we are thrust away.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The blood our fathers spilt,
Our love, our toils, our pains,
Are counted us for guilt,
And only bind our chains.
Before an Empire's eyes
The traitor claims his price.
What need of further lies?
We are the sacrifice.

We asked no more than leave
To reap where we had sown,
Through good and ill to cleave
To our own flag and throne.
Now England's shot and steel
Beneath that flag must show
How loyal hearts should kneel
To England's oldest foe.

We know the war prepared
On every peaceful home,
We know the hells declared
For such as serve not Rome—

ULSTER —

The terror, threats, and dread
In market, hearth, and field—
We know, when all is said,
We perish if we yield.

Believe, we dare not boast,
Believe, we do not fear—
We stand to pay the cost
In all that men hold dear.
What answer from the North?
One Law, one Land, one Throne.
If England drive us forth
We shall not fall alone.

THE COVENANT

1914

WE thought we ranked above the chance of ill.

Others might fall, not we, for we were wise—
Merchants in freedom. So, of our free-will

We let our servants drug our strength with lies.
The pleasure and the poison had its way

On us as on the meanest, till we learned
That he who lies will steal, who steals will slay.

Neither God's judgment nor man's heart was
turned.

Yet there remains His Mercy—to be sought
Through wrath and peril till we cleanse the wrong
By that last right which our forefathers claimed
When their Law failed them and its stewards were
bought.

This is our cause. God help us, and make strong
Our wills to meet Him later, unashamed!

FRANCE

1913

*BROKE to every known mischance, lifted over all
By the light sane joy of life, the buckler of the Gaul ;
Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,
Terrible with strength that draws from her tireless soil;
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of man's
mind,
First to follow Truth and last to leave old Truths
behind—
France, beloved of every soul that loves its fellow-kind !*

Ere our birth (rememberest thou ?) side by side we
lay
Fretting in the womb of Rome to begin our fray.
Ere men knew our tongues apart, our one task was
known—
Each must mould the other's fate as he wrought
his own.
To this end we stirred mankind till all Earth was
ours,
Till our world-end strifes begat wayside thrones
and powers—

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Puppets that we made or broke to bar the other's
path—

Necessary, outpost folk, hirelings of our wrath.

To this end we stormed the seas, tack for tack,
and burst

Through the doorways of new worlds, doubtful
which was first,

Hand on hilt (rememberest thou?) ready for the
blow—

Sure, whatever else we met, we should meet our
foe.

Spurred or balked at every stride by the other's
strength,

So we rode the ages down and every ocean's length!

Where did you refrain from us or we refrain from
you?

Ask the wave that has not watched war between
us two!

Others held us for a while, but with weaker charms,
These we quitted at the call for each other's arms.

Eager toward the known delight, equally we strove—

Each the other's mystery, terror, need, and love.

To each other's open court with our proofs we came.

FRANCE

Where could we find honour else, or men to test
our claim?

From each other's throat we wrenched—valour's
last reward—

That extorted word of praise gasped 'twixt lunge
and guard.

In each other's cup we poured mingled blood and
tears,

Brutal joys, unmeasured hopes, intolerable fears—
All that soiled or salted life for a thousand years.

Proved beyond the need of proof, matched in every
clime,

O companion, we have lived greatly through all
time!

Yoked in knowledge and remorse, now we come to
rest,

Laughing at old villainies that Time has turned to
jest;

Pardoning old necessities no pardon can efface—
That undying sin we shared in Rouen market-place.
Now we watch the new years shape, wondering if
they hold

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Fiercer lightnings in their heart than we launched
of old.

Now we hear new voices rise, question, boast or
gird,

As we raged (rememberest thou?) when our crowds
were stirred.

Now we count new keels afloat, and new hosts on
land,

Massed like ours (rememberest thou?) when our
strokes were planned.

We were schooled for dear life's sake, to know each
other's blade.

What can blood and iron make more than we have
made?

We have learned by keenest use to know each
other's mind.

What shall blood and iron loose that we cannot
bind?

We who swept each other's coast, sacked each
other's home,

Since the sword of Brennus clashed on the scales
at Rome,

FRANCE

Listen, count and close again, wheeling girth to
girth,
In the linked and steadfast guard set for peace on
earth!

Broke to every known mischance, lifted over all
By the light sane joy of life, the buckler of the
Gaul;

Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,
Terrible with strength renewed from a tireless soil;
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of man's
mind,

First to face the Truth and last to leave old Truths
behind—

France, beloved of every soul that loves or serves
its kind!

‘FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE’

1914

FOR all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and take the war,
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away,
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone!

Though all we knew depart,
The old Commandments stand:—
‘In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand.’

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:—
‘No law except the Sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled.’
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

‘FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE’

Comfort, content, delight,
The ages’ slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night.
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart,
The old Commandments stand:—
‘In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand.’

No easy hope or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
One life for each to give.
Who stands if Freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

A SONG IN STORM

BE well assured that on our side
The abiding oceans fight,
Though headlong wind and heaping tide
Make us their sport to-night.
By force of weather not of war
In jeopardy we steer,
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it shall appear,
How in all time of our distress,
And our deliverance too,
The game is more than the player of the game
And the ship is more than the crew.

Out of the mist into the mirk
The glimmering combers roll.
Almost these mindless waters work
As though they had a soul—
Almost as though they leagued to overwhelm
Our flag beneath their green:
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it shall be seen, etc.

A SONG IN STORM

Be well assured, though wave and wind
Have weightier blows in store,
That we who keep the watch assigned
Must stand to it the more;
And as our streaming bows rebuke
Each billow's baulked career,
Sing, welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear, etc.

No matter though our deck be swept
And masts and timber crack—
We can make good all loss except
The loss of turning back.
So, 'twixt these Devils and our deep
Let courteous trumpets sound,
To welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it will be found, etc.

Be well assured, though in our power
Is nothing left to give
But chance and place to meet the hour,
And leave to strive to live,

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Till these dissolve our Order holds,
Our Service binds us here.
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy
Whereby it is made clear,
How in all time of our distress,
And in our triumph too,
The game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew!

THE OUTLAWS

1914

THROUGH learned and laborious years
They set themselves to find
Fresh terrors and undreamed-of fears
To heap upon mankind.

All that they drew from Heaven above
Or digged from earth beneath,
They laid into their treasure-trove
And arsenals of death:

While, for well-weighed advantage sake,
Ruler and ruled alike
Built up the faith they meant to break
When the fit hour should strike.

They traded with the careless earth
And good return it gave;
They plotted by their neighbour's hearth
The means to make him slave.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

When all was ready to their hand
They loosed their hidden sword,
And utterly laid waste a land
Their oath was pledged to guard.

Coldly they went about to raise
To life and make more dread
Abominations of old days,
That men believed were dead.

They paid the price to reach their goal
Across a world in flame;
But their own hate slew their own soul
Before that victory came.

ZION

THE Doorkeepers of Zion,
They do not always stand
In helmet and whole armour,
With halberds in their hand;
But, being sure of Zion,
And all her mysteries,
They rest awhile in Zion,
Sit down and smile in Zion;
Ay, even jest in Zion;
In Zion, at their ease.

The Gatekeepers of Baal,
They dare not sit or lean,
But fume and fret and posture
And foam and curse between;

For being bound to Baal,
Whose sacrifice is vain,
Their rest is scant with Baal,
They glare and pant for Baal,
They mouth and rant for Baal,
For Baal in their pain!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

But we will go to Zion,
By choice and not through dread,
With these our present comrades
And those our present dead;
And, being free of Zion
In both her fellowships,
Sit down and sup in Zion—
Stand up and drink in Zion
Whatever cup in Zion
Is offered to our lips!

LORD ROBERTS

1914

He passed in the very battle-smoke
Of the war that he had descried.
Three hundred mile of cannon spoke
When the Master-Gunner died.

He passed to the very sound of the guns;
But, before his eye grew dim,
He had seen the faces of the sons
Whose sires had served with him.

He had touched their sword-hilts and greeted each
With the old sure word of praise;
And there was virtue in touch and speech
As it had been in old days.

So he dismissed them and took his rest,
And the steadfast spirit went forth
Between the adoring East and West
And the tireless guns of the North.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,
Flawless in faith and fame,
Whom neither ease nor honours moved
An hair's-breadth from his aim.

Never again the war-wise face,
The weighed and urgent word
That pleaded in the market-place—
Pleaded and was not heard!

Yet from his life a new life springs
Through all the hosts to come,
And Glory is the least of things
That follow this man home.

THE QUESTION

1916

BRETHREN, how shall it fare with me
When the war is laid aside,
If it be proven that I am he
For whom a world has died?

If it be proven that all my good,
And the greater good I will make,
Were purchased me by a multitude
Who suffered for my sake?

That I was delivered by mere mankind
Vowed to one sacrifice,
And not, as I hold them, battle-blind,
But dying with open eyes?

That they did not ask me to draw the sword
When they stood to endure their lot—
That they only looked to me for a word,
And I answered I knew them not?

THE YEARS BETWEEN

If it be found, when the battle clears,
Their death has set me free,
Then how shall I live with myself through the years
Which they have bought for me?

Brethren, how must it fare with me,
Or how am I justified,
If it be proven that I am he
For whom mankind has died;
If it be proven that I am he
Who being questioned denied?

THE CHOICE

1917

(THE AMERICAN SPIRIT SPEAKS)

*To the Judge of Right and Wrong
With Whom fulfilment lies
Our purpose and our power belong,
Our faith and sacrifice.*

Let Freedom's Land rejoice!
Our ancient bonds are riven;
Once more to us the eternal choice
Of Good or Ill is given.

Not at a little cost,
Hardly by prayer or tears,
Shall we recover the road we lost
In the drugged and doubting years.

But, after the fires and the wrath,
But, after searching and pain,
His Mercy opens us a path
To live with ourselves again.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

In the Gates of Death rejoice!

We see and hold the good—

Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice

With Freedom's brotherhood!

Then praise the Lord Most High

Whose Strength hath saved us whole,

Who bade us choose that the Flesh should die

And not the living Soul!

To the God in Man displayed—

Where e'er we see that Birth,

Be love and understanding paid

As never yet on earth!

To the Spirit that moves in Man,

On Whom all worlds depend,

Be Glory since our world began

And service to the end!

THE HOLY WAR

1917

{‘For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that built Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentate unless the townsmen gave consent thereto.’

—BUNYAN’S *Holy War*.)

*A TINKER out of Bedford,
A vagrant oft ‘in quod,
A private under Fairfax,
A minister of God—
Two hundred years and thirty
Ere Armageddon came
His single hand portrayed it,
And Bunyan was his name!*

He mapped, for those who follow,
The world in which we are—
‘This famous town of Mansoul’
That takes the Holy War.
Her true and traitor people,
The gates along her wall,
From Eye Gate unto Feel Gate,
John Bunyan showed them all.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

All enemy divisions,
Recruits of every class,
And highly-screened positions
For flame or poison-gas;
The craft that we call modern,
The crimes that we call new,
John Bunyan had 'em typed and filed
In Sixteen Eighty-two.

Likewise the Lords of Looseness
That hamper faith and works,
The Perseverance-Doubters,
And Present-Comfort shirks,
With brittle intellectuals
Who crack beneath a strain—
John Bunyan met that helpful set
In Charles the Second's reign.

Emmanuel's vanguard dying
For right and not for rights,

THE HOLY WAR

My Lord Apollyon lying
To the State-kept Stockholmites,
The Pope, the swithering Neutrals,
The Kaiser and his Gott—
Their rôles, their goals, their naked souls—
He knew and drew the lot.

Now he hath left his quarters,
In Bunhill Fields to lie,
The wisdom that he taught us
Is proven prophecy—
One watchword through our armies,
One answer from our lands:—
'No dealings with Diabolus
As long as Mansoul stands!'

*A pedlar from a hovel,
The lowest of the low,
The father of the Novel,
Salvation's first Defoe,
Eight blinded generations
Ere Armageddon came,
He showed us how to meet it,
And Bunyan was his name!*

THE HOUSES

(A SONG OF THE DOMINIONS)

1898

"Twixt my house and thy house the pathway is
broad,

In thy house or my house is half the world's hoard;
By my house and thy house hangs all the world's
fate,

On thy house and my house lies half the world's hate.

For my house and thy house no help shall we find
Save thy house and my house—kin cleaving to kind:
If my house be taken, thine tumbleth anon,
If thy house be forfeit, mine followeth soon.

"Twixt my house and thy house what talk can there
be

Of headship or lordship, of service or fee?
Since my house to thy house no greater can send
Than thy house to my house—friend comforting
friend;

And thy house to my house no meaner can bring
Than my house to thy house—King counselling King.



THE YEARS BETWEEN

Three hundred years it flourished—in three hundred days it died.

Singing:—Pour oil for a frozen throng,
That lie about the ways.

Give them the warmth they have lacked
so long . . .

And what shall be next to blaze, good
sirs,

On such a pyre to blaze?

God rest you, thoughtful gentlemen, and send your
sleep is light!

Remains of this dominion no shadow, sound, or
sight,

Except the sound of weeping and the sight of burn-
ing fire,

And the shadow of a people that is trampled into
mire.

Singing:—Break bread for a starving folk
That perish in the field.

Give them their food as they take the
yoke . . .

And who shall be next to yield, good sirs,
For such a bribe to yield?

RUSSIA TO THE PACIFISTS

God rest you, merry gentlemen, and keep you in
your mirth!

Was ever kingdom turned so soon to ashes, blood,
and earth?

'Twixt the summer and the snow—seeding-time and
frost—

Arms and victual, hope and counsel, name and
country lost!

Singing:—*Let down by the foot and the head—*

Shovel and smooth it all!

So do we bury a Nation dead . . .

And who shall be next to fall, good sirs,

With your good help to fall?

THE IRISH GUARDS

1918

WE'RE not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so young at our trade,
For we had the honour at Fontenoy
Of meeting the Guards' Brigade.
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,
And Lee that led us then,
And after a hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!

*Old Days! The wild geese are flighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish there's bound to be
fighting,
And when there's no fighting, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!*

The fashion's all for khaki now,
But once through France we went
Full-dressed in scarlet Army cloth,
The English—left at Ghent.
They're fighting on our side to-day
But, before they changed their clothes,

THE IRISH GUARDS

The half of Europe knew our fame,
As all of Ireland knows!

*Old Days! The wild geese are flying,
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish there's memory undying,
And when we forget, it is Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!*

From Barry Wood to Gouzeaucourt,
From Boyne to Pilkem Ridge,
The ancient days come back no more
Than water under the bridge.
But the bridge it stands and the water runs
As red as yesterday,
And the Irish move to the sound of the guns
Like salmon to the sea.

*Old Days! The wild geese are ranging,
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish their hearts are un-
changing,
And when they are changed, it is Ireland no
more!*

Ireland no more!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

We're not so old in the Army List,
But we're not so new in the ring,
For we carried our packs with Marshal Saxe
When Louis was our King.
But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now,
And we're King George's men,
And after one hundred and seventy years
We're fighting for France again!

*Ah, France! And did we stand by you,
When life was made splendid with gifts and
rewards?*

*Ah, France! And will we deny you
In the hour of your agony, Mother of Swords?
Old Days! The wild geese are fighting,
Head to the storm as they faced it before!
For where there are Irish there's loving and fight-
ing,*

*And when we stop either, it's Ireland no more!
Ireland no more!*

A NATIVITY

1916

THE Babe was laid in the Manger

Between the gentle kine—

All safe from cold and danger—

‘But it was not so with mine.

(With mine! With mine!)

Is it well with the child, is it well?’

The waiting mother prayed.

‘For I know not how he fell,

And I know not where he is laid.’

A Star stood forth in Heaven ;

The watchers ran to see

The Sign of the Promise given—

‘But there comes no sign to me.

(To me! To me!)

‘My child died in the dark.

Is it well with the child, is it well?

There was none to tend him or mark,

And I know not how he fell.’

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The Cross was raised on high ;

The Mother grieved beside—

‘But the Mother saw Him die

And took Him when He died.

(He died ! He died !)

‘Seemly and undefiled

His burial-place was made—

Is it well, is it well with the child ?

For I know not where he is laid.’

On the dawning of Easter Day

Comes Mary Magdalene ;

But the Stone was rolled away,

And the Body was not within—

(Within ! Within !)

‘Ah, who will answer my word ?’

The broken mother prayed.

‘They have taken away my Lord,

And I know not where He is laid.’

A NATIVITY

The Star stands forth in Heaven.

The watchers watch in vain —

For a Sign of the Promise given

Of peace on Earth again—

(Again! Again!)

‘But I know for Whom he fell’—

The steadfast mother smiled.

‘Is it well with the child—is it well?’

It is well—it is well with the child!’

EN-DOR

(‘Behold there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor.’—
1 *Samuel* xxviii. 7.)

THE road to En-dor is easy to tread
For Mother or yearning Wife.
There, it is sure, we shall meet our Dead
As they were even in life.
Earth has not dreamed of the blessing in store
For desolate hearts on the road to En-dor.

Whispers shall comfort us out of the dark—
Hands—ah God!—that we knew!
Visions and voices—look and heark!—
Shall prove that our tale is true,
And that those who have passed to the further shore
May be hailed—at a price—on the road to En-dor.

But they are so deep in their new eclipse
Nothing they say can reach,
Unless it be uttered by alien lips
And framed in a stranger’s speech.
The son must send word to the mother that bore,
Through an hireling’s mouth. ’Tis the rule of En-
dor.

EN-DOR

And not for nothing these gifts are shown
By such as delight our dead.
They must twitch and stiffen and slaver and groan
Ere the eyes are set in the head,
And the voice from the belly begins. Therefore,
We pay them a wage where they ply at En-dor.

Even so, we have need of faith
And patience to follow the clue.
Often, at first, what the dear one saith
Is babble, or jest, or untrue.
(Lying spirits perplex us sore
Till our loves—and our lives—are well-known at
En-dor). . . .

*Oh the road to En-dor is the oldest road
And the craziest road of all!
Straight it runs to the Witch's abode,
As it did in the days of Saul,
And nothing has changed of the sorrow in store
For such as go down on the road to En-dor!*

A RECANTATION

(TO LYDE OF THE MUSIC HALLS)

WHAT boots it on the Gods to call?
Since, answered or unheard,
We perish with the Gods and all
Things made—except the Word.

Ere certain Fate had touched a heart
By fifty years made cold,
I judged thee, Lyde, and thy art
O'erblown and over-bold.

But he—but he, of whom bereft
I suffer vacant days—
He on his shield not meanly left—
He cherished all thy lays.

Witness the magic coffer stocked
With convoluted runes
Wherein thy very voice was locked
And linked to circling tunes.

A RECANTATION

Witness thy portrait, smoke-defiled,
That decked his shelter-place.
Life seemed more present, wrote the child,
Beneath thy well-known face.

And when the grudging days restored
Him for a breath to home,
He, with fresh crowds of youth, adored
Thee making mirth in Rome.

Therefore, I, humble, join the hosts,
Loyal and loud, who bow
To thee as Queen of Songs—and ghosts—
For I remember how

Never more rampant rose the Hall
At thy audacious line
Than when the news came in from Gaul
Thy son had—followed mine.

But thou didst hide it in thy breast
And, capering, took the brunt
Of blaze and blare, and launched the jest
That swept next week the front.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Singer to children! Ours possessed
Sleep before noon—but thee,
Wakeful each midnight for the rest,
No holocaust shall free.

Yet they who use the Word assigned,
To hearten and make whole,
Not less than Gods have served mankind,
Though vultures rend their soul.

MY BOY JACK

‘HAVE you news of my boy Jack?’

Not this tide.

‘When d’you think that he’ll come back?’

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

‘Has any one else had word of him?’

Not this tide.

For what is sunk will hardly swim,

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

‘Oh, dear, what comfort can I find?’

None this tide,

Nor any tide,

Except he did not shame his kind—

Not even with that wind blowing, and that tide.

Then hold your head up all the more,

This tide,

And every tide;

Because he was the son you bore,

And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!

THE VERDICTS

(JUTLAND)

Not in the thick of the fight,
Not in the press of the odds,
Do the heroes come to their height,
Or we know the demi-gods.

That stands over till peace.
We can only perceive
Men returned from the seas,
Very grateful for leave.

They grant us sudden days
Snatched from their business of war;
But we are too close to appraise
What manner of men they are.

And, whether their names go down
With age-kept victories,
Or whether they battle and drown
Unreckoned, is hid from our eyes.

THE VERDICTS

They are the ones to be great.

But our children shall understand

What and how our fate

We thought, and by whose hand

Our children shall measure their worth.

We are content to be dumb

But we know that we walk on a new-born earth

With the conscious of mankind.

MESOPOTAMIA

1917

THEY shall not return to us, the resolute, the young,
The eager and whole-hearted whom we gave:
But the men who left them thriftily to die in their
own dung,
Shall they come with years and honour to the
grave?

They shall not return to us, the strong men coldly
slain
In sight of help denied from day to day:
But the men who edged their agonies and chid them
in their pain,
Are they too strong and wise to put away?

Our dead shall not return to us while Day and Night
divide—
Never while the bars of sunset hold:
But the idle-minded overlings who quibbled while
they died,
Shall they thrust for high employments as of old?

MESOPOTAMIA

Shall we only threaten and be angry for an hour?

When the storm is ended shall we find

How softly but how swiftly they have sidled back
to power

By the favour and contrivance of their kind?

Even while they soothe us, while they promise large
amends,

Even while they make a show of fear,

Do they call upon their debtors, and take council
with their friends,

To confirm and re-establish each career?

Their lives cannot repay us—their death could not
undo—

The shame that they have laid upon our race:

But the slothfulness that wasted and the arrogance
that slew,

Shall we leave it unabated in its place?

THE HYÆNAS

AFTER the burial-parties leave
And the baffled kites have fled;
The wise hyænas come out at eve
To take account of our dead.

How he died and why he died
Troubles them not a whit.
They snout the bushes and stones aside
And dig till they come to it.

They are only resolute they shall eat
That they and their mates may thrive,
And they know that the dead are safer meat
Than the weakest thing alive.

(For a goat may butt, and a worm may sting,
And a child will sometimes stand;
But a poor dead soldier of the King
Can never lift a hand.)

THE HYÆNAS

They whoop and halloo and scatter the dirt
Until their tushes white
Take good hold in the army shirt,
And tug the corpse to light.

And the pitiful face is shewn again
For an instant ere they close;
But it is not discovered to living men—
Only to God and to those

Who, being soulless, are free from shame,
Whatever meat they may find.
Nor do they defile the dead man's name—
That is reserved for his kind.

THE SPIES' MARCH

(BEFORE THE WAR)

(“The outbreak is in full swing and our death-rate would sicken Napoleon. . . . Dr. M—— died last week, and C—— on Monday, but some more medicines are coming. . . . We don’t seem to be able to check it at all. . . . Villages panicking badly. . . . In some places not a living soul. . . . But at any rate the experience gained may come in useful, so I am keeping my notes written up to date in case of accidents. . . . Death is a queer chap to live with for steady company.”—*Extract from a private letter from Manchuria.*)

THERE are no leaders to lead us to honour, and yet
without leaders we sally,
Each man reporting for duty alone, out of sight,
out of reach, of his fellow.
There are no bugles to call the battalions, and yet
without bugles we rally
From the ends of the earth to the ends of the earth,
to follow the Standard of Yellow!
Fall in! O fall in! O fall in!

THE SPIES' MARCH

Not where the squadrons mass,
Not where the bayonets shine,
Not where the big shell shout as they pass
Over the firing-line;
Not where the wounded are,
Not where the nations die,
Killed in the cleanly game of war—
That is no place for a spy!
O Princes, Thrones and Powers, your work
is less than ours—
Here is no place for a spy!

Trained to another use,
We march with colours furled,
Only concerned when Death breaks loose
On a front of half a world.
Only for General Death
The Yellow Flag may fly,
While we take post beneath—
That is the place for a spy.
Where Plague has spread his pinions over
Nations and Dominions—
Then will be work for a spy!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The dropping shots begin,
The single funerals pass,
Our skirmishers run in,
The corpses dot the grass!
The howling towns stampede,
The tainted hamlets die.
Now it is war indeed—
Now there is room for a spy!
O Peoples, Kings and Lands, we are waiting
your commands—
What is the work for a spy?
(DRUMS)—*'Fear is upon us, spy!*

'Go where his pickets hide—
Unmask the shapes they take,
Whether a gnat from the waterside,
Or stinging fly in the brake,
Or filth of the crowded street,
Or a sick rat limping by,
Or a smear of spittle dried in the heat—
That is the work of a spy!
(DRUMS)—*Death is upon us, spy!*

THE SPIES' MARCH

'What does he next prepare?

Whence will he move to attack?—

By water, earth or air?—

How can we head him back?

Shall we starve him out if we burn

Or bury his food-supply?

Slip through his lines and learn—

That is work for a spy!

(DRUMS)—*Get to your business, spy!*

'Does he feint or strike in force?

Will he charge or ambuscade?

What is it checks his course?

Is he beaten or only delayed?

How long will the lull endure?

Is he retreating? Why?

Crawl to his camp and make sure—

That is the work for a spy!

(DRUMS)—*Fetch us our answer, spy!*

THE YEARS BETWEEN

'Ride with him girth to girth
Wherever the Pale Horse wheels,
Wait on his councils, ear to earth,
And say what the dust reveals.
For the smoke of our torment rolls
Where the burning thousands lie;
What do we care for men's bodies or souls?
Bring us deliverance, spy!'

THE SONS OF MARTHA

THE Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have
inherited that good part;
But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the
careful soul and the troubled heart.
And because she lost her temper once, and because
she was rude to the Lord her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world with-
out end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet
and cushion the shock.
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their
care that the switches lock.
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their
care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary
by land and main.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

They say to mountains, 'Be ye removèd.' They
say to the lesser floods 'Be dry.'

Under their rods are the rocks reprovèd—they are
not afraid of that which is high.

Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit—then
is the bed of the deep laid bare,

That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly
sleeping and unaware.

They finger death at their gloves' end where they
piece and repiece the living wires.

He rears against the gates they tend: they feed him
hungry behind their fires.

Early at dawn, ere men see clear, they stumble into
his terrible stall,

And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad
and turn him till evenfall.

THE SONS OF MARTHA

To these from birth is Belief forbidden; from these
till death is Relief afar.

They are concerned with matters hidden—under
the earth-line their altars are:

The secret fountains to follow up, waters withdrawn
to restore to the mouth,

And gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them
again at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them
a little before the nuts work loose.

They do not teach that His Pity allows them to
leave their work when they damn-well choose.

As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the
dark and the desert they stand,

Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's
days may be long in the land.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a
path more fair or flat;
Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of
Martha spilled for that!
Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as a wit-
ness to any creed,
But simple service simply given to his own kind in
their common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessèd—they
know the angels are on their side.
They know in them is the Grace confessèd, and for
them are the Mercies multiplied.
They sit at the Feet—they hear the Word—they
see how truly the Promise runs:
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—
the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons!

MARY'S SON

If you stop to find out what your wages will be
And how they will clothe and feed you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Sea,
For the Sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every command,
And argue with people about you,
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Land,
For the Land will do better without you.

If you stop to consider the work you have done
And to boast what your labour is worth, dear,
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,
But you'll never be wanted on Earth, dear!

THE SONG OF THE LATHES

1918

(Being the words of the tune hummed at her lathe by Mrs. L. Embsay,
widow.)

THE fans and the beltings they roar round me.
The power is shaking the floor round me
Till the lathes pick up their duty and the mid-
night-shift takes over.

It is good for me to be here!

Guns in Flanders—Flanders guns!

(I had a man that worked 'em once!)

Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!

Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!

Shells for guns in Flanders! Feed the guns!

The cranes and the carriers they boom over me,
The bays and the galleries they loom over me,
With their quarter-mile of pillars growing little in
the distance:

It is good for me to be here!

THE SONG OF THE LATHES

The Zeppelins and Gothas they raid over us.
Our lights give warning, and fade over us.
(Seven thousand women keeping quiet in the darkness!)

Oh, it is good for me to be here!

The roofs and the buildings they grow round me,
Eating up the fields I used to know round me;
And the shed that I began in is a sub-inspector's
office—

So long have I been here!

I've seen six hundred mornings make our lamps
grow dim,
Through the bit that isn't painted round our skylight rim,
And the sunshine in the window slope according
to the seasons,
Twice since I've been here.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The trains on the sidings they call to us
With the hundred thousand blanks that they
 haul to us;
And we send 'em what we've finished, and they
 take it where it's wanted,
 For that is why we are here!

Man's hate passes as his love will pass.
God made woman what she always was.
Them that bear the burden they will never grant
 forgiveness
 So long as they are here!

Once I was a woman, but that's by with me.
All I loved and looked for, it must die with me.
But the Lord has left me over for a servant of the
 Judgment,
 And I serve His Judgments here!

Guns in Flanders—Flanders guns!
(I had a son that worked 'em once!)
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!
 Shells for guns in Flanders! Feed the guns!

GETHSEMANE

THE Garden called Gethsemane
In Picardy it was,
And there the people came to see
The English soldiers pass.
We used to pass—we used to pass
Or halt, as it might be,
And ship our masks in case of gas
Beyond Gethsemane.

The Garden called Gethsemane,
It held a pretty lass,
But all the time she talked to me
I prayed my cup might pass.
The officer sat on the chair,
The men lay on the grass,
And all the time we halted there
I prayed my cup might pass—

It didn't pass—it didn't pass—
It didn't pass from me.
I drank it when we met the gas
Beyond Gethsemane.

THE PRO-CONSULS

*THE overfaithful sword returns the user
His heart's desire at price of his heart's blood.
The clamour of the arrogant accuser
Wastes that one hour we needed to make good.
This was foretold of old at our outgoing ;
This we accepted who have squandered, knowing,
The strength and glory of our reputations,
At the day's need, as it were dross, to guard
The tender and new-dedicate foundations
Against the sea we fear—not man's award.*

They that dig foundations deep,
Fit for realms to rise upon,
Little honour do they reap
Of their generation,
Any more than mountains gain
Stature till we reach the plain.

With no veil before their face
Such as shroud or sceptre lend—
Daily in the market-place,
Of one height to foe and friend—

THE PRO-CONSULS

They must cheapen self to find
Ends uncheapened for mankind.

Through the night when hirelings rest,
Sleepless they arise, alone,
The unsleeping arch to test
And the o'er-trusted corner-stone,
'Gainst the need, they know, that lies
Hid behind the centuries.

Not by lust of praise or show
Not by Peace herself betrayed—
Peace herself must they forego
Till that peace be fitly made;
And in single strength uphold
Wearier hands and hearts acold.

On the stage their act hath framed
For thy sports, O Liberty!
Doubted are they, and defamed
By the tongues their act set free,
While they quicken, tend and raise
Power that must their power displace.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Lesser men feign greater goals,
Failing whereof they may sit
Scholarly to judge the souls
That go down into the pit,
And, despite its certain clay,
Heave a new world towards the day.

These at labour make no sign,
More than planets, tides or years
Which discover God's design,
Not our hopes and not our fears;
Nor in aught they gain or lose
Seek a triumph or excuse.

*For, so the Ark be borne to Zion, who
Heeds how they perished or were paid that bore it?
For, so the Shrine abide, what shame—what pride—
If we, the priests, were bound or crowned before it?*

THE CRAFTSMAN

ONCE, after long-drawn revel at The Mermaid,
He to the overbearing Boanerges
Jonson, uttered (If half of it were liquor,
Blessed be the vintage!)

Saying how, at an alehouse under Cotswold,
He had made sure of his very Cleopatra,
Drunk with enormous, salvation-contemning
Love for a tinker.

How, while he hid from Sir Thomas's keepers,
Crouched in a ditch and drenched by the midnight
Dews, he had listened to gipsy Juliet
Rail at the dawning.

How at Bankside, a boy drowning kittens
Winced at the business; whereupon his sister
(Lady Macbeth aged seven) thrust 'em under,
Sombrely scornful.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

How on a Sabbath, hushed and compassionate—
She being known since her birth to the townsfolk—
Stratford dredged and delivered from Avon
Dripping Ophelia.

So, with a thin third finger marrying
Drop to wine-drop domed on the table,
Shakespeare opened his heart till sunrise
Entered to hear him.

London wakened and he, imperturbable,
Passed from waking to hurry after shadows . . .
Busied upon shows of no earthly importance?
Yes, but he knew it!

THINGS AND THE MAN

(IN MEMORIAM, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN)

1904

'And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren and they hated him yet the more.'—*Genesis xxxvii. 5.*

OH ye who hold the written clue
To all save all unwritten things,
And, half a league behind, pursue
The accomplished Fact with flouts and flings,
Look! To your knee your baby brings
The oldest tale since Earth began—
The answer to your worryings:
'Once on a time there was a Man.'

He, single-handed, met and slew
Magicians, Armies, Ogres, Kings.
He lonely 'mid his doubting crew—
'In all the loneliness of wings'—

THE YEARS BETWEEN

He fed the flame, he filled the springs,
He locked the ranks, he launched the van
Straight at the grinning Teeth of Things.
'Once on a time there was a Man.'

The peace of shocked Foundations flew
Before his ribald questionings.
He broke the Oracles in two,
And bared the paltry wires and strings.
He headed desert wanderings;
He led his soul, his cause, his clan
A little from the ruck of Things.
'Once on a time there was a Man.'

Thrones, Powers, Dominions block the view
With episodes and underlings—
The meek historian deems them true
Nor heeds the song that Clio sings—
The simple central truth that stings
The mob to boo, the priest to ban;
Things never yet created things—
'Once on a time there was a Man.'

THINGS AND THE MAN

A bolt is fallen from the blue.

A wakened realm full circle swings
Where Dothan's dreamer dreams anew
Of vast and farborne harvestings;
And unto him an Empire clings
That grips the purpose of his plan.
My Lords, how think you of these things?
Once—in our time—is there a Man?

THE BENEFACTORS

*Ah ! What avails the classic bent
And what the cultured word,
Against the undoctored incident
That actually occurred ?*

*And what is Art whereto we press
Through paint and prose and rhyme—
When Nature in her nakedness
Defeats us every time ?*

It is not learning, grace nor gear,
Nor easy meat and drink,
But bitter pinch of pain and fear
That makes creation think.

When in this world's unpleasing youth
Our god-like race began,
The longest arm, the sharpest tooth,
Gave man control of man;

THE BENEFACTORS

Till, bruised and bitten to the bone
And taught by pain and fear,
He learned to deal the far-off stone,
And poke the long, safe spear.

So tooth and nail were obsolete
As means against a foe,
Till, bored by uniform defeat,
Some genius built the bow.

Then stone and javelin proved as vain
As old-time tooth and nail;
Ere, spurred anew by fear and pain,
Man fashioned coats of mail.

Then was there safety for the rich
And danger for the poor,
Till someone mixed a powder which
Redressed the scale once more.

Helmet and armour disappeared
With sword and bow and pike,
And, when the smoke of battle cleared,
All men were armed alike. . . .

THE YEARS BETWEEN

And when ten million such were slain
To please one crazy king,
Man, schooled in bulk by fear and pain,
Grew weary of the thing;

And, at the very hour designed,
To enslave him past recall,
His tooth-stone-arrow-gun-shy mind
Turned and abolished all.

*All Power, each Tyrant, every Mob
Whose head has grown too large,
Ends by destroying its own job
And earns its own discharge.*

*And Man, whose mere necessities
Move all things from his path,
Trembles meanwhile at their decrees,
And deprecates their wrath!*

THE DEAD KING

(EDWARD VII.)

1910

*WHO in the Realm to-day lays down dear life for the
sake of a land more dear?*

*And, unconcerned for his own estate, toils till the
last grudged sands have run?*

*Let him approach. It is proven here
Our King asks nothing of any man more than Our
King himself has done.*

For to him above all was Life good, above all he
commanded

Her abundance full-handed.

The peculiar treasure of Kings was his for the taking:
All that men come to in dreams he inherited wak-
ing:—

His marvel of world-gathered armies—one heart
and all races;

His seas 'neath his keels when his war-castles foamed
to their places;

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The thundering foreshores that answered his heralded landing;

The huge lighted cities adoring, the assemblies upstanding;

The Councils of Kings called in haste to learn how he was minded—

The Kingdoms, the Powers, and the Glories he dealt with unblinded.

To him came all captains of men, all achievers of glory,

Hot from the press of their battles they told him their story.

They revealed him their life in an hour and, saluting, departed,

Joyful to labour afresh—he had made them new-hearted.

And, since he weighed men from his youth, and no lie long deceived him,

He spoke and exacted the truth, and the basest believed him.

THE DEAD KING

And God poured him an exquisite wine, that was
daily renewed to him,

In the clear-welling love of his peoples that daily
accrued to him.

Honour and service we gave him, rejoicingly fear-
less;

Faith absolute, trust beyond speech and a friendship
as peerless.

And since he was Master and Servant in all that
we asked him,

We leaned hard on his wisdom in all things, know-
ing not how we tasked him.

For on him each new day laid command, every
tyrannous hour,

To confront, or confirm, or make smooth some dread
issue of power;

To deliver true judgment aright at the instant,
unaided,

In the strict, level, ultimate phrase that allowed or
dissuaded;

THE YEARS BETWEEN

To foresee, to allay, to avert from us perils unnumbered,

To stand guard on our gates when he guessed that the watchmen had slumbered;

To win time, to turn hate, to woo folly to service and, mightily schooling

His strength to the use of his Nations, to rule as not ruling.

These were the works of our King; Earth's peace was the proof of them.

God gave him great works to fulfil, and to us the behoof of them.

We accepted his toil as our right—none spared, none excused him.

When he was bowed by his burden his rest was refused him.

We troubled his age with our weakness—the blacker our shame to us!

Hearing his People had need of him, straightway he came to us.

THE DEAD KING

As he received so he gave—nothing grudged, naught
denying,

Not even the last gasp of his breath when he strove
for us, dying.

For our sakes, without question, he put from him
all that he cherished.

Simply as any that serve him he served and he
perished.

All that Kings covet was his, and he flung it aside
for us.

Simply as any that die in his service he died for us.

*Who in the Realm to-day has choice of the easy road or
the hard to tread?*

*And, much concerned for his own estate, would sell
his soul to remain in the sun?*

Let him depart nor look on Our dead.

*Our King asks nothing of any man more than Our
King himself has done.*

A DEATH-BED

‘THIS is the State above the Law.

The State exists for the State alone.’

[*This is a gland at the back of the jaw,
And an answering lump by the collar-bone.*]

Some die shouting in gas or fire;

Some die silent, by shell and shot.

Some die desperate, caught on the wire;

Some die suddenly. This will not.

‘Regis suprema Voluntas lex’

[*It will follow the regular course of—throats.*]

Some die pinned by the broken decks,

Some die sobbing between the boats.

Some die eloquent, pressed to death

By the sliding trench, as their friends can hear.

Some die wholly in half a breath.

Some—give trouble for half a year.

A DEATH-BED

‘There is neither Evil nor Good in life
Except as the needs of the State ordain.’
[*Since it is rather too late for the knife,
All we can do is to mask the pain.*]

Some die saintly in faith and hope—
One died thus in a prison-yard—
Some die broken by rape or the rope;
Some die easily. This dies hard.

‘I will dash to pieces who bar my way.
Woe to the traitor! Woe to the weak!’
[*Let him write what he wishes to say.
It tires him out if he tries to speak.*]

Some die quietly. Some abound
In loud self-pity. Others spread
Bad morale through the cots around . . .
This is a type that is better dead.

‘The war was forced on me by my foes.
All that I sought was the right to live.’
[*Don’t be afraid of a triple dose ;
The pain will neutralize half we give.*]

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Here are the needles. See that he dies

While the effects of the drug endure. . . .

What is the question he asks with his eyes?—

Yes, All-Highest, to God, be sure.]

GEHAZI

‘WHENCE comest thou, Gehazi,
So reverend to behold,
In scarlet and in ermines
And chain of England’s gold?’
‘From following after Naaman
To tell him all is well,
Whereby my zeal hath made me
A Judge in Israel.’

Well done, well done, Gehazi,
Stretch forth thy ready hand,
Thou barely ’scaped from judgment,
Take oath to judge the land,
Unswayed by gift of money
Or privy bribe, more base,
Of knowledge which is profit
In any market-place.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

Search out and probe, Gehazi,
As thou of all canst try,
The truthful, well-weighed answer
That tells the blacker lie—
The loud, uneasy virtue
The anger feigned at will,
To overbear a witness
And make the Court keep still.

Take order now, Gehazi,
That no man talk aside
In secret with his judges
The while his case is tried.
Lest he should show them—reason
To keep a matter hid,
And subtly lead the questions
Away from what he did.

Thou mirror of uprightness,
What ails thee at thy vows?
What means the risen whiteness
Of the skin between thy brows?

GEHAZI

The boils that shine and burrow,
The sores that slough and bleed—
The leprosy of Naaman
On thee and all thy seed?
Stand up, stand up, Gehazi,
Draw close thy robe and go,
Gehazi, Judge in Israel,
A leper white as snow!

THE VIRGINITY

TRY as he will, no man breaks wholly loose
From his first love, no matter who she be.
Oh, was there ever sailor free to choose,
That didn't settle somewhere near the sea?

Myself, it don't excite me nor amuse
To watch a pack o' shipping on the sea,
But I can understand my neighbour's views
From certain things which have occurred to me.

Men must keep touch with things they used to use
To earn their living, even when they are free;
And so come back upon the least excuse—
Same as the sailor settled near the sea.

He knows he's never going on no cruise—
He knows he's done and finished with the sea;
And yet he likes to feel she's there to use—
If he should ask her—as she used to be.

THE VIRGINITY

Even though she cost him all he had to lose,
Even though she made him sick to hear or see,
Still, what she left of him will mostly choose
Her skirts to sit by. How comes such to be?

*Parsons in pulpits, tax-payers in pews,
Kings on your thrones, you know as well as me,
We've only one virginity to lose,
And where we lost it there our hearts will be!*

A PILGRIM'S WAY

I DO not look for holy saints to guide me on my way,
Or male and female devilkins to lead my feet astray.
If these are added, I rejoice—if not, I shall not
mind,

So long as I have leave and choice to meet my
fellow-kind.

For as we come and as we go (and deadlly-soon
go we!)

The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!

Thus I will honour pious men whose virtue shines
so bright

(Though none are more amazed than I when I by
chance do right),

And I will pity foolish men for woe their sins have
bred

(Though ninety-nine per cent. of mine I brought on
my own head).

And, Amorite or Eremite, or General Averagee,
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!

A PILGRIM'S WAY

And when they bore me overmuch, I will not shake
mine ears,

Recalling many thousand such whom I have bored
to tears.

And when they labour to impress, I will not doubt
nor scoff;

Since I myself have done no less and—sometimes
pulled it off.

Yea, as we are and we are not, and we pretend
to be,

The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!

And when they work me random wrong, as often-
times hath been,

I will not cherish hate too long (my hands are none
too clean).

And when they do me random good I will not feign
surprise,

No more than those whom I have cheered with
wayside charities.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

But, as we give and as we take—whate'er our
takings be—

The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!

But when I meet with frantic folk who sinfully
declare

There is no pardon for their sin, the same I will
not spare

Till I have proved that Heaven and Hell which in
our hearts we have

Show nothing irredeemable on either side the grave.

For as we live and as we die—if utter Death
there be—

The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!

A PILGRIM'S WAY

Deliver me from every pride—the Middle, High,
and Low—

That bars me from a brother's side, whatever pride
he show.

And purge me from all heresies of thought and
speech and pen

That bid me judge him otherwise than I am judged.

Amen !

That I may sing of Crowd or King or road-borne
company,

That I may labour in my day, vocation and
degree,

To prove the same in deed and name, and hold
unshakenly

(Where'er I go, whate'er I know, whoe'er my neigh-
bour be)

This single faith in Life and Death and all Eternity:
'The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough
for me!'

THE OLDEST SONG

' (For before Eve was Lilith.—*Old Tale.*)

THESE were never your true love's eyes.

Why do you feign that you love them?
You that broke from their constancies,
And the wide calm brows above them!

This was never your true love's speech.

Why do you thrill when you hear it?
You that have ridden out of its reach
The width of the world or near it!

This was never your true love's hair,—

You that chafed when it bound you
Screened from knowledge or shame or care,
In the night that it made around you!

'All these things I know, I know.

And that's why my heart is breaking!
Then what do you gain by pretending so?
'The joy of an old wound waking.'

NATURAL THEOLOGY

PRIMITIVE

I ATE my fill of a whale that died
And stranded after a month at sea. . . .
There is a pain in my inside.
Why have the Gods afflicted me?
Ow! I am purged till I am a wraith!
Wow! I am sick till I cannot see!
What is the sense of Religion and Faith?
Look how the Gods have afflicted me!

PAGAN

How can the skin of rat or mouse hold
Anything more than a harmless flea? . . .
The burning plague has taken my household.
Why have my Gods afflicted me?
All my kith and kin are deceased,
Though they were as good as good could be.
I will out and batter the family priest,
Because my Gods have afflicted me.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

MEDIÆVAL

My privy and well drain into each other
After the custom of Christendie. . . .
Fevers and fluxes are wasting my mother.
Why has the Lord afflicted me?
The Saints are helpless for all I offer—
So are the clergy I used to fee.
Henceforward I keep my cash in my coffer,
Because the Lord has afflicted me.

MATERIAL

I run eight hundred hens to the acre.
They die by dozens mysteriously. . . .
I am more than doubtful concerning my Maker.
Why has the Lord afflicted me?
What a return for all my endeavour—
Not to mention the L. S. D. !
I am an atheist now and for ever,
Because this God has afflicted me !

PROGRESSIVE

Money spent on an Army or Fleet
Is homicidal lunacy. . . .

NATURAL THEOLOGY

My son has been killed in the Mons retreat.

Why is the Lord afflicting me?

Why are murder, pillage and arson

And rape allowed by the Deity?

I will write to the *Times*, deriding our parson

Because my God has afflicted me.

CHORUS

We had a kettle: we let it leak:

Our not repairing it made it worse.

We haven't had any tea for a week. . . .

The bottom is out of the Universe!

CONCLUSION

This was none of the good Lord's pleasure,

For the Spirit He breathed in Man is free;

But what comes after is measure for measure,

And not a God that afflicteth thee.

As was the sowing so the reaping

Is now and evermore shall be.

Thou art delivered to thy own keeping.

Only Thyself hath afflicted thee!

A SONG AT COCK-CROW

(‘Ille autem iterum negavit.’)

THE first time that Peter denied his Lord
He shrank from the cudgel, the scourge and the
cord,

But followed far off to see what they would do,
Till the cock crew—till the cock crew—
After Gethsemane, till the cock crew!

The first time that Peter denied his Lord
’Twas only a maid in the palace who heard,
As he sat by the fire and warmed himself through.
Then the cock crew! Then the cock crew!
(‘Thou also art one of them.’) Then the cock crew!

The first time that Peter denied his Lord
He had neither the Throne, nor the Keys nor the
Sword—

A poor silly fisherman, what could he do
When the cock crew—when the cock crew—
But weep for his wickedness when the cock crew?

.

A SONG AT COCK-CROW

The next time that Peter denied his Lord
He was Fisher of Men, as foretold by the Word,
With the Crown on his brow and the Cross on his
shoe,

When the cock crew—when the cock crew—
In Flanders and Picardy when the cock crew.

The next time that Peter denied his Lord
'Twas Mary the Mother in Heaven Who heard,
And She grieved for the maidens and wives that
they slew

When the cock crew—when the cock crew—
At Tirmonde and Aerschott when the cock crew.

The next time that Peter denied his Lord
The Babe in the Manger awakened and stirred,
And He stretched out His arms for the playmates
He knew—

When the cock crew—when the cock crew—
But the waters had covered them when the cock crew.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The next time that Peter denied his Lord
'Twas Earth in her agony waited his word,
But he sat by the fire and naught would he do,
Though the cock crew—though the cock crew—
Over all Christendom, though the cock crew.

The last time that Peter denied his Lord,
The Father took from him the Keys and the Sword,
And the Mother and Babe brake his Kingdom in
two,
When the cock crew—when the cock crew—
(Because of his wickedness) when the cock crew!

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

1911

WHEN the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in
his pride,

He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn
aside.

But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant
tooth and nail.

For the female of the species is more deadly than
the male.

When Nag the basking cobra hears the careless
foot of man,

He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it as
he can.

But his mate makes no such motion where she
camps beside the trail.

For the female of the species is more deadly than
the male.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to Hurons
and Choctaws,

They prayed to be delivered from the vengeance of
the squaws.

'Twas the women, not the warriors, turned those
stark enthusiasts pale.

For the female of the species is more deadly than
the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he
must not say,

For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to
give away;

But when hunter meets with husband, each con-
firms the other's tale—

The female of the species is more deadly than the
male.

Man, a bear in most relations—worm and savage
otherwise,—

Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the com-
promise.

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a
fact
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the
wicked low,
To concede some form of trial even to his fiercest
foe.

Mirth obscene diverts his anger! Doubt and Pity
oft perplex
Him in dealing with an issue—to the scandal of
The Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of
her frame
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and
engined for the same;
And to serve that single issue, lest the generations
fail,
The female of the species must be deadlier than
the male.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

She who faces Death by torture for each life beneath her breast

May not deal in doubt or pity—must not swerve for fact or jest.

These be purely male diversions—not in these her honour dwells.

She the Other Law we live by, is that Law and nothing else.

She can bring no more to living than the powers that make her great

As the Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate!

And when Babe and Man are lacking and she strides unclaimed to claim

Her right as femme (and baron), her equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions—in default of grosser ties;

Her contentions are her children, Heaven help him who denies!—

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

He will meet no suave discussion, but the instant,
white-hot, wild,

Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse
and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges—even so the she-
bear fights,

Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons—even so
the cobra bites,

Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw

And the victim writhes in anguish—like the Jesuit
with the squaw!

So it comes that Man the coward, when he gathers
to confer

With his fellow-braves in council, dare not leave a
place for her

Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts
his erring hands

To some God of Abstract Justice—which no woman
understands.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the
Woman that God gave him
Must command but may not govern—shall enthrall
but not enslave him.
And *She* knows, because She warns him and Her
instincts never fail,
That the Female of Her Species is more deadly
than the Male.

EPITAPHS

'EQUALITY OF SACRIFICE'

A. 'I was a "have."' B. 'I was a "have-not."' *(Together)*. 'What hast thou given which I gave not?'

A SERVANT

We were together since the War began.
He was my servant—and the better man.

A SON

My son was killed while laughing at some jest. I
would I knew
What it was, and it might serve me in a time when
jests are few.

AN ONLY SON

I have slain none except my Mother. She
(Blessing her slayer) died of grief for me.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

EX-CLERK

Pity not! The Army gave
Freedom to a timid slave:
In which Freedom did he find
Strength of body, will, and mind:
By which strength he came to prove
Mirth, Companionship, and Love:
For which Love to Death he went:
In which Death he lies content.

THE WONDER

Body and Spirit I surrendered whole
To harsh Instructors—and received a soul . . .
If mortal man could change me through and
through
From all I was—what may The God not do?

HINDU SEPOY IN FRANCE

This man in his own country prayed we know not
to what Powers.
We pray Them to reward him for his bravery in
ours.

EPITAPHS

THE COWARD

I could not look on Death, which being known,
Men led me to him, blindfold and alone.

SHOCK

My name, my speech, my self I had forgot.
My wife and children came—I knew them not.
I died. My Mother followed. At her call
And on her bosom I remembered all.

A GRAVE NEAR CAIRO

Gods of the Nile, should this stout fellow here
Get out—get out! He knows not shame nor fear.

PELICANS IN THE WILDERNESS

(A GRAVE NEAR HALFA)

The blown sand heaps on me, that none may learn
Where I am laid for whom my children grieve. . . .
O wings that beat at dawning, ye return
Out of the desert to your young at eve!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

THE FAVOUR

Death favoured me from the first, well knowing I
could not endure
To wait on him day by day. He quitted my
betters and came
Whistling over the fields, and, when he had made
all sure,
'Thy line is at end,' he said, 'but at least I have
saved its name.'

THE BEGINNER

On the first hour of my first day
In the front trench I fell.
(Children in boxes at a play
Stand up to watch it well.)

R. A. F. (AGED EIGHTEEN)

Laughing through clouds, his milk-teeth still un-
shed,
Cities and men he smote from overhead.
His deaths delivered, he returned to play
Childlike, with childish things now put away.

EPITAPHS

THE REFINED MAN

I was of delicate mind. I went aside for my needs,
Disdaining the common office. I was seen from
afar and killed. . . .

How is this matter for mirth? Let each man be
judged by his deeds.

*I have paid my price to live with myself on the terms
that I willed.*

NATIVE WATER-CARRIER (M. E. F.)

Prometheus brought down fire to men.

This brought up water.

The Gods are jealous—now, as then,

They gave no quarter.

BOMBED IN LONDON

On land and sea I strove with anxious care
To escape conscription. It was in the air!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

THE SLEEPY SENTINEL

Faithless the watch that I kept: now I have none
to keep.

I was slain because I slept: now I am slain I sleep.
Let no man reproach me again, whatever watch is
unkept—

I sleep because I am slain. They slew me because
I slept.

BATTERIES OUT OF AMMUNITION

If any mourn us in the workshop, say
We died because the shift kept holiday

COMMON FORM

If any question why we died,
Tell them, because our fathers lied.

A DEAD STATESMAN

I could not dig: I dared not rob:
Therefore I lied to please the mob.
Now all my lies are proved untrue,
And I must face the men I slew.
What tale shall save me here among
Mine angry and defrauded young?

EPITAPHS

THE REBEL

If I had clamoured at Thy Gate
For gift of Life on Earth,
And, thrusting through the souls that wait,
Flung headlong into birth—
Even then, even then, for gin and snare
About my pathway spread,
Lord, I had mocked Thy thoughtful care
Before I joined the Dead!
But now? . . . I was beneath Thy Hand
Ere yet the Planets came.
And now—though Planets pass, I stand
The witness to Thy Shame.

THE OBEDIENT

Daily, though no ears attended,
Did my prayers arise.
Daily, though no fire descended
Did I sacrifice. . . .
Though my darkness did not lift,
Though I faced no lighter odds,
Though the Gods bestowed no gift,
None the less,
None the less, I served the Gods!

THE YEARS BETWEEN

A DRIFTER OFF TARENTUM

He from the wind-bitten north with ship and com-
panions descended,
Searching for eggs of death spawned by invisible
hulls.
Many he found and drew forth. Of a sudden the
fishery ended
In flame and a clamorous breath not new to the
eye-pecking gulls.

DESTROYERS IN COLLISION

For Fog and Fate no charm is found
To lighten or amend.
I, hurrying to my bride, was drowned—
Cut down by my best friend.

CONVOY ESCORT

I was a shepherd to fools
Causelessly bold or afraid.
They would not abide by my rules.
Yet they escaped. For I stayed.

EPITAPHS

UNKNOWN FEMALE CORPSE

Headless, lacking foot and hand,
Horrible I come to land.
I beseech all women's sons
Know I was a mother once.

RAPED AND REVENGED

One used and butchered me: another spied
Me broken—for which thing a hundred died.
So it was learned among the heathen hosts
How much a freeborn woman's favour costs.

SALONIKAN GRAVE

I have watched a thousand days
Push out and crawl into night
Slowly as tortoises.
Now I, too, follow these.
It is fever, and not fight—
Time, not battle—that slays.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

THE BRIDEGROOM

Call me not false, beloved,
If, from thy scarce-known breast
So little time removed,
In other arms I rest.

For this more ancient bride
Whom coldly I embrace
Was constant at my side
Before I saw thy face.

Our marriage, often set—
By miracle delayed—
At last is consummate,
And cannot be unmade.

Live, then, whom Life shall cure,
Almost, of Memory,
And leave us to endure
Its immortality.

EPITAPHS

V. A. D. (MEDITERRANEAN)

Ah, would swift ships had never been, for then we
ne'er had found,

These harsh Ægean rocks between, this little virgin
drowned,

Whom neither spouse nor child shall mourn, but
men she nursed through pain

And—certain keels for whose return the heathen
look in vain.

‘THE CITY OF BRASS’

1909

‘Here was a people whom after their works thou shalt see wept over for their lost dominion: and in this palace is the last information respecting lords collected in the dust.’—*The Arabian Nights*.

*IN a land that the sand overlays—the ways to her gates
are untrod—*

*A multitude ended their days whose fates were made
splendid by God,*

*Till they grew drunk and were smitten with madness
and went to their fall,*

*And of these is a story written: but Allah alone know-
eth all!*

When the wine stirred in their heart their bosoms
dilated,

They rose to suppose themselves kings over all
things created—

To decree a new earth at a birth without labour or
sorrow—

To declare: ‘We prepare it to-day and inherit to-
morrow.’

‘THE CITY OF BRASS’

They chose themselves prophets and priests of
minute understanding,

Men swift to see done, and outrun, their extremest
commanding—

Of the tribe which describe with a jibe the perversions
of Justice—

Panders avowed to the crowd whatsoever its lust is.

Swiftly these pulled down the walls that their
fathers had made them—

The impregnable ramparts of old, they razed and
relaid them

As playgrounds of pleasure and leisure with limitless
entries,

And havens of rest for the wastrels where once
walked the sentries;

And because there was need of more pay for the
shouters and marchers,

They disbanded in face of their foemen their bowmen
and archers.

They replied to their well-wishers’ fears—to their
enemies’ laughter,

Saying: ‘Peace! We have fashioned a God Which
shall save us hereafter.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

We ascribe all dominion to man in his factions conferring,

And have given to numbers the Name of the Wisdom unerring.'

They said: 'Who has hate in his soul? Who has envied his neighbour?

Let him arise and control both that man and his labour.'

They said: 'Who is eaten by sloth? Whose unthriftness has destroyed him?

He shall levy a tribute from all because none have employed him.'

They said: 'Who hath toiled? Who hath striven, and gathered possession?

Let him be spoiled. He hath given full proof of transgression.'

They said: 'Who is irked by the Law? *Though we may not remove it,*

If he lend us his aid in this raid, we will set him above it!'

So the robber did judgment again upon such as displeased him,

The slayer, too, boasted his slain, and the judges released him.

‘THE CITY OF BRASS’

As for their kinsmen far off, on the skirts of the
nation,

They harried all earth to make sure none escaped
reprobation,

They awakened unrest for a jest in their newly-
won borders,

And jeered at the blood of their brethren betrayed
by their orders.

They instructed the ruled to rebel, their rulers to
aid them;

And, since such as obeyed them not fell, their Vice-
roys obeyed them.

When the riotous set them at naught they said:
‘Praise the upheaval!

For the show and the word and the thought of
Dominion is evil!’

They unwound and flung from them with rage, as a
rag that defiled them

The imperial gains of the age which their fore-
fathers piled them.

They ran panting in haste to lay waste and em-
bitter for ever

THE YEARS BETWEEN

The wellsprings of Wisdom and Strength which are
Faith and Endeavour.

They nosed out and dugged up and dragged forth
and exposed to derision

All doctrine of purpose and worth and restraint
and prevision:

And it ceased, and God granted them all things
for which they had striven,

And the heart of a beast in the place of a man's
heart was given. . . .

When they were fullest of wine and most flagrant
in error,

Out of the sea rose a sign—out of Heaven a terror.
Then they saw, then they heard, then they knew—
for none troubled to hide it,

An host had prepared their destruction, but still
they denied it.

They denied what they dared not abide if it came
to the trial,

But the Sword that was forged while they lied did
not heed their denial.

It drove home, and no time was allowed to the
crowd that was driven.

‘THE CITY OF BRASS’

The preposterous-minded were cowed—they thought
time would be given.

There was no need of a steed nor a lance to pursue
them;

It was decreed their own deed, and not chance,
should undo them.

The tares they had laughingly sown were ripe to
the reaping,

The trust they had leagued to disown was removed
from their keeping.

The eaters of other men’s bread, the exempted
from hardship,

The excusers of impotence fled, abdicating their
wardship.

For the hate they had taught through the State
brought the State no defender,

And it passed from the roll of the Nations in head-
long surrender.

JUSTICE

OCTOBER 1918

*ACROSS a world where all men grieve
And grieving strive the more,
The great days range like tides and leave
Our dead on every shore.
Heavy the load we undergo,
And our own hands prepare,
If we have parley with the foe,
The load our sons must bear.*

Before we loose the word
That bids new worlds to birth,
Needs must we loosen first the sword
Of Justice upon earth;
Or else all else is vain
Since life on earth began,
And the spent world sinks back again
Hopeless of God and Man.

JUSTICE

A people and their King
Through ancient sin grown strong,
Because they feared no reckoning
Would set no bound to wrong;
But now their hour is past,
And we who bore it find
Evil Incarnate held at last
To answer to mankind.

For agony and spoil
Of nations beat to dust,
For poisoned air and tortured soil
And cold, commanded lust,
And every secret woe
The shuddering waters saw—
Willed and fulfilled by high and low—
Let them relearn the Law.

That when the dooms are read,
Not high nor low shall say:—
'My haughty or my humble head
Has saved me in this day.'

THE YEARS BETWEEN

That, till the end of time,
Their remnant shall recall
Their fathers' old, confederate crime
Availed them not at all.

That neither schools nor priests,
Nor Kings may build again
A people with the heart of beasts
Made wise concerning men.
Whereby our dead shall sleep
In honour, unbetrayed,
And we in faith and honour keep
That peace for which they paid.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

THE RIVER'S TALE

PREHISTORIC

*TWENTY bridges from Tower to Kew
Wanted to know what the River knew,
For they were young and the Thames was old,
And this is the tale that the River told:—*

'I walk my beat before London Town,
Five hours up and seven down.
Up I go and I end my run
At Tide-end-town, which is Teddington.
Down I come with the mud in my hands
And plaster it over the Maplin Sands.
But I'd have you know that these waters of mine
Were once a branch of the River Rhine,
When hundreds of miles to the East I went
And England was joined to the Continent.

I remember the bat-winged lizard-birds,
The Age of Ice and the mammoth herds,
And the giant tigers that stalked them down
Through Regent's Park into Camden Town.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

And I remember like yesterday
The earliest Cockney who came my way,
When he pushed through the forest that lined the
 Strand,
With paint on his face and a club in his hand.
He was death to feather and fin and fur,
He trapped my beavers at Westminster,
He netted my salmon, he hunted my deer,
He killed my herons off Lambeth Pier;
He fought his neighbour with axes and swords,
Flint or bronze, at my upper fords,
While down at Greenwich for slaves and tin
The tall Phoenician ships stole in,
And North Sea war-boats, painted and gay,
Flashed like dragon-flies Erith way;
And Norseman and Negro and Gaul and Greek
Drank with the Britons in Barking Creek,
And life was gay, and the world was new,
And I was a mile across at Kew!
But the Roman came with a heavy hand,
And bridged and roaded and ruled the land,
And the Roman left and the Danes blew in—
And that's where your history books begin!'

THE ROMAN CENTURION SPEAKS

A. D. 300

LEGATE, I had the news last night. My cohort's
ordered home

By ship to Portus Itius and thence by road to
Rome.

I've marched the companies aboard, the arms are
stowed below:

Now let another take my sword. Command me
not to go!

I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to
the Wall

I have none other home than this, nor any life at all.
Last night I did not understand, but, now the
hour draws near

That calls me to my native land, I feel that land
is here.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Here where men say my name was made, here
where my work was done,
Here where my dearest dead are laid—my wife—
my wife and son;
Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age, mem-
ory, service, love,
Have rooted me in British soil. Ah, how shall I
remove?

For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk
and fields suffice.
What purple Southern pomp can match our change-
ful Northern skies,
Black with December snows unshed or pearled
with August haze,
The clanging arch of steel-grey March, or June's
long-lighted days?

You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine and
olive lean
Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps Ne-
mausus clean
To Arelate's triple gate; but let me linger on,
Here where our stiff-necked British oaks confront
Euroclydon!

THE ROMAN CENTURION SPEAKS

You'll take the old Aurelian Road through shore-
descending pines

Where, blue as any peacock's neck, the Tyrrhene
Ocean shines.

You'll go where laurel crowns are won, but will
you e'er forget

The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or bracken in
the wet?

Let me work here for Britain's sake—at any task
you will—

A marsh to drain, a road to make or native troops
to drill.

Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite
Border keep,

Mid seas of heather derelict, where our old mess-
mates sleep.

Legate, I come to you in tears—My cohort ordered
home!

I've served in Britain forty years. What should
I do in Rome?

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only
life I know.—

I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not
to go!

THE PIRATES IN ENGLAND

A. D. 600

WHEN Rome was rotten-ripe to her fall,
And the sceptre passed from her hand,
The pestilent Picts leaped over the wall
To harry the British land.

The little dark men of the mountain and waste,
So quick to laughter and tears,
They came panting with hate and haste
For the loot of five hundred years.

They killed the trader, they sacked the shops,
They ruined temple and town—
They swept like wolves through the standing crops
Crying that Rome was down.

They wiped out all that they could find
Of beauty and strength and worth,
But they could not wipe out the Viking's Wind,
That brings the ships from the North.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

They could not wipe out the North-East gales,
Nor what those gales set free—
The pirate ships with their close-reefed sails,
Leaping from sea to sea.

They had forgotten the shield-hung hull
Seen nearer and more plain,
Dipping into the troughs like a gull,
And gull-like rising again—

The painted eyes that glare and frown,
In the high snake-headed stem,
Searching the beach while her sail comes down,
They had forgotten them!

There was no Count of the Saxon Shore
To meet her hand to hand,
As she took the beach with a surge and a roar,
And the pirates rushed inland.

DANE-GELD

A. D. 1000

It is always a temptation to an armed and agile
nation,

To call upon a neighbour and to say:—

‘We invaded you last night—we are quite pre-
pared to fight,

Unless you pay us cash to go away.’

And that is called asking for Dane-geld,

And the people who ask it explain

That you’ve only to pay ’em the Dane-geld

And then you’ll get rid of the Dane!

It is always a temptation to a rich and lazy nation,

To puff and look important and to say:—

‘Though we know we should defeat you, we have
not the time to meet you,

We will therefore pay you cash to go away.’

POEMS FROM HISTORY

And that is called paying the Dane-geld;
But we've proved it again and again,
That if once you have paid him the Dane-geld
You never get rid of the Dane.

It is wrong to put temptation in the path of any
nation,
For fear they should succumb and go astray,
So when you are requested to pay up or be molested,
You will find it better policy to say:—

‘We never pay any one Dane-geld,
No matter how trifling the cost,
For the end of that game is oppression and
shame,
And the nation that plays it is lost!’

THE MAKING OF ENGLAND

(WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR)

ENGLAND's on the anvil—hear the hammers ring—
Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne!
Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King—
England's being hammered, hammered, ham-
mered into line!

England's on the anvil! Heavy are the blows!
(But the work will be a marvel when it's done)
Little bits of Kingdoms cannot stand against their
foes.

England's being hammered, hammered, ham-
mered into one!

There shall be one people—it shall serve one Lord—
(Neither Priest nor Baron shall escape!)

It shall have one speech and law, soul and strength
and sword.

England's being hammered, hammered, ham-
mered into shape!

NORMAN AND SAXON

A. D. 1120

‘My son,’ said the Norman Baron, ‘I am dying,
and you will be heir
To all the broad acres in England that William
gave me for my share
When we conquered the Saxon at Hastings, and a
nice little handful it is.
But before you go over to rule it I want you to
understand this:—

‘The Saxon is not like us Normans. His manners
are not so polite,
But he never means anything serious till he talks
about justice and right;
When he stands like an ox in the furrow with his
sullen set eyes on your own,
And grumbles, “This isn’t fair dealing,” my son,
leave the Saxon alone.

NORMAN AND SAXON

'You can horsewhip your Gascony archers, or torture your Picardy spears,

But don't try that game on the Saxon; you'll have
the whole brood round your ears.

From the richest old Thane in the county to the poorest chained serf in the fields,

They'll be at you and on you like hornets, and, if you are wise, you will yield!

'But first you must master their language, their dialect, proverbs and songs,

Don't trust any clerk to interpret when they come with the tale of their wrongs.

Let them know that you know what they're saying; let them feel that you know what to say;

Yes, even when you want to go hunting, hear them out if it takes you all day.

'They'll drink every hour of the daylight and poach every hour of the dark,

It's the sport not the rabbits they're after (we've plenty of game in the park).

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Don't hang them or cut off their fingers. That's
wasteful as well as unkind,
For a hard-bitten, South-country poacher makes
the best man-at-arms you can find.

'Appear with your wife and the children at their
weddings and funerals and feasts;
Be polite but not friendly to Bishops; be good to
all poor parish priests;
Say "we", "us" and "ours" when you're talking
instead of "you fellows" and "I".
Don't ride over seeds; keep your temper; and
never you tell 'em a lie!

THE REEDS OF RUNNYMEDE

(MAGNA CHARTA, JUNE 15, 1215)

At Runnymede, at Runnymede,
What say the reeds at Runnymede?
The lissom reeds that give and take,
That bend so far, but never break,
They keep the sleepy Thames awake
With tales of John at Runnymede.

At Runnymede, at Runnymede,
Oh hear the reeds at Runnymede:—
'You mustn't sell, delay, deny,
A freeman's right or liberty,
It wakes the stubborn Englishry,
We saw 'em roused at Runnymede!

'When through our ranks the Barons came,
With little thought of praise or blame,
But resolute to play the game,
They lumbered up to Runnymede;

POEMS FROM HISTORY

And there they launched in solid line,
The first attack on Right Divine—
The curt, uncompromising “Sign!”
That settled John at Runnymede.

‘At Runnymede, at Runnymede,
Your rights were won at Runnymede!
No freeman shall be fined or bound,
Or dispossessed of freehold ground,
Except by lawful judgement found
And passed upon him by his peers!—
Forget not, after all these years,
The charter signed at Runnymede.’

And still when mob or monarch lays
Too rude a hand on English ways,
The whisper wakes, the shudder plays,
Across the reeds at Runnymede.
And Thames, that knows the moods of kings,
And crowds and priests and suchlike things,
Rolls deep and dreadful as he brings
Their warning down from Runnymede!

MY FATHER'S CHAIR

(THE FIRST PARLIAMENT)

THERE are four good legs to my Father's Chair—
Priest and People and Lords and Crown.
I sit on all of 'em fair and square,
And that is the reason it don't break down.

I won't trust one leg, nor two, nor three,
To carry my weight when I sit me down,
I want all four of 'em under me—
Priest and People and Lords and Crown.

I sit on all four and I favour none—
Priest, nor People, nor Lords, nor Crown—
And I never tilt in my chair, my son,
And that is the reason it don't break down!

When your time comes to sit in my Chair,
Remember your Father's habits and rules,
Sit on all four legs, fair and square,
And never be tempted by one-legged stools!

THE DAWN WIND

(ON THE EVE OF THE RENAISSANCE)

AT two o'clock in the morning, if you open your
window and listen,

You will hear the feet of the Wind that is going
to call the sun.

And the trees in the shadow rustle and the trees in
the moonlight glisten,

And though it is deep, dark night, you feel that
the night is done.

So do the cows in the field. They graze for an hour
and lie down,

Dozing and chewing the cud; or a bird in the
ivy wakes,

Chirrup one note and is still, and the restless
Wind strays on,

Fidgeting far down the road, till, softly, the dark-
ness breaks.

THE DAWN WIND

Back comes the Wind full strength with a blow
like an angel's wing,

Gentle but waking the world, as he shouts:

'The Sun! The Sun!'

And the light floods over the fields and the birds
begin to sing,

And the Wind dies down in the grass. It is

Day and his work is done.

So when the world is asleep, and there seems no
hope of her waking

Out of some long, bad dream that makes her
mutter and moan,

Suddenly, all men arise to the noise of fetters break-
ing,

And every one smiles at his neighbour and tells
him his soul is his own!

THE KING'S JOB

(THE TUDORS)

ONCE on a time was a King anxious to understand
What was the wisest thing a man could do for his
land.

Most of his population hurried to answer the ques-
tion,

Each with a long oration, each with a new sugges-
tion.

They interrupted his meals, he wasn't safe in his
bed from 'em,

They hung round his neck and heels, and at last
His Majesty fled from 'em.

He put on a leper's cloak (people leave lepers alone),
Out of the window he broke, and abdicated his
throne.

All that rapturous day, while his Court and his
Ministers mourned him,

He danced on his own highway till his own Police-
men warned him.

THE KING'S JOB

Gay and cheerful he ran (lepers don't cheer as a rule)

Till he found a philosopher-man teaching an infant school.

The windows were open wide, the King sat down on the grass,

And heard the children inside reciting 'Our King is an ass.'

The King popped in his head, 'Some people would call this treason,

But I think you are right,' he said; 'will you kindly give me your reason?'

Lepers in school are rare as kings with a leper's dress on,

But the class didn't stop or stare; it calmly went on with the lesson:

'The wisest thing, we suppose, that a man can do for his land,

Is the work that lies under his nose, with the tools that lie under his hand.'

The King whipped off his cloak, and stood in his crown before 'em.

He said:—'My dear little folk, *Ex ore parvulorum*

POEMS FROM HISTORY

(Which is Latin for "Children know more than grown-ups would credit")

You have shown me the road to go, and I propose to tread it.'

Back to his Kingdom he ran, and issued a Proclamation,

'Let every living man return to his occupation!'

Then he explained to the mob that cheered in his palace and round it,

'I've been to look for a job, and Heaven be praised I've found it!'

WITH DRAKE IN THE TROPICS

SOUTH and far south below the Line,
Our Admiral leads us on,
Above, undreamed-of planets shine—
The stars we knew are gone.
Around, our clustered seamen mark
The silent deep ablaze
With fires, through which the far-down shark
Shoots glimmering on his ways.

The sultry tropic breezes fail
That plagued us all day through;
Like molten silver hangs our sail,
Our decks are dark with dew.
Now the rank moon commands the sky,
Ho! Bid the watch beware
And rouse all sleeping men that lie
Unsheltered in her glare.

How long the time 'twixt bell and bell!
How still our lanthorns burn!
How strange our whispered words that tell
Of England and return!

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Old towns, old streets, old friends, old loves,
We name them each to each,
While the lit face of Heaven removes
Them farther from our reach.

Now is the utmost ebb of night
When mind and body sink,
And loneliness and gathering fright
O'erwhelm us, if we think—
Yet, look, where in his room apart,
All windows opened wide,
Our Admiral thrusts away the chart
And comes to walk outside.

Kindly, from man to man he goes,
With comfort, praise, or jest,
Quick to suspect our childish woes,
Our terror and unrest.
It is as though the sun should shine—
Our midnight fears are gone!
South and far south below the Line,
Our Admiral leads us on!

'TOGETHER'

(ELIZABETH AND HER PEOPLE)

When Horse and Rider each can trust the other
everywhere,
It takes a fence and more than a fence to pound
that happy pair;
For the one will do what the other demands, al-
though he is beaten and blown,
And when it is done, they can live through a run
that neither could face alone.

When Crew and Captain understand each other to
the core,
It takes a gale and more than a gale to put their
ship ashore;
For the one will do what the other commands, al-
though they are chilled to the bone,
And both together can live through weather that
neither could face alone.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

When King and People understand each other past
a doubt,
It takes a foe and more than a foe to knock that
country out;
For the one will do what the other one asks as soon
as the need is known,
And hand in hand they can make a stand which
neither could make alone!

This wisdom had Elizabeth and all her subjects too,
For she was theirs and they were hers, as well the
Spaniard knew;
For when his grim Armada came to conquer the
Nation and Throne,
Why, back to back they met an attack that neither
could face alone!

It is not wealth nor talk nor trade nor schools nor
even the Vote,
Will save your land when the enemy's hand is
tightening round your throat.

‘TOGETHER’

But a King and a People who thoroughly trust
each other in all that is done
Can sleep on their bed without any dread—for the
world will leave 'em alone!

(KING JAMES I)

THE child of Mary Queen of Scots,
A shifty mother's shiftless son,
Bred up among intrigues and plots,
Learnèd in all things, wise in none!

Ungainly, babbling, wasteful, weak,
Shrewd, clever, cowardly, pedantic,
The sight of steel would blanch his cheek,
The smell of baccy drive him frantic.

He was the author of his line—

He wrote that witches should be burnt;
He wrote that monarchs were divine,
And left a son who proved they weren't!

THE CIVIL WARS

(BEFORE EDGEHILL, OCTOBER, 1642)

NAKED and grey the Cotswolds stand
Beneath the autumn sun,
And the stubble fields on either hand
Where Stour and Avon run,
There is no change in the patient land
That has bred us every one.

She should have passed in cloud and fire
And saved us from this sin
Of war—red war—'twixt child and sire,
Household and kith and kin,
In the heart of a sleepy Midland shire,
With the harvest scarcely in.

But there is no change as we meet at last
On the brow-head or the plain,
And the raw astonished ranks stand fast
To slay or to be slain
By the men they knew in the kindly past
That shall never come again—

THE CIVIL WARS

By the men they met at dance or chase,
In the tavern or the hall,
At the justice-bench and the market-place,
At the cudgel-play or brawl,
Of their own blood and speech and race,
Comrades or neighbours all!

More bitter than death this day must prove
Whichever way it go,
For the brothers of the maids we love
Make ready to lay low
Their sisters' sweethearts, as we move
Against our dearest foe.

Thank Heaven! At last the trumpets peal
Before our strength gives way.
For King or for the Commonweal.
No matter which they say,
The first dry rattle of new-drawn steel
Changes the world to-day!

THE DUTCH IN THE MEDWAY

(CHARLES II)

If war were won by feasting,
Or victory by song,
Or safety found in sleeping sound,
How England would be strong!
But honour and dominion
Are not maintainèd so,
They're only got by sword and shot,
And this the Dutchmen know!

The moneys that should feed us,
You spend on your delight,
How can you then have sailor-men
To aid you in your fight?
Our fish and cheese are rotten,
Which makes the scurvy grow—
We cannot serve you if we starve,
And this the Dutchmen know!

THE DUTCH IN THE MEDWAY

Our ships in every harbour
Be neither whole nor sound,
And, when we seek to mend a leak,
No oakum can be found,
Or, if it is, the caulkers,
And carpenters also,
For lack of pay have gone away,
And this the Dutchmen know!

Mere powder, guns, and bullets,
We scarce can get at all,
Their price was spent in merriment
And revel at Whitehall,
While we in tattered doublets
From ship to ship must row,
Beseeching friends for odds and ends—
And this the Dutchmen know!

No King will heed our warnings,
No Court will pay our claims—
Our King and Court for their disport
Do sell the very Thames!

POEMS FROM HISTORY

For, now De Ruyter's topsails,
Off naked Chatham show,
We dare not meet him with our fleet—
And this the Dutchmen know!

'BROWN BESS'

ENGLISH ARMY, 1700-1815

IN the days of lace-ruffles, perukes and brocade
Brown Bess was a partner whom none could
despise—

An out-spoken, flinty-lipped, brazen-faced jade,
With a habit of looking men straight in the eyes—
At Blenheim and Ramillies fops would confess
They were pierced to the heart by the charms of
Brown Bess.

Though her sight was not long and her weight was
not small,

Yet her actions were winning, her language was
clear;

And everyone bowed as she opened the ball
On the arm of some high-gaitered, grim grenadier.
Half Europe admitted the striking success
Of the dances and routs that were given by Brown
Bess.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

When ruffles were turned into stiff leather stocks
And people wore pigtails instead of perukes
Brown Bess never altered her iron-grey locks,
She knew she was valued for more than her looks.
'Oh, powder and patches was always my dress,
And I think I am killing enough,' said Brown Bess.

So she followed her red-coats, whatever they did,
From the heights of Quebec to the plains of
Assaye,
From Gibraltar to Acre, Cape Town and Madrid,
And nothing about her was changed on the way;
(But most of the Empire which now we possess
Was won through those years by old-fashioned
Brown Bess.)

In stubborn retreat or in stately advance,
From the Portugal coast to the cork-woods of
Spain
She had puzzled some excellent Marshals of France
Till none of them wanted to meet her again:
But later, near Brussels, Napoleon, no less,
Arranged for a Waterloo ball with Brown Bess.

‘BROWN BESS’

She had danced till the dawn of that terrible day—

She danced on till dusk of more terrible night,
And before her linked squares his battalions gave
way

And her long fierce quadrilles put his lancers to
flight.

And when his gilt carriage drove off in the press,
‘I have danced my last dance for the world!’ said
Brown Bess.

If you go to Museums—there’s one in Whitehall—
Where old weapons are shown with their names
writ beneath,

You will find her, upstanding, her back to the wall,
As stiff as a ramrod, the flint in her teeth.

And if ever we English have reason to bless
Any arm save our mothers’, that arm is Brown Bess!

THE AMERICAN WAR

(BEFORE)

'Twas not while England's sword unsheathed
Put half a world to flight,
Nor while their new-built cities breathed
Secure behind her might;
Not while she poured from Pole to Line
Treasure and ships and men—
These worshippers at Freedom's shrine
They did not quit her then!

Not till their foes were driven forth
By England o'er the main—
Not till the Frenchman from the North
Had gone, with shattered Spain;
Not till the clean-swept ocean showed
No hostile flag unrolled,
Did they remember what they owed
To Freedom—and were bold!

THE AMERICAN WAR

(AFTER)

THE snow lies thick on Valley Forge,
The ice on the Delaware,
But the poor dead soldiers of King George
They neither know nor care—

Not though the earliest primrose break
On the sunny side of the lane,
And scuffling rookeries awake
Their England's spring again.

They will not stir when the drifts are gone
Or the ice melts out of the bay,
And the men that served with Washington
Lie all as still as they.

They will not stir though the mayflower blows
In the moist dark woods of pine,
And every rock-strewn pasture shows
Mullein and columbine.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Each for his land, in a fair fight,
 Encountered, strove, and died,
And the kindly earth that knows no spite
 Covers them side by side.

She is too busy to think of war;
 She has all the world to make gay,
And, behold, the yearly flowers are
 Where they were in our fathers' day!

Golden-rod by the pasture wall
 When the columbine is dead,
And sumach leaves that turn, in fall,
 Red as the blood they shed.

THE FRENCH WARS

(NAPOLEONIC)

THE boats of Newhaven and Folkestone and Dover
To Dieppe and Boulogne and to Calais cross over;
And in each of those runs there is not a square yard
Where the English and French haven't fought and
fought hard!

If the ships that were sunk could be floated once
more,
They'd stretch like a raft from the shore to the
shore,
And we'd see, as we crossed, every pattern and plan
Of ship that was built since sea-fighting began.

There'd be biremes and brigantines, cutters and
sloops,
Cogs, carracks and galleons with gay gilded poops—
Hoys, caravels, ketches, corvettes and the rest,
As thick as regattas, from Ramsgate to Brest.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

But the galleys of Caesar, the squadrons of Sluys,
And Nelson's crack frigates are hid from our eyes,
Where the high Seventy-fours of Napoleon's days
Lie down with Deal luggers and French *chasse-
marées*.

They'll answer no signal—they rest on the ooze
With their honey-combed guns and their skeleton
crews—

And racing above them, through sunshine or gale,
The Cross-Channel packets come in with the Mail.

Then the poor sea-sick passengers, English and
French,
Must open their trunks on the Custom-house
bench,
While the officers rummage for smuggled cigars
And nobody thinks of our blood-thirsty wars!

THE BELLS AND QUEEN VICTORIA

1911

'Gay go up and gay go down
To ring the Bells of London Town.'
When London Town's asleep in bed
You'll hear the Bells ring overhead,

In excelsis gloria!

 Ringing for Victoria,
Ringing for their mighty mistress—ten years dead!

Here is more gain than Gloriana guessed,
 Than Gloriana guessed or Indies bring—
Than golden Indies bring. A Queen confessed,
 A Queen confessed that crowned her people King.
Her people King, and crowned all Kings above,
 Above all Kings have crowned their Queen their
 love—
Have crowned their love their Queen, their Queen
 their love!

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Denying her, we do ourselves deny,
Disowning her are we ourselves disowned.
Mirror was she of our fidelity,
And handmaid of our destiny enthroned;
The very marrow of Youth's dream, and still
Yoke-mate of wisest Age that worked her will!

Our fathers had declared to us her praise.
Her praise the years had proven past all speech,
And past all speech our loyal hearts always,
Always our hearts lay open, each to each;
Therefore men gave their treasure and their blood
To this one woman—for she understood!

*Four o' the clock ! Now all the world is still.
Oh, London Bells, to all the world declare
The Secret of the Empire—read who will !
The Glory of the People—touch who dare !*

THE BELLS:

Power that has reached itself all kingly powers,
St. Margaret's : By love o'erpowered—
St. Martin's : By love o'erpowered—
St. Clement Danes : By love o'erpowered,
The greater power confers !

THE BELLS AND QUEEN VICTORIA

THE BELLS:

For we were hers, as she, as she was ours,

Bow Bells : And she was ours—

St. Paul's : And she was ours—

Westminster : And she was ours,

As we, even we, were hers!

THE BELLS:

As we were hers!

BIG STEAMERS

(MODERN WAR)

‘OH, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers,
With England’s own coal, up and down the salt
seas?’

‘We are going to fetch you your bread and your
butter,
Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples, and
cheese.’

‘And where will you fetch it from, all you Big
Steamers,

And where shall I write you when you are away?’

‘We fetch it from Melbourne, Quebec, and Van-
couver,

Address us at Hobart, Hong-kong, and Bombay.’

‘But if anything happened to all you Big Steamers,
And suppose you were wrecked up and down the
salt sea?’

‘Why, you’d have no coffee or bacon for breakfast,
And you’d have no muffins or toast for your tea.’

BIG STEAMERS

'Then I'll pray for fine weather for all you big
Steamers,

For little blue billows and breezes so soft.'

'Oh, billows and breezes don't bother Big Steamers,
For we're iron below and steel-rigging aloft.'

'Then I'll build a new lighthouse for all you Big
Steamers,

With plenty wise pilots to pilot you through.'

'Oh, the Channel's as bright as a ball-room already,
And pilots are thicker than pilchards at Looe.'

'Then what can I do for you, all you Big Steamers,
Oh, what can I do for your comfort and good?'

'Send out your big warships to watch your big
waters,

That no one may stop us from bringing you food.

*'For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you
carve,*

*They are brought to you daily by all us Big Steamers,
And if any one hinders our coming you'll starve !'*

THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

WE were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,
We were melted in the furnace and the pit—
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,

We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to fit.

Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,
And a thousandth of an inch to give us play,
And now if you will set us to our task,

We will serve you four and twenty hours a day!

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,

We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,

We can run and jump and swim and fly and dive,

We can see and hear and count and read and write!

THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

Would you call a friend from half across the world?

If you'll let us have his name and town and state,
You shall see and hear your crackling question
hurled

Across the arch of heaven while you wait.
Has he answered? Does he need you at his side?

You can start this very evening if you choose,
And take the Western Ocean in the stride
Of seventy thousand horses and some screws!

The boat-express is waiting your command!
You will find the *Mauretania* at the quay,
Till her captain turns the lever 'neath his hand
And the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea.

Do you wish to make the mountains bare their
head

And lay their new-cut forests at your feet?
Do you want to turn a river in its bed,
And plant a barren wilderness with wheat?
Shall we pipe aloft and bring you water down
From the never-failing cisterns of the snows,
To work the mills and tramways in your town,
And irrigate your orchards as it flows?

POEMS FROM HISTORY

It is easy! Give us dynamite and drills!
Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and
quake
As the thirsty desert-level floods and fills,
And the valley we have dammed becomes a
lake!

But remember, please, the Law by which we live,
We are not built to comprehend a lie,
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive,
If you make a slip in handling us you die!
We are greater than the Peoples or the Kings—
Be humble, as you crawl beneath our rods!—
Our touch can alter all created things,
We are everything on earth—except The Gods!

*Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from
your eyes,
It will vanish and the stars will shine again,
Because, for all our power and weight and size,
We are nothing more than children of your brain!*

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

OUR England is a garden that is full of stately
views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and
avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting
by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than
meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the
thin red wall,
You'll find the tool- and potting-sheds which are
the heart of all,
The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits
and the tanks,
The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows
and the planks.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and
 'prentice boys

Told off to do as they are bid and do it without
 noise;

For, except when seeds are planted and we shout
 to scare the birds,

The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a
 rose,

And some are hardly fit to trust with anything
 that grows;

But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the
 sand and loam,

For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not
 made

By singing:—‘Oh, how beautiful,’ and sitting in the
 shade,

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

While better men than we go out and start their
working lives

At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken
dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a
head so thick,

There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a
heart so sick,

But it can find some needful job that's crying to be
done,

For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work
till further orders,

If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on
borders;

And when your back stops aching and your hands
begin to harden,

You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the
Garden.

POEMS FROM HISTORY

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him
sees

That half a proper gardener's work is done upon
his knees,

So when your work is finished, you can wash your
hands and pray

For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass
away!

And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!

IF—
AND OTHER POEMS

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IF— AND OTHER POEMS

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IF—

IF you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream—and not make dreams your
master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your
aim,

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same:
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

IF —

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss:
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common
touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much:
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

COLD IRON

*"Gold is for the mistress—silver for the maid!
Copper for the craftsman cunning at his trade."*

"Góod!" said the Baron, sitting in his hall,
"But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of them all!"

So he made rebellion 'gainst the King his liege,
Camped before his citadel and summoned it to
siege—

"Nay!" said the cannoneer on the castle wall,
"But Iron—Cold Iron—shall be master of you all!"

Woe for the Baron and his knights so strong
When the cruel cannon-balls laid 'em all along!
He was taken prisoner, he was cast in thrall,
And Iron—Cold Iron—was master of it all!

Yet his King spake kindly (Ah, how kind a Lord!)
"What if I release thee now and give thee back thy
sword?"

COLD IRON

"Nay!" said the Baron, "mock not at my fall,
For Iron—Cold Iron—is master of men all."

*"Tears are for the craven, prayers are for the
clown—*

Halters for the silly neck that cannot keep a crown."

"As my loss is grievous, so my hope is small,
For Iron—Cold Iron—must be master of men all!"

Yet his King made answer (few such Kings
there be!)

"Here is Bread and here is Wine—sit and sup
with me.

Eat and drink in Mary's name, the whiles I do recall
How Iron—Cold Iron—can be master of men all!"

He took the Wine and blessed It; He blessed and
brake the Bread;

With His own Hands He served Them, and
presently He said:

"Look! These Hands they pierced with nails
outside My city wall

Show Iron—Cold Iron—to be master of men all!"

"Wounds are for the desperate, blows are for the
strong,

Balm and oil for weary hearts all cut and bruised
with wrong.

I forgive thy treason—I redeem thy fall—

For Iron—Cold Iron—must be master of men all!

COLD IRON

*"Crowns are for the valiant—sceptres for the bold!
Thrones and powers for mighty men who dare to
take and hold."*

"Nay!" said the Baron, kneeling in his hall,

"But Iron—Cold Iron—is master of man all!

Iron, out of Calvary, is master of man all!"

THE LOOKING-GLASS

Queen Bess was Harry's daughter!

The Queen was in her chamber, and she was
middling old,
Her petticoat was satin and her stomacher was gold.
Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass,
Making up her mind to face the cruel looking-glass.
The cruel looking-glass that will never show a lass
As comely or as kindly or as young as once she
was!

The Queen was in her chamber, a-combing of her
hair.
There came Queen Mary's spirit and it stood behind
her chair,
Singing, "Backwards and forwards and sideways
may you pass,
But I will stand behind you till you face the look-
ing-glass.
The cruel looking-glass that will never show a lass
As lovely or unlucky or as lonely as I was!"

THE LOOKING-GLASS

The Queen was in her chamber, a-weeping very
sore,
There came Lord Leicester's spirit and it scratched
upon the door,
Singing, "Backwards and forwards and sideways
may you pass
But I will walk beside you till you face the looking-
glass.
The cruel looking-glass that will never show a lass,
As hard and unforgiving or as wicked as you
was!"

The Queen was in her chamber; her sins were on her
head;
She looked the spirits up and down and statelily she
said:—
"Backwards and forwards and sideways though I've
been,
Yet I am Harry's daughter and I am England's
Queen!"
And she faced the looking-glass (and whatever
else there was)
And she saw her day was over and she saw her
beauty pass
In the cruel looking-glass that can always hurt a
lass
More hard than any ghost there is or any man
there was!

A TRUTHFUL SONG

I.

THE BRICKLAYER:—

*I tell this tale, which is strictly true,
Just by way of convincing you
How very little, since things were made,
Things have altered in the building trade.*

A year ago, come the middle o' March,
We was building flats near the Marble Arch
When a thin young man with coal-black hair
Came up to watch us working there.

Now there wasn't a trick in brick or stone
That this young man hadn't seen or known;
Nor there wasn't a tool from trowel to maul
But this young man could use 'em all!

Then up and spoke the plumbyers bold,
Which was laying the pipes for the hot and cold:
"Since you with us have made so free,
Will you kindly say what your name might be?"

A TRUTHFUL SONG

The young man kindly answered them:
"It might be Lot or Methusalem,
Or it might be Moses (a man I hate)
Whereas it is Pharaoh surnamed the Great.

"Your glazing is new and your plumbing's
strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
And in less than a month if you'll do as I bid
I'd learn you to build me a Pyramid!"

II.

THE SAILOR:—

*I tell this tale, which is stricter true,
Just by way of convincing you
How very little, since things was made,
Things have altered in the shipwright's trade.*

In Blackwall Basin yesterday
A China barque re-fitting lay;
When a fat old man with snow-white hair
Came up to watch us working there.

Now there wasn't a knot which the riggers knew
But the old man made it—and better too;
Nor there wasn't a sheet, or a lift, or a brace,
But the old man knew its lead and place.

A TRUTHFUL SONG

Then up and spake the caulkyers bold,
Which was packing the pump in the after-hold:
“Since you with us have made so free,
Will you kindly tell what your name might be?”

The old man kindly answered them:
“It might be Japhet, it might be Shem,
Or it might be Ham (though his skin was dark)
Whereas it is Noah, commanding the Ark.

“Your wheel is new and your pumps are strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
And in less than a week, if she did not ground,
I’d sail this hooker the wide world round!”

BOTH: *We tell these tales, which are strictest true, etc.*

KING HENRY VII. AND THE SHIPWRIGHTS

HARRY, our King in England, from London town
is gone,
And comen to Hamull on the Hoke in the countie
of Suthampton.
For there lay the *Mary of the Tower*, his ship of
war so strong,
And he would discover, certaynely, if his ship-
wrights did him wrong.

He told not none of his setting forth, nor yet where
he would go,
(But only my Lord of Arundel) and meanly did
he show,
In an old jerkin and patched hose that no man
might him mark,
With his frieze hood and cloak about, he looked
like any clerk.

He was at Hamull on the Hoke about the hour of
the tide,
And saw the *Mary* haled into dock, the winter to
abide,

HENRY VII. AND THE SHIPWRIGHTS

With all her tackle and habilaments which are the
King his own;
But then ran on his false shipwrights and stripped
her to the bone.

They heaved the main-mast overboard, that was of
a trusty tree,
And they wrote down it was spent and lost by force
of weather at sea.
But they sawen it into planks and strakes as far as
it might go,
To maken beds for their own wives and little chil-
dren also.

There was a knave called Slingawai, he crope
beneath the deck,
Crying: "Good felawes, come and see! The ship
is nigh a wreck!
For the storm that took our tall main-mast, it blew
so fierce and fell,
Alack! it hath taken the kettles and pans, and this
brass pott as well!"

With that he set the pott on his head and hied him
up the hatch,
While all the shipwrights ran below to find what
they might snatch;

HENRY VII. AND THE SHIPWRIGHTS

All except Bob Brygandyne and he was a yeoman
good,

He caught Slingawai round the waist and threw
him on to the mud.

“I have taken plank and rope and nail, without the
King his leave,

After the custom of Portesmouth, but I will not
suffer a thief.

Nay, never lift up thy hand at me! There’s no
clean hands in the trade—

Steal in measure,” quo’ Brygandyne. “There’s
measure in all things made!”

“Gramercy, yeoman!” said our King. “Thy council
liketh me.”

And he pulled a whistle out of his neck and whistled
whistles three.

Then came my Lord of Arundel pricking across the
down,

And behind him the Mayor and Burgesses of merry
Suthampton town.

They drew the naughty shipwrights up, with the
kettles in their hands,

And bound them round the forecastle to wait the
King’s commands.

HENRY VII. AND THE SHIPWRIGHTS

But "Since ye have made your beds," said the King,
"ye needs must lie thereon.
For the sake of your wives and little ones—felawes,
get you gone!"

When they had beaten Slingawai, out of his own
lips
Our King appointed Brygandyne to be Clerk of all
his ships.
"Nay, never lift up thy hands to me—there's no
clean hands in the trade.
But steal in measure," said Harry our King.
"There's measure in all things made!"

*God speed the "Mary of the Tower," the "Sover-
eign" and "Grace Dieu,"
The "Sweepstakes" and the "Mary Fortune," and
the "Henry of Bristol" too.
All tall ships that sail on the sea, or in our harbours
stand,
That they may keep measure with Harry our King
and peace in Engeland.*

SONG OF THE MEN'S SIDE

ONCE we feared The Beast—when he followed us
we ran,

Ran very fast though we knew
It was not right that The Beast should master Man;
But what could we Flint-workers do?

The Beast only grinned at our spears round his
ears—

Grinned at the hammers that we made;
But now we will hunt him for the life with the
Knife—

And this is the Buyer of the Blade!

Room for his shadow on the grass—let it pass!

To left and right—stand clear!

This is the Buyer of the Blade—be afraid!

This is the great god Tyr!

Tyr thought hard till he hammered out a plan,
For he knew it was not right
(And it is not right) that The Beast should master
Man;

So he went to the Children of the Night.
He begged a Magic Knife of their make for our
sake.

SONG OF THE MEN'S SIDE

When he begged for the Knife they said:
"The price of the Knife you would buy is an eye!"
And that was the price he paid.

*Tell it to the Barrows of the Dead—run ahead!
Shout it so the Women's Side can hear!
This is the Buyer of the Blade—be afraid!
This is the great god Tyr!*

Our women and our little ones may walk on the
Chalk,

As far as we can see them and beyond.
We shall not be anxious for our sheep when we
keep

Tally at the shearing-pond.
We can eat with both our elbows on our knees, if
we please,

We can sleep after meals in the sun;
For Shepherd of the Twilight is dismayed at the
Blade,

Feet-in-the-Night has run!
Dog-without-a-Master goes away (Hai, Tyr aie!),
Devil-in-the-Dusk has run!

Then:

*Room for his shadow on the grass—let it pass!
To left and right—stand clear!
This is the Buyer of the Blade—be afraid!
This is the great god Tyr!*

A ST. HELENA LULLABY

How far is St. Helena from a little child at play?

What makes you want to wander there with all
the world between?

Oh, Mother, call your son again or else he'll run
away.

*(No one thinks of winter when the grass is
green!)*

How far is St. Helena from a fight in Paris street?

I haven't time to answer now—the men are
falling fast.

The guns begin to thunder, and the drums begin
to beat.

(If you take the first step you will take the last!)

How far is St. Helena from the field of Austerlitz?

You couldn't hear me if I told—so loud the
cannons roar.

But not so far for people who are living by their
wits.

*(“Gay go up” means “gay go down” the wide
world o'er!)*

A ST. HELENA LULLABY

How far is St. Helena from an Emperor of France?

I cannot see—I cannot tell—the crowns they
dazzle so.

The Kings sit down to dinner, and the Queens
stand up to dance.

(After open weather you may look for snow!)

How far is St. Helena from the Capes of Trafalgar?

A longish way—a longish way—with ten year
more to run.

It's South across the water underneath a setting
star.

(What you cannot finish you must leave undone!)

How far is St. Helena from the Beresina ice?

An ill way—a chill way—the ice begins to crack.

But not so far for gentlemen who never took advice.

*(When you can't go forward you must e'en come
back!)*

How far is St. Helena from the field of Waterloo?

A near way—a clear way—the ship will take
you soon.

A pleasant place for gentlemen with little left
to do.

(Morning never tries you till the afternoon!)

A ST. HELENA LULLABY

How far from St. Helena to the Gate of Heaven's
Grace?

That no one knows—that no one knows—and
no one ever will.

But fold your hands across your heart and cover
up your face,

And after all your trapesings, child lie still!

SONG OF THE RED WAR-BOAT

SHOVE off from the wharf-edge! Steady!
Watch for a smooth! Give way!
If she feels the lop already
She'll stand on her head in the bay.
It's ebb—it's dusk—it's blowing,
The shoals are a mile of white,
But (snatch her along!) we're going
To find our master to-night.

For we hold that in all disaster
Of shipwreck, storm, or sword,
A man must stand by his master
When once he has pledged his word!

Raging seas have we rowed in,
But we seldom saw them thus;
Our master is angry with Odin—
Odin is angry with us!
Heavy odds have we taken,
But never before such odds.
The Gods know they are forsaken,
We must risk the wrath of the Gods!

SONG OF THE RED WAR-BOAT

Over the crest she flies from,
 Into its hollow she drops,
Crouches and clears her eyes from
 The wind-torn breaker-tops,
Ere out on the shrieking shoulder
 Of a hill-high surge she drives.
Meet her! Meet her and hold her!
 Pull for your scoundrel lives!

The thunders bellow and clamour
 The harm that they mean to do;
There goes Thor's own Hammer
 Cracking the dark in two!
Close! But the blow has missed her,
 Here comes the wind of the blow!
Row or the squall 'll twist her
 Broadside on to it!—*Row!*

Hearken, Thor of the Thunder,
 We are not here for a jest—
For wager, warfare, or plunder,
 Or to put your power to test.
This work is none of our wishing—
 We would house at home if we might—
But our master is wrecked out fishing,
 We go to find him to-night.

For we hold that in all disaster—
 As the Gods Themselves have said—

SONG OF THE RED WAR-BOAT

A man must stand by his master
Till one of the two is dead.

That is our way of thinking,
Now you can do as you will,
While we try to save her from sinking,
And hold her head to it still.
Bale her and keep her moving,
Or she'll break her back in the trough . . .
Who said the weather's improving,
Or the swells are taking off?

. . .

Sodden, and chafed and aching,
Gone in the loins and knees—
No matter—the day is breaking,
And there's far less weight to the seas!
Up mast, and finish baling—
In oars, and out with the mead—
The rest will be two-reef sailing . . .
That was a night indeed!

But we hold that in all disaster
(And faith, we have found it true!)
If only you stand by your master,
The Gods will stand by you!

“OUR FATHERS OF OLD”

EXCELLENT herbs had our fathers of old—

Excellent herbs to ease their pain—
Alexanders and Marigold,

Eyebright, Orris, and Elecampane.

Basil, Rocket, Valerian, Rue,

(Almost singing themselves they run)

Vervain, Dittany, Call-me-to-you—

Cowslip, Melilot, Rose of the Sun.

Anything green that grew out of the mould

Was an excellent herb to our fathers of old.

Wonderful tales had our fathers of old—

Wonderful tales of the herbs and the stars—

The Sun was Lord of the Marigold,

Basil and Rocket belonged to Mars.

Pat as a sum in division it goes—

(Every plant had a star bespoke) —

Who but Venus should govern the Rose?

Who but Jupiter own the Oak?

“OUR FATHERS OF OLD”

Simply and gravely the facts are told
In the wonderful books of our fathers of old.

Wonderful little, when all is said,
Wonderful little our fathers knew.
Half their remedies cured you dead—
Most of their teaching was quite untrue—
“Look at the stars when a patient is ill,
(Dirt has nothing to do with disease,)
Bleed and blister as much as you will,
Blister and bleed him as oft as you please.”
Whence enormous and manifold
Errors were made by our fathers of old.

Yet when the sickness was sore in the land,
And neither planet nor herb assuaged,
They took their lives in their lancet-hand
And, oh, what a wonderful war they waged!
Yes, when the crosses were chalked on the door—
Yes, when the terrible dead-cart rolled,
Excellent courage our fathers bore—
Excellent heart had our fathers of old!
None too learned, but nobly bold,
Into the fight went our fathers of old.

If it be certain, as Galen says,
And sage Hippocrates holds as much—
“That those afflicted by doubts and dismays
Are mightily helped by a dead man’s touch,”

"OUR FATHERS OF OLD"

Then, be good to us, stars above!

Then, be good to us, herbs below!

We are afflicted by what we can prove;

We are distracted by what we know—

— So—ah so!

Down from your heaven or up from your mould,

Send us the hearts of our fathers of old!

THE THOUSANDTH MAN

ONE man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.
And it's worth while seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show
Will settle the finding for 'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go
By your looks or your acts or your glory.
But if he finds you and you find him,
The rest of the world don't matter;
For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim
With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more talk
Than he uses yours for his spendings;
And laugh and meet in your daily walk
As though there had been no lendings.

THE THOUSANDTH MAN

Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
For silver and gold in their dealings;
But the Thousandth Man he's worth 'em all,
Because you can show him your feelings!

His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right,
In season or out of season.
Stand up and back it in all men's sight—
With *that* for your only reason!
Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide
The shame or mocking or laughter,
But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side
To the gallows-foot—and after!

FRANKIE'S TRADE

OLD HORN to All Atlantic said:

(A-hay O! To me O!)

“Now where did Frankie learn his trade?

For he ran me down with a three-reef mains’le.”

(All round the Horn!)

Atlantic answered:—“Not from me!

You’d better ask the cold North Sea,

For he ran me down under all plain canvas.”

(All round the Horn!)

The North Sea answered:—“He’s my man,

For he came to me when he began—

Frankie Drake in an open coaster.

(All round the Sands!)

“I caught him young and I used him sore,

So you never shall startle Frankie more,

Without capsizing Earth and her waters.

(All round the Sands!)

FRANKIE'S TRADE

"I did not favour him at all,
I made him pull and I made him haul—
And stand his trick with the common sailors.
(*All round the Sands!*)

"I froze him stiff and I fogged him blind,
And kicked him home with his road to find
By what he could see of a three-day snow-storm.
(*All round the Sands!*)

"I learned him his trade o' winter nights
'Twixt Mardyke Fort and Dunkirk lights
On a five-knot tide with the forts a-firing.
(*All round the Sands!*)

"Before his beard began to shoot,
I showed him the length of the Spaniard's foot—
And I reckon he clapped the boot on it later.
(*All round the Sands!*)

"If there's a risk which you can make,
That's worse than he was used to take
Nigh every week in the way of his business;
(*All round the Sands!*)

"If there's a trick that you can try,
Which he hasn't met in time gone by,
Not once or twice, but ten times over;
(*All round the Sands!*)

FRANKIE'S TRADE

"If you can teach him aught that's new,

(A-hay O! To me O!)

I'll give you Bruges and Nieuport too,

And the ten tall churches that stand between 'em."

Storm along my gallant Captains!

(All round the Horn!)

THE BALLAD OF MINEPIT SHAW

ABOUT the time that taverns shut
And men can buy no beer,
Two lads went up to the keepers' hut
To steal Lord Pelham's deer.

Night and the liquor was in their heads—
They laughed and talked no bounds,
Till they waked the keepers on their beds,
And the keepers loosed the hounds.

They had killed a hart, they had killed a hind,
Ready to carry away,
When they heard a whimper down the wind
And they heard a bloodhound bay.

They took and ran across the fern,
Their crossbows in their hand,
Till they met a man with a green lantern
That called and bade 'em stand.

THE BALLAD OF MINEPIT SHAW

“What are ye doing, O Flesh and Blood,
And what’s your foolish will,
That you must break into Minepit Wood
And wake the Folk of the Hill?”

“Oh, we’ve broke into Lord Pelham’s park,
And killed Lord Pelham’s deer,
And if ever you heard a little dog bark
You’ll know why we come here!”

“We ask you let us go our way,
As fast as we can flee,
For if ever you heard a bloodhound bay,
You’ll know how pressed we be.”

“Oh, lay your crossbows on the bank
And drop the knife from your hand,
And though the hounds are at your flank
I’ll save you where you stand!”

They laid their crossbows on the bank,
They threw their knives in the wood,
And the ground before them opened and sank
And saved ’em where they stood.

“Oh, what’s the roaring in our ears
That strikes us well-nigh dumb?”

“Oh, that is just how things appears
According as they come.”

THE BALLAD OF MINEPIT SHAW

“What are the stars before our eyes
That strike us well-nigh blind?”

“Oh, that is just how things arise
According as you find.”

“And why’s our bed so hard to the bones
Excepting where it’s cold?”

“Oh, that’s because it is precious stones
Excepting where ’tis gold.

“Think it over as you stand,
For I tell you without fail,
If you haven’t got into Fairyland
You’re not in Lewes Gaol.”

All night long they thought of it
And, come the dawn, they saw
They’d tumbled into a great old pit,
At the bottom of Minepit Shaw.

And the keepers’ hound had followed ’em close
And broke her neck in the fall;
So they picked up their knives and their crossbows
And buried the dog. That’s all.

But whether the man was a poacher too
Or a Pharisee so bold—
I reckon there’s more things told than are true,
And more things true than are told.

A CAROL

*Our Lord Who did the Ox command
To kneel to Judah's King,
He binds His frost upon the land
To ripen it for Spring—
To ripen it for Spring, good sirs,
According to His Word;
Which well must be as ye can see—
And who shall judge the Lord?*

*When we poor fenmen skate the ice
Or shiver on the wold,
We hear the cry of a single tree
That breaks her heart in the cold—
That breaks her heart in the cold, good sirs,
And rendeth by the board;
Which well must be as ye can see—
And who shall judge the Lord?*

*Her wood is crazed and little worth
Excepting as to burn,
That we may warm and make our mirth
Until the Spring return—*

A CAROL

*Until the Spring return, good sirs,
When people walk abroad;
Which well must be as ye can see—
And who shall judge the Lord?*

*God bless the master of this house,
And all that sleep therein!
And guard the fens from pirate folk,
And keep us all from sin,
To walk in honesty, good sirs,
Of thought and deed and word!
Which shall befriend our latter end—
And who shall judge the Lord?*



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